

**IS THE TWO-PARTY
SYSTEM DOOMED?**

By Bruce Hutchison

**Lionel Shapiro's New Spy
Novelette**

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

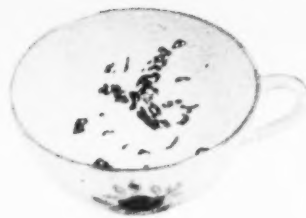




Tea leaf reading is fun! But it takes imagination to see what's in the cup. For example, the "flowering tree" in this cup means success in a new undertaking.



Note the wide scattering of dots made by small bits of tea leaves. To a tea leaf reader, they foretell prospering affairs and the comforts of life in great abundance.



The leaves in this cup form a "candlestick". This suggests that the person should look at things from a wider viewpoint and attempt to cultivate more perception.



See the way the tea leaves here form an "eye". In tea leaf circles it is supposed to signify that the person has a keen insight and a good ability to solve difficulties.



The things you can learn from a Parker "51" Pen..!

It's better than tea leaves (though we know that some tea leaf readers may rise to challenge that statement) for telling things about its owner, even after this new Parker "51" Pen has been in use only a few hours.

So individually does the remarkable point of this remarkable pen "break in" to the writing habits of its user that it is possible to tell from it whether its owner is right or left handed, male or female, large or small, dashing or conservative.

Without giving you a short course in Parker "51" Pen reading, so that you can amaze and amuse your friends, we do want to tell you why this is possible in order that you will better appreciate the special ability of this pen to write as you write.

What happens is that a tiny all-precious-metal pellet fused to the point of the "51" Pen "wears in" to your style of writing . . . your way of holding a pen,

your way of forming letters, and the pressure you use. It's made of an entirely new and exclusive combination of costly precious metals, Platinum and Ruthenium. Parker has the formula patented and calls it Plathanium.

This all-precious-metal point polishes itself in use to a point of supreme smoothness, and then stays that way for decades and decades.

It stands to reason that a pen that "wears in" to your own individual tastes as completely as the new Parker "51" would become as peculiarly your own as your favorite pair of slippers!

There are nine solid hours of this comfortable, pressureless writing in each easy filling of a Parker "51" Pen. From the moment you run it across scratch paper at your Parker dealer's, you'll see why there's such special pride in owning this world's most-wanted

pen—pride in its beauty as well as in possessing a writing instrument of never-faltering service.

"51" Pens start at \$15.00, available in regular or slim *demi-size*. Remember, too, the same craftsmen who turn out the "51" also make popular "21" Parker Pens, from \$5.75. Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

PARKER PENS cost no more in Canada



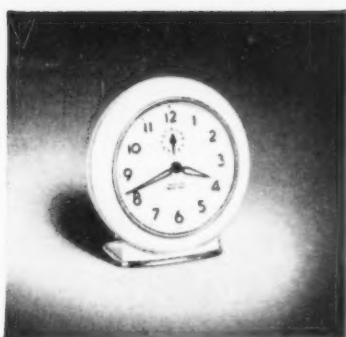
The Parker "51" is a most warmly welcomed gift for any occasion! Whatever your preference in price, style or color, you'll find it now at your Parker dealer's. Parker "51" and "21" Pens are available with matching Pencils, smartly gift boxed.

Foresee a gift occasion? Remember Parker "51" is the world's most-wanted gift pen.

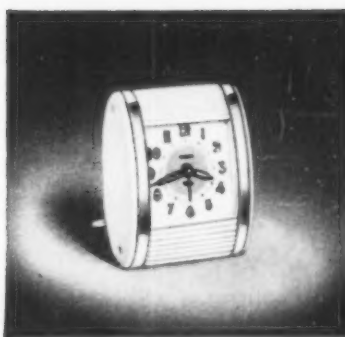




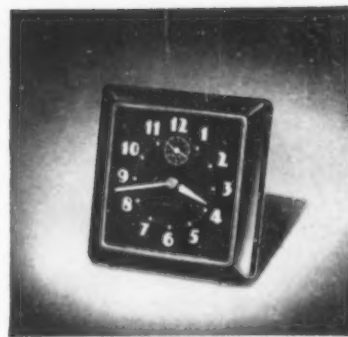
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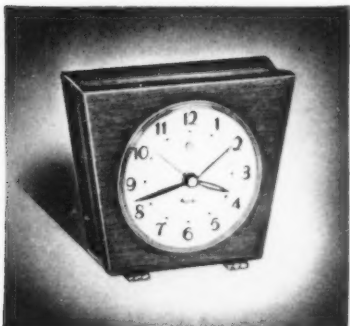
BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. "Little brother" of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. \$7.50. Luminous dial, \$8.50.



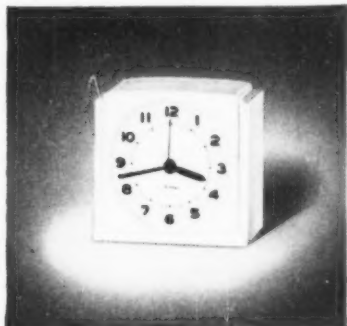
TRAVALARM SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you. Closes like a clam; tucks into corner of bag. Flip it open; it's on duty and on time. Luminous, \$8.95.



SPUR SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Day-and-night reading feature at low price. Steady bell alarm. Base tilts clock at graceful, easy-reading angle. \$4.75.



SPHINX ELECTRIC ALARM. Bold modern lines... stunning wood case in blond or rich mahogany finish, 4½ inches high. Clear bell alarm, \$10.95. Luminous, \$11.95.



BANTAM ELECTRIC ALARM. This good-looking little chap is only 3½ inches high. Clear-toned bell alarm has cheerful call. \$4.95. Luminous dial, \$5.95.



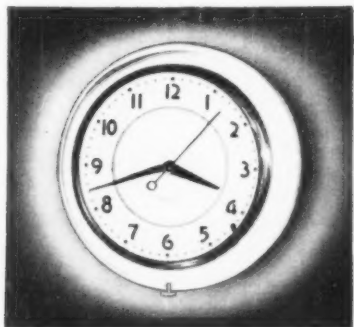
MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM. Calls you silently. First call is flashing light; later joined by audible alarm. 60-cycle only. \$14.95. Luminous, \$15.95.



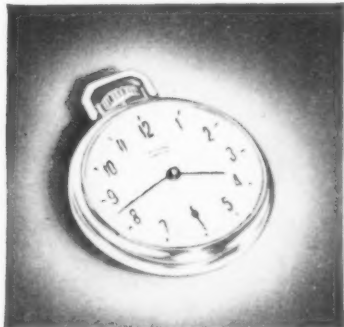
GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM. Truly handsome! Rich, mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant-tone bell alarm. \$10.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

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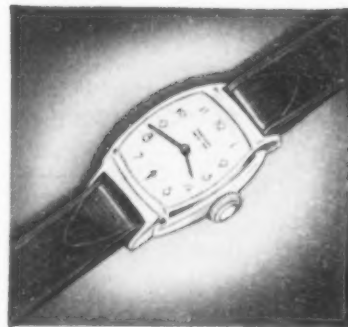
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WRIST BEN. Thin, handsome, rugged. Chrome finish case; stainless steel back, curved to fit your wrist. \$8.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

EDITORIAL

THE PRESS AND THE BRASS

LIONEL SHAPIRO'S article on the Canadian 27th Brigade, published in this magazine two months ago, has evoked two different kinds of rejoinder from the eminent military men who were annoyed by it.

First, they said it was untrue. This is a question of fact which cannot be weighed without evidence by people who haven't been there. But we have a right to ask that the generals should not stop at their flat denial, as they have done. They must specify just *what* is untrue among the detailed and specific charges made not only by Shapiro, but by other experienced war correspondents like Ross Munro of Southams and Bill Boss of The Canadian Press.

Shapiro said the VD rate in the 27th Brigade was 183 per thousand per year, and that this is not only higher than the Canadian wartime rate but also higher than that of other Allied forces in Germany now. Is this true or false? Lieut.-General Guy Simonds, Chief of the Canadian Army General Staff, admits it is true—and made the admission at the press conference where he had just denied the article *in toto*.

Shapiro said the educational level of the 27th Brigade averaged fifth to sixth grade, and that a substantial number were practically illiterate. True or false? If false, what is the true figure? If true, what's wrong with Shapiro's conclusion that military efficiency is impeded by a sentry who can't read a work sheet?

Shapiro said sixteen hundred men are attending primary-school classes conducted by young officers who never set out to be schoolteachers and aren't doing very well at the job. True or false?

Shapiro visited a military jail in which forty-seven cells were all filled, and where there was a long waiting list of men already sentenced for whom the jail had no room. He said the officers wouldn't tell him how many men were thus awaiting detention, or what the brigade's crime rate was, but they admitted it was "high." True or false? What is the crime rate of the 27th Brigade? How does it compare with the British, American, French?

Detailed answers of that kind, preferably given to parliament, will have more weight than blanket denials. Canadian citizens are entitled to all the facts.

But it's this very right, the right to information on public affairs, which is denied by the generals' second rejoinder. They argue not only that the charges are untrue, but that no such charges should be printed in any case.

Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, who thought the article "monstrous," said: "No Canadian should publish that sort of stuff about Canadians . . . If anyone holds such an opinion he should go to the Chief of Staff or the minister concerned, and state what he believes."

And the Chief of Staff, General Simonds, warmly concurred: "This is an attack on the rank and file, and I regard that as deplorable."

We think both these eminent gentlemen were talking through their brass hats.

You don't need to go back any farther than the reinforcement crisis of 1944, but you can if you like go back to the Bren-gun scandal of the nineteen-thirties, to remember how little good it does to tell a Chief of Staff something which he knows already but which the citizens do not know. There were two cases, at least, where the welfare of the army itself depended on the nation learning facts which the High Command or the Government preferred to keep hidden.

But the army enjoys no such peculiar exemption, at any level of rank, as General Simonds seems to think it should. There is no reason at all why a soldier, be he private or field-marshal, should be immune from public criticism. The Chief of the General Staff will do a service to the 27th Brigade not by attacking its critics, but by answering them.

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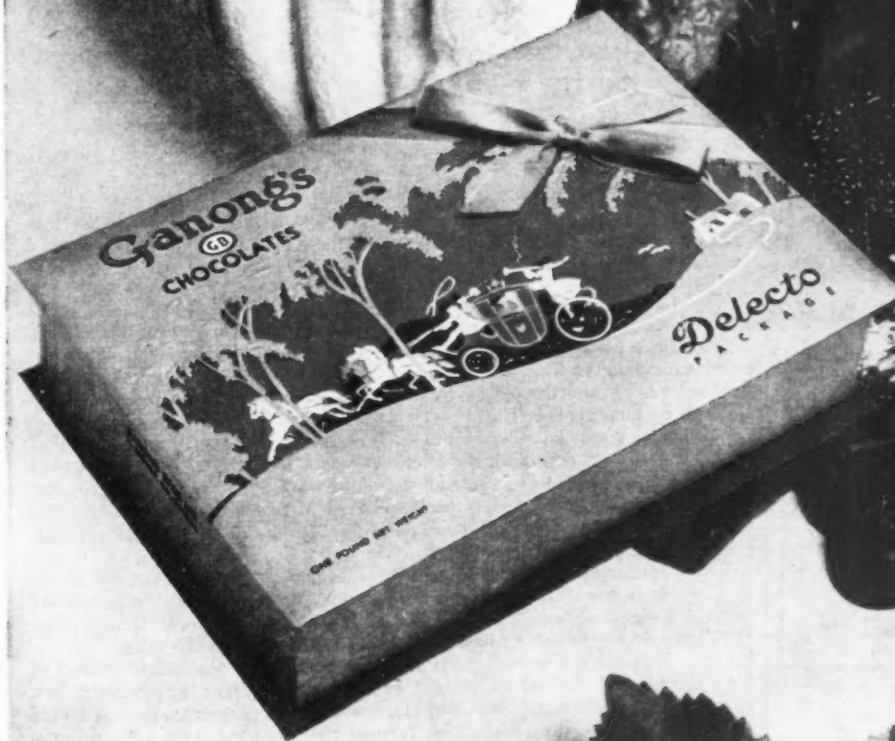
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It may surprise you to know that doctors... in their search for more knowledge about arthritis... have made intensive studies of the bones and joints of prehistoric dinosaurs. They have found that dinosaurs, like *Tyrannosaurus rex*, had arthritic joints.

As a result of these studies, medical science has learned much about the origin and history of arthritis, the joints that are most often affected by it, and how the disease damages them.

Arthritis has long been a leading cause of disability. Today there are about 600 thousand Canadians who have the disease in one of its many forms, the two most common of which are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Of the two, *osteoarthritis* occurs most often. In fact, almost everyone who is beyond middle age has a touch of it, probably as a result of normal wear and tear on the joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most severe form of the disease as it affects not only the joints, but the entire body. It usually begins between the ages of 20 and 50.

Not too long ago, arthritis... or "rheumatism" as it was then generally called... often meant a life of misery or some degree of crippling.

Today, the outlook is far brighter for many arthritics. Under modern treatment, carefully adjusted to the needs of the indi-

vidual patient, doctors can do much to relieve or prevent pain and to lessen or prevent disability.

Treatment, however, must be started early for best results. Otherwise, lasting damage may be done to one or more joints.

Arthritis seldom, if ever, strikes suddenly and dramatically. Any person who complains of a generally "run down" condition, and who has slight but recurring attacks of pain, discomfort or swelling in or about the joints, should be promptly and thoroughly examined by his doctor... before his trouble becomes disabling.

Authorities emphasize that chronic arthritis is rarely, if ever, controlled by any single measure. They also say that the so-called "sure cures" for arthritis generally do little more than provide temporary relief. Before using any medicine for the treatment of arthritis, it is wise to have the doctor's advice.

What can medical science do to control arthritis? What are the chances for recovery? What can be done to help prevent arthritis? What are some of the new methods of treatment?

These and many other questions are discussed in Metropolitan's booklet entitled, "Arthritis." Use the handy coupon for your free copy which will be mailed upon request.

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



WHEN CRICKET ISN'T CRICKET

THIS LETTER from London is in the nature of a personal confession. What is more it will play directly into the hands of those ardent readers of Maclean's who accuse me of having gone native. So let them sharpen their pens and dip them in blood.

But they must not dismiss my confession as unimportant merely because it has to do with sport. The British gave many things to the world and not the least of them was the playing of games. The innocent pastime of rounders developed into the vast North American industry of baseball. The harmless pastime of ground hockey, principally played by girls' schools over here, grew to the ferocity of ice hockey in Canada.

Sir Francis Drake continued to play bowls after the Armada was sighted, which shows that even in the sixteenth century sport was taken seriously. At the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto I have seen men also finish a game of bowls although the last launch to the city was hooting its final warning. And do not tell me that it would be dark before the last launch left the wharf. We expressionists cannot be bothered with data like that.

Now it is necessary to bring you to London and describe the locality in which my conversion took place. For seventeen years I have lived in a house in St. John's Wood which is roughly half a mile from Lord's Cricket Ground. In order to assuage the fierce democracy of some of my readers let me hasten to explain that Lord's has nothing to do with the peerage. It all began with a fellow named Lord.



"The most exciting game ever invented by the brain of man."

Lord's is the holy of holies in the cricket world. You can only join it if your father was a member and if you yourself have shown a passion for cricket when at school. There are exceptions but broadly it is as I have described. Lord's is held in such reverence that pilgrims come from distant places just to gaze upon the sacred plot of grass where the ball meets the willow in mortal combat. When Prime Minister Menzies of Australia comes to a Commonwealth conference he alternates between Westminster and this sacred pitch in St. John's Wood.

Thirty thousand spectators can crowd into the place but not, of course, into the clubhouse which is reserved for members and their guests. Not a single advertising hoarding is allowed to deface the cathedral austerity of the scene. They don't like blasphemy over here.

Once a year there is at Lord's a match of Gentlemen vs. Players, the Gentlemen being amateurs and the Players being professionals. When the county teams compete the sides are composed of both pros and amateurs but up to a couple of years ago, when the teams left the field, the amateurs went out by one gate and the professionals by another. Now in these days of broadening democracy they all go out together.

As a good Canadian, brought up on baseball and on Canadian rugby, I had a lofty contempt for cricket. Was it not Kipling who denounced the flannelled fools at the wicket? And when it takes five days to play a match you are passing the boundaries of time and encroaching upon eternity. And this year six days were allowed for the final test match with Australia.

Just imagine Toronto and Montreal playing one baseball match for six days from 11.30 in the morning to 6.30 in the evening with a short luncheon interval and an even shorter break for tea. But that is what they arranged for the last test instead of the normal five days.

It must not be imagined that one can live in the neighborhood of Lord's and remain indifferent or unmarked by the experience. For example the annual Eton and Harrow match is played there, and motor cars are parked up Hamilton Terrace, debouching tall rangy daughters, small boys in topers or straw hats (according to *Continued on page 37*)

The range that modernized cooking . . .

PUSH-BUTTON cooking - by - colour



Model RD42 . . . Winner of 1953 DESIGN MERIT AWARD, National Industrial Design Committee

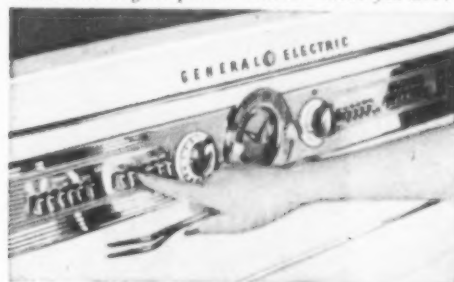
It's the new way to cook—the truly *modern* way! Push-button controls—in colour! The exact heat you want—at your fingertips!

You actually "cook-by-colour." There's a button for each cooking speed—a coloured light for each button. The touch of a button gives you the exact heat for every cooking job . . . Tel-a-Cook lights tell you at a *glance* what unit's on, and at what cooking heat.

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1953



Are these **ENCUMBRANCES?**

Certainly, the gentleman is carrying "burdens that impede action," but encumbrances have quite a different meaning to the executor of an estate.

Every business has its own language and its own procedure. An individual faced with estate administration for the first time will lose valuable time in acquainting himself with the various steps that must be taken. Costly delays may result while your best friend is learning how to be executor of your estate.

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

The Forgotten Forest

CANADIANS often accuse the United States Government of dragging its feet in matters of mutual concern—ratifying agreements, authorizing joint projects, or executing policies that both governments support. The St. Lawrence Seaway, a recent case in point, is a favorite outlet for Canadian indignation and self-righteousness.

It may do us good to know that another draft international agreement has been gathering dust in Ottawa for nearly four years, untouched and virtually unknown. This despite the fact that it grew in the first place out of a Canadian idea, and certainly would protect Canadian as well as American interests. The U. S. State Department sent a draft to Ottawa in December 1949. The last correspondence on the subject is dated January 1950, and the file itself was so inactive that it took External Affairs several hours to find it in a basement vault of the East Block. To all intents and purposes Canada had forgotten it.

This treaty would establish an International Peace Forest as a memorial to the dead of both countries in both world wars. The forest covers the wilderness lake country just west of Lake Superior.

The region is a natural historic monument—two million acres of it, lying on each side of the international border in roughly equal halves. It is the canoe route followed by the discoverers of the North American west. It was the route of the Sieur de la Verendrye, the first white man to lay eyes on the Rockies; of Alexander Mackenzie, the first white man to cross the northern stretches of the continent; of explorer and map-maker

David Thompson, and of that fabulous Hudson's Bay Company governor Sir George Simpson.

What makes it a historic monument, and not merely a historic site like the routes of Champlain or Jacques Cartier, is the amazing fact that this country is still very much as the discoverers found it. Civilization has passed it by. Much of it is still virgin forest, and all of it still empty wilderness—perhaps emptier today than when it was the highway of the western fur trade. There, preserved as if in amber, is the land as de la Verendrye saw it more than two hundred years ago.

IT WAS SAVED in the first place more or less by accident. This is the easiest, indeed the only way west when your only means of transport is canoe and portage. By other means it was singularly inaccessible and not particularly rich, so the first wave of logging went past it. Not until iron was discovered and mined at Mesabi, toward the end of the last century, did it seem worth while to cut any of these forests, and even those operations were soon abandoned—for the time being. In the early nineteen-hundreds it was wilderness again.

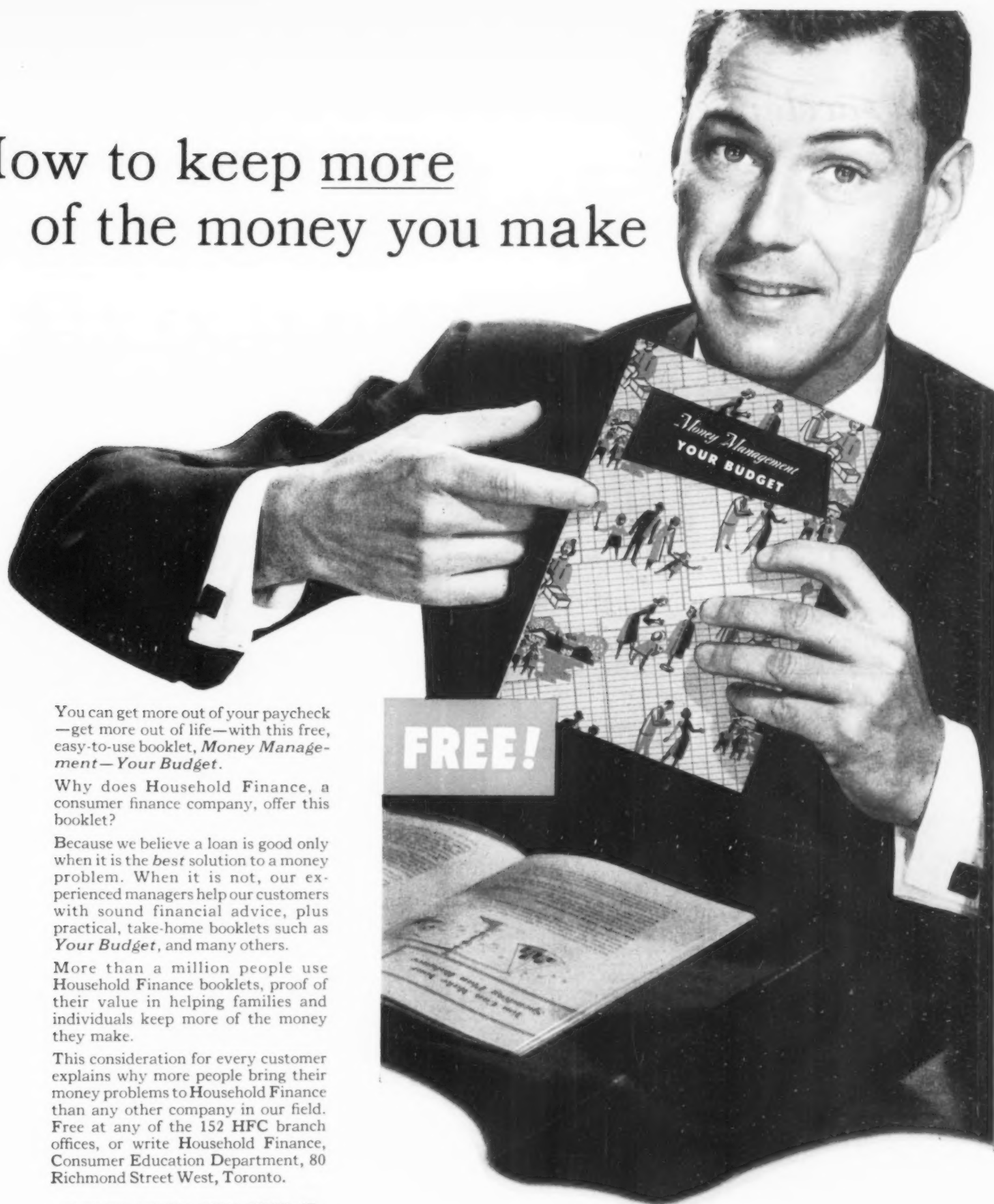
That was when a Canadian, W. A. Preston, of Rainy Lake, first realized what a historical rarity had been left to us. He was a member of the Ontario Legislature, and he got the Ontario Government interested; he also managed to interest that fervid outdoorsman, President Theodore Roosevelt. In 1909, as a result of Preston's crusading, the United States created Superior National Forest on

Continued on page 101



Cartoon by Grassick

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has the same superior engineering
that made Ultra-Vision possible*

G-E's new line of radios for 1954 will catch your eye the moment you step inside your G-E Dealer's store. Every set styled for modern living . . . engineered to give finer reception . . . built to give years of trouble-free entertainment. The same research that made G-E Ultra-Vision possible is constantly improving the quality of G-E Radios. Many of the new models incorporate G-E's new "Mechanized Chassis", dip-soldered in an exclusive new process which provides a uniform high quality of construction and greater improved performance. All G-E Radios have built-in Beam-A-Scope antennas, easy-to-read dials, extra-powerful Dynapower speakers. See these outstanding radios soon at your dealer's.

Introduced in 1953 . . .

No picture like it in TV history

Late January 1953 C.G.E. introduced Ultra-Vision with the extraordinary G-E Aluminized Tube to bring you the ultimate in Television! This Aluminized Tube achieves the widest range of tones in TV . . . increases picture brightness by 80% by means of a thin mirror-like inside-coating of aluminum that holds virtually all the light *in* your picture. Ultra-Vision's Stratopower dip-soldered chassis—another G-E first—is truly a power plant capable of operating Ultra-Vision to FULL efficiency. To complete your enjoyment of crystal-clear, life-like performance, G-E's exclusive Glarejector System and Filter Safety Glass eliminate every avoidable trace of reflections.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
Ultra-Vision

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

LEADER IN TV, RADIO AND ELECTRONICS

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1953

IS THE **TWO-PARTY SYSTEM** **DOOMED?**

By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

AN AVOWED LIBERAL, WHO'D HATE TO SEE THE CONSERVATIVES PERISH, EXAMINES THE REASONS FOR THEIR FAILURE IN PAST ELECTIONS AND SUGGESTS A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS IN FUTURE ONES

IN ONE VITAL RESPECT the result of the recent national election should alarm Canadians of every political party. I do not say this as a disappointed Conservative, socialist or Social Crediter, not even as a non-partisan voter. I say it as a supporter of the Liberal Government who publicly advocated its re-election.

The result was alarming not because it gave an able Government another term of power, which I think it had earned, but because it did not provide an adequate Opposition in the present parliament nor, more important, any clear alternative to the Government in the next parliament. It did not cause, as some people are saying, the breakdown in the two-party system—the basis of the whole parliamentary system—but it showed that the breakdown, starting eighteen years ago and perhaps earlier, has never been repaired. That organic damage to the body politic will not be repaired until the Opposition learns the lessons of its long and tragic mistakes.

If those mistakes involved only the Progressive Conservative Party they would concern its leaders and supporters alone. Unfortunately they involve the entire nation and concern all its inhabitants. For the health of the nation depends on the parliamentary system, the parliamentary system depends on an adequate Opposition watching the Government, however good it may be, and good government depends in the long run on the continual availability of an alternative government.

It is here that our politics have failed for nearly two decades and the election merely confirms the failure. Through five successive elections Canadian democracy could not produce an Opposition in which the people could detect the makings of an alternative government.

The people, I believe, were right, as they usually are. The fault

lies with the politicians. But the thing is not nearly as simple nor as bad as it seems to be on the morrow of the election.

The big question of the election was not the fate of the Government. Few Canadians, even among the practicing Conservative politicians, doubted that the Liberal Party would win far more seats than any competitor, probably a small majority at worst. The highest hope of the Opposition was a parliamentary stalemate. Given a French Canadian Prime Minister popular everywhere and solid in Quebec, the victory of the Liberals was a mathematical certainty. The Conservative leaders doubtless knew it.

No, the big question was what would happen to the Opposition, hence to the two-party system and hence to the political health of the nation. On the face of it, the worst possible thing happened.

The official Opposition is not significantly stronger in the new parliament than in the old and actually weaker than in the parliament of 1945. Numerically the Liberal Party is almost as strong as it ever has been since Confederation. In real authority it is, for the present anyway, stronger than it was before August 10, being refreshed, after a period of doubt, by a new public mandate. Its leader has a deeper hold on the Canadian people than any prime minister since Laurier.

Thus in terms of actual power the two-party system is more unbalanced than it looks—not only because the Opposition is weak but because it is splintered and seems to be falling apart. It is proper for a supporter of the Government to ask whether the two-party system, maimed five times since 1930, is slowly dying in Canada. Are we sinking by degrees into a many-party system? Or into a one-party system? Is the Liberal Party becoming, by good luck or good management, the permanent controller of our politics?

The answer to all these questions, I believe, is no. The Canadian people are too sensible to let anything like

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The Hangman in the Fog

Suddenly, chillingly, Gilhooley knew why his seat on the Barcelona plane had been snatched, why a non-existent cousin had visited his flat, why his news service chief had warned him to watch himself. Now he and Celia waited while the executioner groped his way toward them

A MACLEAN'S NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By LIONEL SHAPIRO

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

THE TWO newspapermen stood at a window and looked down on Fleet Street. It was a dour, chill day, as what day isn't in London in February. There wasn't much to look at, only a low and foreboding sky and a few muffled people hurrying along the famous street.

They stood there for a time without speaking. Finally the older of the two, a bald, overstuffed man named Harry Woodruff, shook his head slowly. His heavy jowls moved like loose pontoons against his neck.

"It's no use, Gil. You'd better start for the airport." His pudgy finger pointed out patches of fog spilling over the rooftops across the street like a ghostly army over a city's ramparts. "You'll be lucky if you take off."

The other nodded reflectively. "I'll give it another minute or two. I'd like to know what happened." He cocked his head as if to listen to the headlong clatter of the teletype machines in the next room. He said, "I wouldn't like to be three hours in a plane without knowing what happened."

His name was Jacobus Gilhooley. He was a tall, well-built man of thirty-five and with a little sartorial care he might have been rated as handsome. But in the community of foreign correspondents he was considered a rough cut. His thick brown hair never seemed properly combed nor his tie properly knotted and he carried his shoulders at a peculiar slope as if perpetually straining forward to hear and to observe. His colleagues often joked about his intensity but never about his work.

His deeply-set eyes studied the thickening fog once more. Then he turned about suddenly and faced the interior of the office.

"Celia," he called out, "did the airport say two o'clock exactly?"

Celia Long, a blond English girl who was cool as the weather but a lot prettier, looked up from her desk. "They said the fog is closing in, and as they've got a very short list for the Barcelona flight they're trying to gather up the passengers for a take-off ahead of schedule. By two o'clock if possible."

Gilhooley glanced at his watch. It was four minutes to one.

"You called a car?"

"It's downstairs, waiting."

"You'd better not wait," Woodruff said. "If I had a chance to get to Barcelona instead of sitting in this lousy climate, I wouldn't gamble on missing my plane. Besides, the story will be in the Barcelona papers. You can read it on arrival."

A bell on a teletype sounded five times in breathless staccato.

The two men exchanged a grim glance and Gilhooley darted through to the wire room. Woodruff followed at a more leisurely pace. After thirty years as a bureau chief for World News Service, a flash signal no longer raised his blood pressure.

Aroused by the bell, an operator was already at the machine. The two men leaned over him.

"Flash . . . Palvan guilty . . . Sentenced death . . ."

The operator ripped the page out of the machine and handed it to the New York wire. The teletype clattered on.

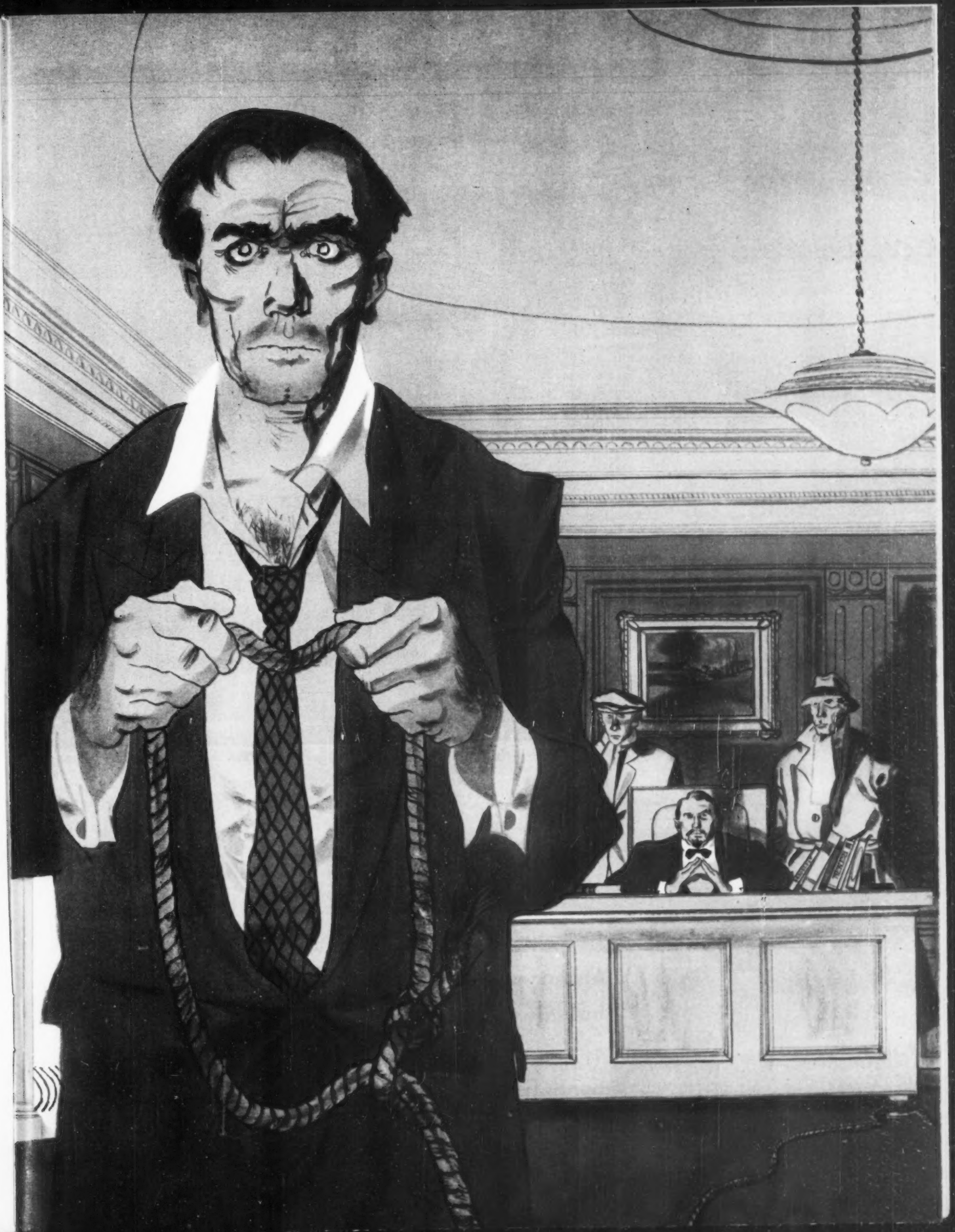
" . . . Bulletin lead . . . Vienna . . . A state radio announcement monitored here today declared that the Peoples' Court has found Laszlo Palvan, the former foreign minister, guilty of treason and has sentenced him to death by hanging. The verdict was fully expected after Palvan's impassioned 'confession' yesterday that seven years ago, in 1946, he treasonably handed over the famous Steckanow documents to an American secret agent . . . para . . . more . . ."

A deep furrow cut across Gilhooley's forehead and his lips twisted beligerently. He had covered purge trials in the Balkans; he knew the worthlessness of peoples' court confessions. But this one was too incredible. The Steckanow story was his biggest postwar scoop. He himself had unearthed the documents, alone and without help; and here a man he had never known had been made to confess to it.

He remembered the horror of the one hanging he had seen in the Balkans—the short rope, the slow strangulation, and the gasp of the witnesses as the executioner mounted a stepladder and twisted the victim's head around until the neck cracked.

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Gregor Palvan stared at the mist-dimmed window, clutching the noose in his trembling hands. A gun would have been easier, but . . .





Don Messer, surrounded by his Islanders, gives out with a sample of the hoedown harmony that starts feet stomping wherever the CBC is heard.



The Breakdown Boys From Sp

Halls have collapsed under the backwoods jive of Don Messer and his Prince Edward Islanders — but long-haired musicians and royalty also applaud the outrageous octet which includes Salvation Army bandsmen, a bear-wrestler and a bachelor of science



By DAVID MacDONALD

ASERIOUS, chubby little man with a round pink face and thinning blond hair, named Donald Charles Frederick Messer, often remarks with a trace of bewilderment, "There's something about my music that seems to upset the emotions." As the fiddle-playing leader of a successful old-time orchestra known as Don Messer and His Islanders, he has had occasion to witness the truth of his remark. There have been times when Messer's music has literally brought down the house.

Twice, for example, when the Islanders played in Woodstock, N.B., a veranda collapsed under the pounding of dancing feet keeping time to such spirited scherzos as Flop-Eared Mule, Big John McNeil and Little Burnt Potato. In Kennetcook Corner, N.S., two men had to hold up the roof pillars when the floor started to sag crazily under the impetus of Jimmy's Favorite Pig. In Hopewell, N.S., when the pillars toppled over they were simply tossed out of the window and the whoopee went on to the tune of Spud Island Breakdown.

Then there was the time when the Islanders were enlivening the Glace Bay Forum and a coal miner tapped a comrade on the head with an empty bottle. This incident soon mushroomed into a full-scale riot. The battle was still in full swing when the police arrived, and Messer was still sawing away

the middle-aged westerner chanting his spiel a beat ahead of the music was the finest caller he'd ever heard. When the tune ended the Islanders joined in the applause. McTaggart stepped back, beaming, and fell over, dead. Doctors said his heart attack was brought on by the excitement. Since then, Messer has insisted that all callers not known to him personally must undergo a medical checkup before performing with the Islanders.

It would be an exaggeration to suggest that such incidents are daily occurrences wherever Messer moves, but they do indicate the special impact that he and his seven musicians make on the world of the square dance. The Islanders—some of them have been offered jobs by Hollywood, Benny Goodman, and the Boston Pops Orchestra—have been grinding out the bumptious beats of jigs, reels and breakdowns on the CBC since 1939 and the program now gets more fan mail—twelve thousand letters last year—than any other show except The Happy Gang. As much of it comes from south of the border as from the ten provinces. There's Rev. Emerson J. Sanderson of Fargo, North Dakota, for example, who has his wife record the program if he's out when it comes on. There is Willett Randall, operator of a game preserve in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, who writes regularly once a month ("Last time you played Redwing our boys stomped the pine knots through the men's-room floor") and there is the man in Perth, Ont., who after hearing Messer's vocalist, Marg Osborne, sing one night instantly telephoned a proposal of marriage. (He was too late; Marg was spoken for.)

That jangling noise in the background of Messer's music sounds suspiciously like coinage. After years of comparative famine, the Islanders now gross about eighty thousand dollars yearly from radio, record royalties and personal appearances. Much of it is harvested in cities like Toronto and Ottawa where, only a few years back, country-style music was slightly less popular than Fijian war chants.

Messer's following extends to the most unexpected places. When Queen Elizabeth, wearing a gingham skirt, whirled in square dances at Rideau Hall, one of the numbers was Don Messer's Breakdown. Before she left Canada she asked for several Messer records to take home. The Islanders were extolled in the Canadian Senate by the late Sen. William Duff, of Lunenburg, N.S., and CBC commentator John Fisher once castigated the P. E. I. government for not striking medals for "those wonderful Canadian ambassadors."

Critics Talk of "Rusty Hinges"

The Islanders are more frequently pictured as a band of rubes but this is pure fiction. Messer, a professional fiddler for thirty-six of his forty-three years, wears expensive but conservative suits, lives in a modern ranch-style bungalow with his wife and two daughters, and drives about Charlottetown in one of the three cars he owns. Charlie Chamberlain, the Singing Islander, was a lumberjack in the northwoods of New Brunswick before he first ambled up to a microphone; bass-player Julius (Duke) Neilsen, clarinetist Rae Simmons and trumpeter Harold MacRae began with Salvation Army bands. Neilsen was also a circus roustabout, fire-eater and classical musician. Vocalist Margaret Osborne is a housewife and drummer Warren MacRae, Harold's brother, is a bachelor of science.

Last spring, on an eastern Canadian tour, the Islanders played for sixty-five thousand people in thirty-six cities and towns and grossed thirty-five thousand dollars. Messer himself, who once fiddled all night for thirty-five cents, now works a thirty-hour week and pockets an annual fifteen thousand dollars.

In spite of their increasing popularity, due in large measure to the increasing popularity of square dancing, the Islanders have their share of critics, divided into two camps. In one is a considerable number who hold that *all* old-time music sounds the same, i.e., like a rusty hinge. In the other, oddly enough, are those who love the old tunes but find the Islanders treat them irreverently. Whereas most old-time bands rely on such basic



Charlie Chamberlain, lumberjack vocalist with the Islanders, once took a singing lesson—just once.

instruments as the fiddle, banjo, jew's harp and washboard, Messer's includes piano, electric guitar, clarinet and trumpet. Leaving nothing to chance, he writes detailed arrangements, though three of his sidemen can't read a lick of music.

His style of playing, often called "sophisticated cornball," is widely copied. Last spring CBC Halifax auditioned nine old-time bands as a summer replacement for the touring Islanders. Syd Kennedy, the CBC's Maritime program director, reported, "They're all trying to sound like Messer."

Kennedy, who pays them, says, "You've got to judge the Islanders by the kind of music they play. It's great—for hillbilly stuff."

Messer cringes when *Continued on page 98*



A fan gets in the groove. When the queen toured Canada she took some Messer discs home with her.

Spud Island

on The Joys of Wedlock. Another time, the Islanders visited Iona, Cape Breton, to play for dancers who came in by chartered train from Sydney. The law required that they quit at one a.m. There were angry mutters of protest when the music stopped and having nothing else to do the dancers began to fight. Messer fled to the band's trailer and locked himself in until train time at 5 a.m. The fight was still going when he departed.

The emotions inspired by Messer's music once ended in tragedy. Several years ago W. W. McTaggart of Pilot Mound, Man., wrote Messer that his greatest ambition in life was to call a square dance for the Islanders. When they played in Pilot Mound some time later Messer let him fulfill it. Halfway through the first number he realized that

THERE'S A SEASIDE RESORT NAME OF

Blackpool



That's Noted For Fresh Air And Fun —



High-flying girl acrobat dazzles the holiday trade in Blackpool's permanent big top.

Plus a galaxy of illuminations that put Broadway to shame, a fantastic reproduction of the Eiffel Tower, and a million other wonders including the lion who ate Little Albert

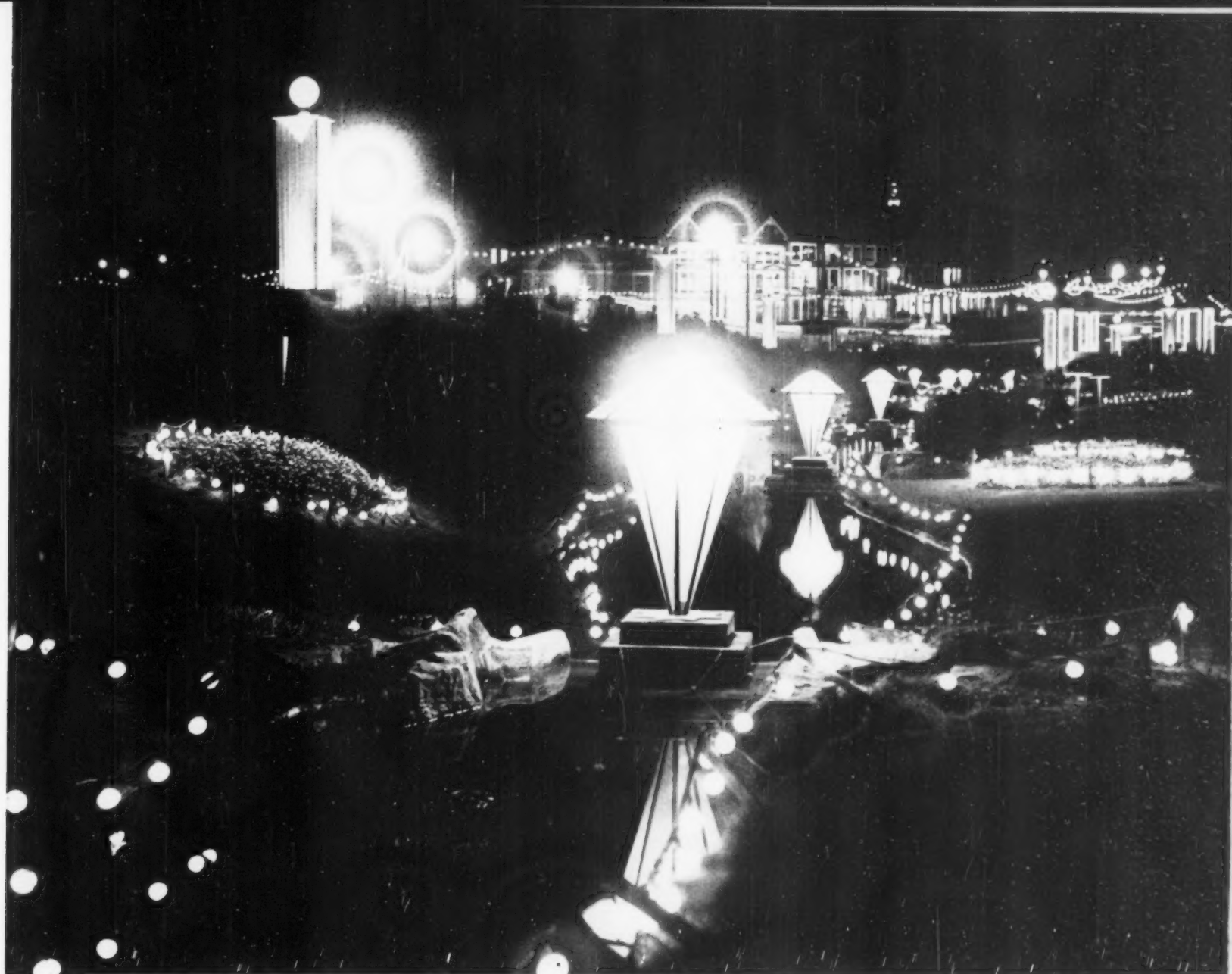
By MCKENZIE PORTER

LONDON
IF BROADWAY could be lifted out of Manhattan tonight and dumped in Blackpool, on the Lancashire coast of northwest England, it would barely be noticed. If the Canadian National Exhibition could be deposited there, it would languish in anonymity.

Hundreds of Canadian servicemen who have been to Blackpool since the end of the war will agree with this bold claim and so will the millions of Britons to whom Blackpool is a synonym for the kind of pleasure that is in turn a synonym for noise and bustle.

At this time of year, when other holiday towns have put up the shutters on the penny-peep shows, speared the last lost pairs of swimming trunks from under the pier and are organizing the post-season seaside landladies' winter ball, Blackpool is reaching the zenith of its season with a blinding attraction known as The Illuminations.

Between the middle of September and the end of October Blackpool is packed with sightseers all shuffling elbow to elbow along seven miles of unbroken promenade and goggling at a delirious phantasmagoria of electricity that casts a glare visible to mariners sixty miles out in the Irish Sea.



Gaudy illuminations, plus zephyrs from the Gulf Stream, fill Blackpool with merrymakers late in the autumn when other English resorts are shut.

In Blackpool the night sky glows with three hundred thousand lamps, two thousand luminous pylons and flagpoles, fifteen hundred floodlights, seventy-five miles of fluorescent tubing and fifty miles of incandescent festoons. In Blackpool there are more than a hundred animated signs; many of them are twice as long as a football field.

In these wonderful tableaux of Blackpool, Hungarian gypsies whirl in a saraband on the banks of a glittering stream; Egyptian houris snake about the Sphinx and the pyramids; Mexican gauchos tango among the cactus plants; Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Pluto make a space-rocket flight to the moon; a famous soccer player scores the goal which gave Blackpool's team The English Cup at Wembley last year; John Bull and Uncle Sam gaze with appropriate expressions of pride and jealousy upon the Queen Mary as she sails into New York harbor; and The Queen of Hearts, Little Boy Blue, Bo-Peep, Tom The Piper's Son, Old King Cole, Mother Goose and many more nursery rhyme characters enact their classic dramas to rich and blaring music.

In Blackpool there are waterfalls, Japanese lanterns, rainbow arches and fountains; gnomes, fairies, knights and monsters; gondolas, battleships, galleons and zeppelins; trees, mushrooms, tulips and fruit; peacocks, cockatoos, pelicans, flamingoes and parakeets; rockets, roman candles and fire-

crackers; and bells, bird cages, crowns, fleur-de-lis, giant wheels and the signs of the Zodiac.

Blackpool has spent one million six hundred thousand dollars on The Illuminations. One hundred and sixty thousand man-hours went to build them. To keep them lighted during the six weeks' season they burn enough kilowatts to drive a streetcar ten times around the equator.

They Swarm by the Millions

Scores of celebrities, from Charles Dickens to the late Lloyd George and the present Queen Mother, have publicly lauded the therapeutic qualities of Blackpool's sea breezes. But Blackpool's real magnetism lies in the unabashed catering by one hundred and forty thousand residents to what that famous comedian, the late George Robey, once described as "a widespread taste for honest vulgarity."

Superficially Blackpool is the most gaudy, rowdy and ribald resort on earth. Yet behind its glittering, highly commercialized facade it is simple, friendly and inexpensive. It lures into its spangled fifteen square miles eight million visitors every year, more than any other resort in the world. Seventy-five per cent of them are cotton workers from the vast industrial region around Manchester, fifty miles to the east. Their average wage is only twenty dollars

a week. A feckless annual spree at Blackpool, where each spends between thirty and sixty dollars, affords them three great novelties: clean invigorating air; the sense of having money to burn; and glamour.

Every natural feature Blackpool ever possessed along its golden beach has been buried under a promenade constructed of granite, concrete and asphalt, in places three tiers high. Above it there rises a hackle of such rococo buildings as only an architect with the soul of a confectioner could have conceived. Soaring over them all is the Tower, a five-hundred-and-twenty-foot imitation of the Eiffel in Paris, and the genesis of Blackpool's fame and prosperity.

When the Tower was built sixty-two years ago, the dizzy elevator ascent to its observation platform at the four-hundred-and-eighty-foot level made Blackpool the most talked-about holiday place in Europe. And after the Tower had lured them, the menagerie, the circus, the aquarium, the dance halls, the restaurants and the bars in the buildings at its feet gave vacationers something to do when the notoriously wet skies of Lancashire wept for them. It is the firm policy of Blackpool to provide against every dull moment, rain or shine.

In Blackpool they now have five thousand hotels, boarding houses and pubs, fourteen live stage shows, seventy-five cinemas, a huge carnival ground, the biggest and

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Enigma in Ebony

Crazily the taxi plunged past the thick-clustered pink huts of Curacao's native quarter. Dark terror engulfed the fat Canadian professor as he struggled to fathom the purpose of the man at the wheel

by Earle Birney





THE BLACK CAB bounced around the corner of the shed as Sanford lifted his cane from the last oily step of the gangway. It made a squealing semicircle over the empty wharf, halted beside him and, as though by itself, swung open its back door.

"Votre taxi, monsieur."

The tone was almost authoritative, as if Sanford, in some forgotten visit to this unknown island, had contracted for its owner's appearance at this precise moment. He peered into the car, strangely dark still in the pink Curaçao dawn, and saw only the outline of a head by the wheel.

"Combien à Willemstad?"

"Two dollars, doctor." The head turned; Sanford saw two steady yellow eyeballs and a flash of feral teeth. The sudden switch to English seemed bantering, but perhaps it was the slight soft accent? as if the man implied: "Come now, we know you're just a Canadian professor, for all your cane and beard and tropical-whites, and the tricolor at the stern of your freighter."

He had scarcely sunk his bulk on the seat behind the driver when the car roared, spun round the shed and charged honking up a narrow street between overhanging blobs of houses. Another cab, coming down, reeled over the curb to escape and braked to a halt inches from an improbably orange housewall. Sanford was aware of a dark fist shaken angrily from the other car, and as they shot on and up, a woman with a bandanna, high on a terrace, leaning from a rainbow line of wash to shout at them. The head of Sanford's driver did not turn; startlingly African, cropped and intricately curled, it continued to bob before his eyes like some mysterious black fruit of the jungle.

"Don't go so fast!" He clutched a side strap as the car swung suddenly at right angles to climb a curbless lane. Two ochre goats, in the act of butting a dog away from some lump of refuse on the cobblestones, leaped hurriedly to a stairway. Sanford twisted to look through the back window, certain the cur had yelped agonizingly under their wheels. But it was already circling to retrieve its carrion.

"It's all right, doctor. Ree-lax yourself. I show you the town."

As the car swung again, Sanford at last saw clearly his driver's profile. The man was some kind of phenomenally "pure" negro, of a type he had never seen in the West Indies, or anywhere else for that matter except in photographs of elongated tribesmen, clay-daubed and skin-draped, deep in Africa itself. Ashanti, perhaps? The black upthrust of forehead, the enormous blossoming nostril and lips, the sudden sinking chin. All must have been passed unblurred to him, through mysteriously intractable generations, from some proud spearsman hauled aboard a slaver by just such a tall delicate neck. Sanford realized with a flicker of shame that the profile and the ebony torso had, in part, frightened him. Heavens, the man probably belonged to a strain common enough here. And if not, what did it matter? Surely he wasn't becoming an old woman of a tourist, upset by a little fast driving—they hadn't hit anything—and a chauffeur out of a grade B travelogue.

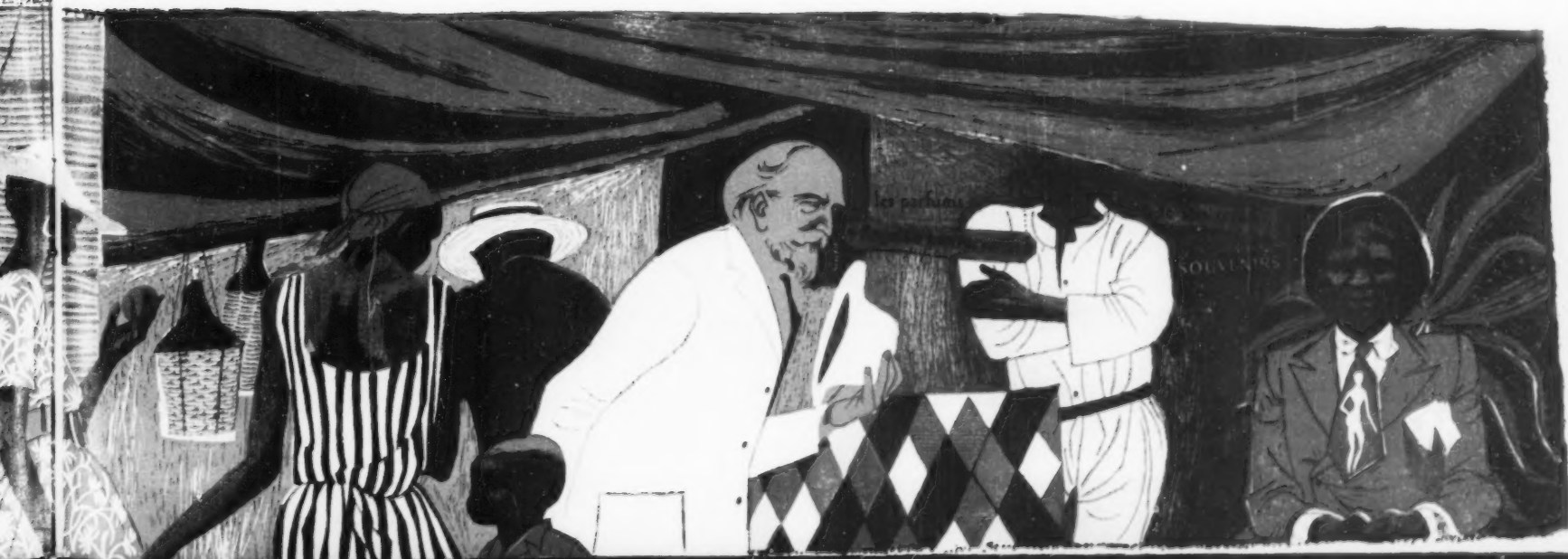
"Take me straight to the main post office. I'll see the town later." Sanford was annoyed at a sort of husky anxiety in his voice; he had meant only to sound firm.

"Post office not open yet, doctor. I show you the so-call' Native Quarter first. All for the two dollar." Was it the voice that both excited and disturbed him, so utterly different from the black pear of a head it came from? Not an educated speech, of course, though by no means pidgen and curiously knowing in cadence, serene, insinuating. It upset him that somehow he was reminded of Arthur.

"I haven't the time—" Sanford began, but they were sweeping around another corner. Two chocolate girls in spotted calicoes, descending toward them, baskets of

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ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL



THE LIVELY GHOSTS OF

Best known for a canal that hasn't been dug, this storied neck of land thrives on shad, stoves and scholars and

By IAN SCLANDERS

Photos by Paul Rockett



LOW TIDE on the Fundy leaves Thomas Carter's Mill Creek farm facing a wasteland of mud. The tide here rises forty-seven feet.



HIGH TIDE, the same spot. The mighty tide on the Fundy side of the isthmus would make expensive locks necessary in any canal.



FORT BEAUSEJOUR, captured by British in 1755, is said to be haunted by the cheerful ghost of a rum-soaked hellfire preacher.



SHIP RAILWAY that was never used draws leading advocates of canal, N. S. Sanford, of Amherst (left), Mayor H. Beale, of Sackville,

CHIGNECTO

and cherishes some of the wackiest legends in the land



HIGH-AND-DRY DOCK left stranded amid tall grass when Tantramar River changed course. Ocean ships once loaded here.



MOUNT ALLISON University, at Sackville, raised a rumpus in 1875 by granting first degree given a woman in all Canada.

THE WIND always blows on Chignecto Isthmus, that stubby neck which keeps Nova Scotia from being an island by fastening it to New Brunswick. It blows south off blue Northumberland Strait, an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or north off the silt-reddened head of the Bay of Fundy, and from either direction it bends the lush grass of great salt marshes, brushes the backs of grazing beef cattle, hums around the corners of a thousand silver-grey hay barns and leaps the rooftrees of ancient villages.

It chuckles past a wharf left high and dry by a river that changed its course, and past the moss-grown skeleton of a railroad designed to carry ships across land—a fantastic project abandoned after an expenditure of four million dollars. It scuds over the remains of North America's first dyke and first dry dock, buffets the ramparts of early French and English forts, sings through the towers of the CBC shortwave station that tells the world about Canada, and plucks smoke from the foundry chimneys of two busy towns—Sackville, in New Brunswick, and Amherst, in Nova Scotia.

Chignecto Isthmus lies lengthwise between these towns, nine miles apart, and widthwise between Northumberland Strait and the Bay of Fundy, which are twenty miles apart. It's the geographical centre of the Maritimes. The New Brunswick-Nova Scotia border, where a bagpiper draws a salary from the Nova Scotia Government for giving tourists a musical welcome, is six miles east of Sackville on the way to Amherst. Just west of this border a road branches off to the Prince Edward Island ferry at Cape Tormentine, N.B.

The isthmus was originally settled by the French nearly three centuries ago. After the expulsion of the Acadians by the British in 1755 the district was resettled by New Englanders. For generations it produced most of the beef eaten in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and exported hay by the boatload to the eastern United States.

Its history, its legends about ghosts and buried treasure, its eerie bogs and low rolling hills, its red tidal rivers like bloody gashes in the green landscape, have inspired poems by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, novels by Thomas Raddall, Will R. Bird and Theodore Roberts, and paintings by dozens of artists.

"If Only It Had a Hole!"

Yet Chignecto is probably known best for a thing that has never existed—a canal that wasn't built. First suggested in 1709 by Jacques de Meulles, Intendant of New France, this waterway would make it possible for ships to get from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy by a twenty-mile trip across the isthmus. Without it, they have to travel around the coast of Nova Scotia, more than four hundred miles of rough Atlantic sailing.

The proposed canal was a big issue in the pre-Confederation legislatures of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Since Confederation it has been a minor but extraordinarily durable issue in Canadian politics and no session of parliament passes without some mention of it. Maritimers claim the navigation shortcut would reduce their staggering freight bills and revive many an ailing industry.

Mayor Herbert Beale of Sackville, a stocky amiable haberdasher, sighs with sorrow and frustration when he looks toward the isthmus. "That barrier," he says. "If only it had a hole in the middle of it our economy would improve so much that our young people would stop drifting off to Ontario and Sackville would soon be a city."

N. S. Sanford, former mayor of Amherst and editor of the Amherst News, has spent half his life championing the canal and trying to persuade the federal government to construct it. Each time victory has seemed in sight his hopes have been dashed by adverse reports by royal commissions.

Old Intendant de Meulles thought the canal would practically dig itself. In a memorandum to Louis the Fourteenth he pointed out that the tide on the Fundy side of Chignecto rises forty-seven feet, compared with nine or ten feet on the Northumberland Strait side. If a narrow ditch were dug to let Fundy sweep through de Meulles was sure that "it would make in a very short time a very fine river by which ships from Quebec could easily pass." Modern engineers laugh at this idea and the gist of various royal commission reports is that the benefits of the scheme would not justify the cost, which was estimated at fourteen million dollars in 1870 and is now estimated at upwards of one hundred millions. Because of the difference in the height of the tides the canal would have to be equipped with an elaborate system of locks.

Ironically, Canada's first

Continued on page 108



Judge Chevrier (right) won return of ancient finery to Ontario Supreme Court bench, gave a cutaway, cocked hat, sword to court sheriffs.



"The Queen is present in my court" is the basis of Chevrier's rules on dress and deportment. One who felt his loyal ire was the Kingston, Ont. cameraman who sneaked these pictures. ▶▶

Canada's most voluble jurist was in the third grade before he knew any Canadians spoke English. But now when he spies the slightest threat to Canada's British traditions he fully earns the title of

The Terrible -

By ERIC HUTTON



Marie-Helene Chevrier, who overcame father's objections to a singing career, performs here in the Imperial Room of Royal York Hotel.

AT THE opening of the British parliament a few years ago a bored MP on the Commons terrace surveyed the pomp of the royal departure and remarked to a colleague: "Ridiculous, you know, all these frills. F'rinstance that business of poking about the cellars of the House with torches in broad daylight looking for gunpowder, just because Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the place three hundred years ago . . ."

He was interrupted by a short angry man who confronted him and declared in a voice slightly flavored with a French accent: "Sir, I have overheard what you said and I resent it."

The MP looked down with frigid dignity: "Who are you?"

"Who I am does not matter, sir," came the reply. "But what you said *does* matter. You should certainly know that the British constitution is constructed only of customs and precedents—what you are pleased to call frills. If people like you have your way these frills will be snipped away one by one until some day an unskilled hand cuts into the very fabric of the constitution . . ."

In tones of doom, accompanied by graphic gestures, he described his conception of opening day in a Mother of Parliaments shorn of frills—including royalty: "The new boss drives up, not in the coach of time-honored tradition at which you have just turned up your nose, but in a big shiny limousine—*perhaps bullet-proofed*; he is a president, *perhaps a dictator*; he is dressed in a business suit—*perhaps even without a waistcoat*! He rolls up his

sleeves, pounds on the table and roars, 'all right, this meeting is open for business!'"

Leaving the speechless MP to ponder this horrendous picture, the stranger strode away.

The angry man is now a judge of the Supreme Court of Ontario. As dean of the trial division of the province's highest court, Mr. Justice Edgar Rodolphe Eugene Chevrier no longer stalks enemies of the British constitution in public places. But in his own domain he has become the implacable scourge of all who fail, by omission or commission, to pay due respect to the major and minor rituals of the administration of Her Majesty's justice, as humbly but proudly represented by Edgar Rodolphe Eugene Chevrier.

At sixty-six there is no trace of accent in the judge's speech, although he acquired English comparatively late in life. "I was seven or eight before I knew there was an English language," he told me recently, "even though I had heard the strange tongue my father spoke outside our home—he had learned his English among the Ottawa Irish and spoke with a strong brogue."

Chevrier's compact frame is surmounted by a shock of white hair, only now thinning. He has a humorous mouth and piercing eyes which catch fire on provocation. And there is no lack of fuel; high among the provocations that burn up the judge is any suggestion that Canadians are loyal to Canada but indifferent to Canada's British heritage.

On a visit to South Africa some years ago Chevrier's name convinced Gen. J. B. M. Hertzog,



Tempered Judge Chevrier

the Boer nationalist, that here was an ally. "In Pretoria he greeted me as though we were fellow-conspirators in a holy war against Britain," Chevrier told me indignantly. "I told him that I did not care to listen to such talk, that the vast majority of French Canadians did not feel as he did. I am afraid I was quite rude."

Woe to the Careless Dresser

In 1940 Chevrier delivered what he calls "the proudest judgment I ever rendered" when he declared the Communist Party illegal in Canada. He did this by finding three Ottawa men guilty of circulating anti-war pamphlets "tending to prejudice the safety of the state." Under Defense of Canada Regulations at that time an organization represented by a man found guilty of that offense could, at the judge's discretion, be declared illegal. Chevrier did so, and although his jurisdiction was provincial, federal Department of Justice officials decided his verdict was effective throughout Canada.

In peacetime, amid the murders and man-slaughters, frauds and divorces and armed robberies which are the grist of the Supreme Court, Chevrier's day-to-day vigilance seldom encounters major threats to the constitution. But, as he points out, he must guard against the snippings as well as the deep stabs. To this end he periodically threatens with a citation for contempt, with summary banishment from his court, or at best lectures

tartly and publicly such malefactors as:

- Lawyers who dress sloppily, principally by leaving off their waistcoats and trying to conceal this sartorial gaucherie by holding the inadequate folds of their gowns over bulging shirtfronts; lawyers who slouch, rattle coins in their pockets and cock feet on chair-rungs and dais while cross-examining, who come late for court and commit sundry other breaches of the etiquette of advocacy.

- Sheriffs and sheriffs' officers who dress sloppily and fail to keep court premises and judges' chambers housecleaned to the Queen's taste.

- Male witnesses who dress sloppily, who use words Judge Chevrier has not admitted to the English language ("okay" is one), and who kiss their thumbs instead of the Bible and thereby believe they have evaded the oath to tell the truth.

- Court attendants who dress sloppily.

- Female witnesses who dress sloppily, particularly in the matter of hats.

- Uniformed personnel of all varieties who ignore the Queen's Regulations and Orders concerning dress.

This emphasis on clothing may seem unfair to the seriousness of Judge Chevrier's solemn and sincere campaign, but he himself points out that it is by his clothes that a man reveals his attitude. "When you go to a reception held by the governor-general you wear your best clothes—well, the supreme court judges are no less representatives of the sovereign. A man who works at the honorable occupation of ditch-digging changes his clothes before he visits

his best girl or a beverage room. Thereby he shows respect for his girl (why he dresses for the beer parlor I do not know, because nothing good ever came out of those places). There is no reason why a person should not celebrate his participation in British justice by wearing his best clothes."

Exempt from summary punishment but well within the reach of Chevrier's wrath are municipal bodies in the court's forty-seven circuit districts which do not maintain court premises on a level suitable to their high purpose (he once shocked Toronto by accusing the mayor of a most un-Toronto-like sin: failure to fly enough flags). For years he pursued a bitter vendetta against the ancient and dilapidated Carleton County Courthouse in Ottawa which he denounced as utterly unfit for the dispensing of royal justice. To witnesses and jurors he would apologize for their having to spend time in "this Black Hole of Calcutta." Once when Ottawa's winter breezes penetrated the moldering casements and chilled his neck Chevrier halted the case he was hearing and cried in alarm: "Noah's Ark has sprung another leak!"

All this, Chevrier admits sadly, has made him enemies and lost him friends. Occasionally a lawyer, smarting under a lesson in court protocol, has been known to compare the judge to a latter-day Canute sitting on a bench and ordering the tide of comfortable democratic progress to turn back. Court personnel, who are apt to feel his lash most frequently because they are more often in contact with him, sometimes

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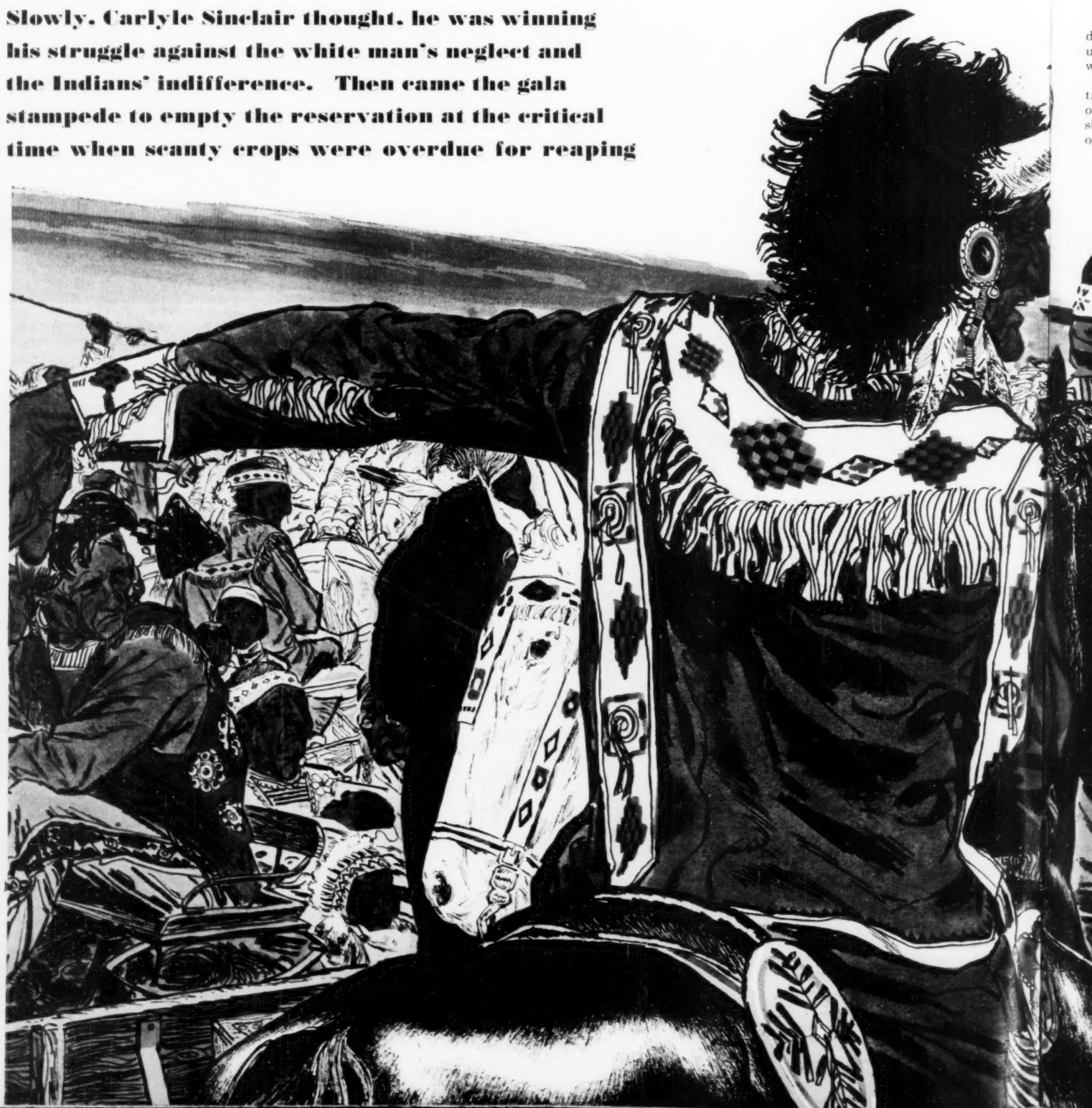
the alien

CHAPTER THREE

By W. O. MITCHELL

The Lure of the Big Parade

Slowly, Carlyle Sinclair thought, he was winning his struggle against the white man's neglect and the Indians' indifference. Then came the gala stampede to empty the reservation at the critical time when scanty crops were overdue for reaping



CARLYLE SINCLAIR had spent most of his life in a white man's world, vaguely haunted by the knowledge that his blood was one-quarter Indian. Then, impelled by a sense of duty tinged with guilt, he made a public avowal of his ancestry and quit his job as a prairie school principal to take charge of the one-room schoolhouse at the Paradise Valley Reserve. At first the new life was more strange and disquieting to Carlyle than it was to his understanding wife, Grace, and their small son, Hugh. For a time the people he met on the reserve only seemed to heighten the uneasy conflict within himself and make it seem insoluble. In varying degrees they were all men of good will. Fyfe, the energetic white superintendent, and Old John, the aged Indian who made loafing a career; Sheridan, the white agent, and MacLean Powderface, the Indian handyman; Dingle, the white minister, and Ezra Shot-Close, the Indian lay preacher. But their ways and attitudes sometimes seemed centuries apart. Carlyle was almost reduced to despair in the first days of the term when he was confronted with an empty classroom and appeals to his absent pupils' parents were greeted with silence or evasions. In the end it was the meticulously correct Fyfe and the imaginative and devout Ezra Shot-Close who showed him the solution: Hold up the parents' treaty money until their children came to school. It was, Carlyle admitted, a shameful and unpromising compromise—but at least it had worked.

THE DAY before Christmas Ezra called to invite them to services in the dance tent. On Christmas Eve snow feathered down all night long; Hugh was up before light had entered the log house, coming in to Grace and Carlyle with the flat red sled which had been his main gift.

Almost before they had opened their presents and had their breakfast the tapping began at the back door. Susan Rider had gauntlet gloves beaded in orange and blue and white, for Hugh; a fringed jacket for Grace; a white shirt of beautifully pliable deerskin for Carlyle, embroidered with yellow and orange butterflies that fluttered over the shoulder yoke, purple pencil flowers

formal on the breast pockets and cuffs. Magdalene and MacLean Powderface called, drew from a flour sack slipper moccasins for every one of them.

"More skins than Cro-Magnon man," Grace laughed. The house was filled with the smoldering smell of damp rawhide by the time Arthur Sheridan, the agent, and Mrs. Sheridan called with skates for Hugh.

At ten o'clock MacLean Powderface, the stuttering Indian, was back again, this time with a woolly bay team hitched to a bobsleigh. The Sheridans and the Sinclairs and the Reverend Dingle climbed aboard to sit on the manure and straw-littered floor of the wagon box. Almost a dozen other Indians, whose tents were close to the agency buildings, got in as well: Fast Wolf with his grey page-boy bob, Old John looking like a festive death's head, Jonas One-Spot blind and shaking. They sat buttock familiar with buttock on the side boards, brown hands clutching, leaning toward the centre. Precisely on the centre of the tail gate Old Jonas perched with his clouded eyes under hooding lids, fixed patiently ahead of him, the wild smile displaying his toothless gums.

During loading the sleigh had jerked with epileptic and abortive starts as the half-wild team lunged and reared back in their harness. MacLean looked back to see that all were ready, then with a shout that the team hardly needed, he slapped the reins; the sleigh gave a magnificent lurch; old hands gripped the sides more tightly; exclamatory cries went up.

They were away, runners hissing and creaking through the fresh snow, the backs and flanks of the horses steaming, their own breath rising in clouds before their faces. Bells on harness, clinking halter shanks and clinking traces, had hung the team with a second loose harness of bright and rhythmic sound; the sleigh box canted dangerously now to one side, now to the other, but in spite of their uncertain base many of the Indians were still managing to roll and light cigarettes.

When they reached the dance tent they found it hung with boughs. The end farthest from the flap opening held a small

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Sinclair's heart sank as he pulled up amid the whooping Indians. They were in no mood to heed what he would say.



How they broke the Heart of Howie Morenz

As long as hockey lasts they'll be telling the legends about Howie Morenz: How he lived only for the game, for the fans of the Forum, how he died in tragedy and misery when the team he loved sold him down the river after a bad season

By TRENT FRAYNE

SIXTEEN YEARS have passed since Howie Morenz died on the floor of a hospital room in Montreal. There are some who believe this greatest of hockey players died of a broken heart.

Howie Morenz was more than the best hockey player that ever lived. He became a part of the nation's folklore, a symbol of a hockey era that is now only a memory, of a time when the ice heroes were a rough-hewn and sometimes hard-drinking lot, fiercely loyal to their team. Even the smoke-filled rinks in which they played had a warmer look and smell than the antiseptic palaces of today. To the millworkers and tram drivers and off-duty cabbies who jammed the rush end of the Forum in Montreal and called themselves the Millionaires Morenz was a superhuman figure. Between periods they toasted him surreptitiously in homemade gin. Their battle cry, "*Les Canadiens sont là!*" never reached such frenzy as when Morenz started winding up behind his own net with a queer little bouncing jig that sent him hurtling down the ice in an exhilarating moment of excitement that reached its crescendo when he threw himself between the defensemen and crashed the puck past the goal-keeper.

For the twelve years he wore the uniform of the



"There wasn't anything he couldn't do on ice," even bitter rivals said of the great Morenz, above. His funeral from the Montreal Forum, right, was attended by twenty-five thousand mourners.





Visited by another hockey star, Charlie Conacher, four days before he died, Morenz still insisted: "I'll be back next season better than ever."

Canadiens Morenz was an idol. Since the bleak March night in 1937 when he died he has become a legend.

Although Morenz was of German origin his volatile fans embraced the inspired fiction that he was a Swiss with a French spirit. His name was no more strange to their tongues than the names of his teammates—Mantha, Mondou, Lepine, Joliat and Battleship Leduc.

Morenz was far more than a Canadien hero. To youngsters all over Canada he was to hockey what Babe Ruth was to baseball and Jack Dempsey to boxing—a fairy-tale figure who could do things no one else could do and against greater odds. When Morenz duped a defenseman it was David slaying Goliath for Morenz was a small man as hockey stars go and defensemen were big and menacing with battle-scarred faces.

Once he received a terrible bodycheck from Red Horner, of Toronto, the league's bad man who weighed two hundred and ten and stood six feet two. The check knocked Morenz thirty feet across the ice into a corner where he lay still for a moment. Then he climbed to his feet, skated shakily toward his own end of the rink and retrieved the puck. He bounced into stride, catapulted directly toward Horner, faked a swerve to deceive the defenseman and leaped nimbly past him to score.

When Canadiens were hard-pressed it was usually

Morenz who brought the hoarse roar from the Millionaires and the happy nods from the millions who followed his exploits by radio or through the newspapers. And Morenz did not have such modern advantages as the forward pass, the centre red line and the seventy-game schedule in which to pile up goals. During the fourteen seasons he played in the NHL the schedule progressively increased from twenty-four games to forty-eight. The two hundred and seventy goals he notched were scored in the equivalent of nine present seasons.

Morenz led the Canadiens to three Stanley Cups and won the Hart Trophy three times as the league's most valuable player. He took top scoring honors in two seasons and was among the five highest scorers in no fewer than eight seasons. But Howie's value lay not merely in the number of goals scored. He had a way of getting pay-off goals when Canadiens needed them most. One night in 1930 the Chicago Black Hawks, with their superb goalkeeper, Charlie Gardiner, plus strong defensive tactics, held Canadiens to a tie until ten minutes to two in the morning—the longest overtime game up to then. Finally Morenz barged past big Taffy Abel and beat Gardiner with the goal that eliminated Chicago from the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Howie's speed was a defensive asset too. Once in Ottawa a defenseman, Alex Smith, got a breakaway against Canadiens and had a fifty-foot start on

Morenz. But Howie caught him, batted the puck into a corner, picked it up, passed Smith going the other way and flipped to Aurel Joliat for a goal before the Ottawa team knew what hit them.

Howie's skating was as spectacular as it was fast—in fact even more so. His flying arms and bouncing stride made him look like the whirlwind he almost was. Actually he was only *one* of the fastest skaters in the NHL. Once in a match race at the Forum Hec Kilrea, of Ottawa, circled the rink carrying a puck in slightly faster time than Morenz. The incredulous Millionaires dismissed it with, "Enfin, Howie let him win as a kindness." Morenz' juvenile fans throughout Canada did not try to explain it—they just didn't believe it.

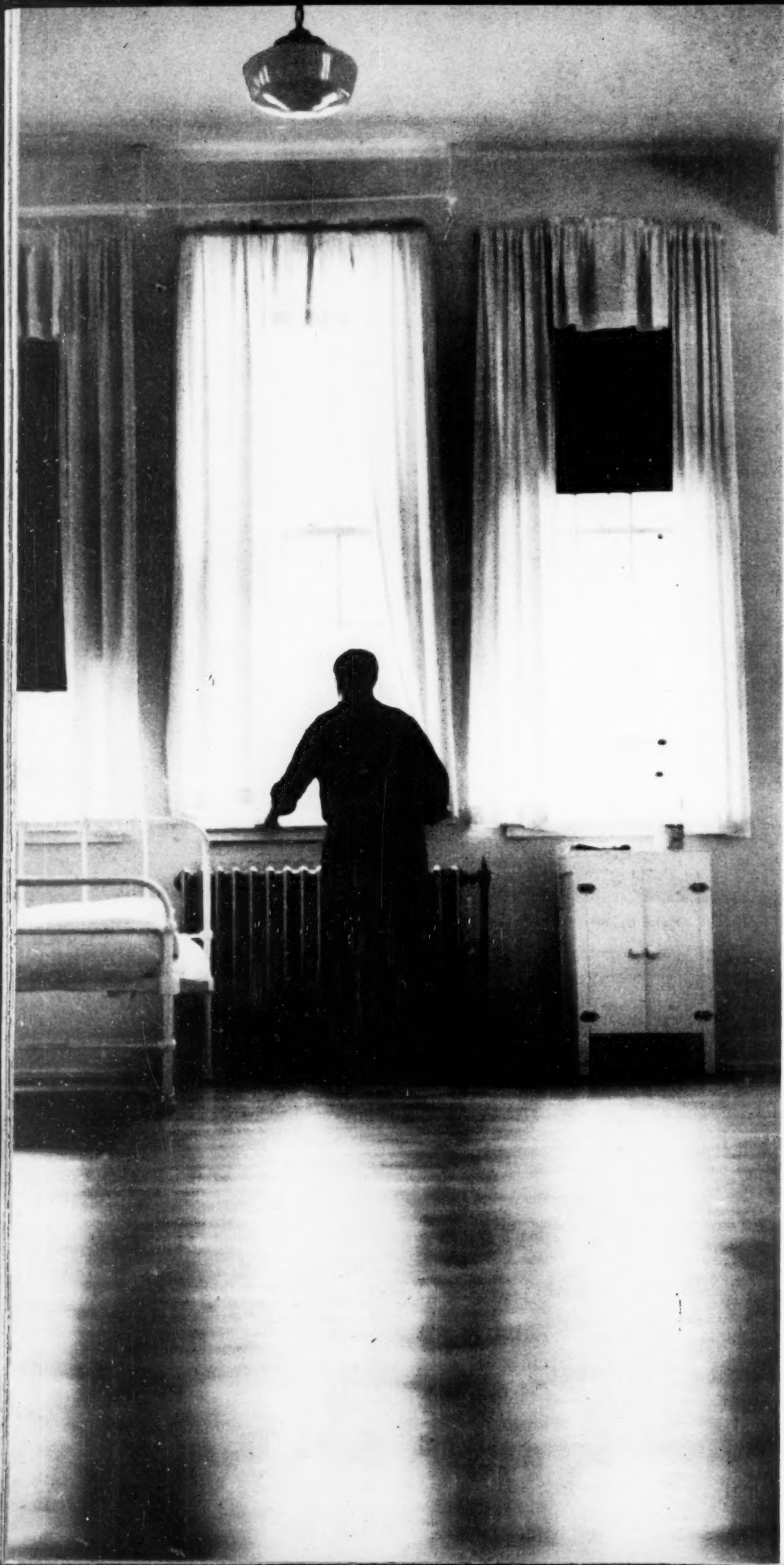
Sometimes even opposing players, who took a little more realistic view of Howie, were inclined to believe there wasn't anything Morenz couldn't do. Charlie Conacher, who played for Toronto in the latter stages of Howie's career, recalls that the latter once told him: "Give me one good defenseman and any goalkeeper in the league and I'll beat any team for twenty minutes."

"There were nights," Conacher says with a resigned shake of his head, "when I figured he was right."

Morenz was the most sought-after player in the game. After one thrilling contest in New York in 1926 in which he

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A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



SIDNEY KATZ

The fugitive fleeing nameless pursuers, and the youth who inhabits a black pit of despair, are each being helped as never before by new drugs and new techniques.

HAVE been living inside the provincial mental hospital at Weyburn, Saskatchewan. I have the authority to visit every nook and cranny of the hospital at any hour of the day or night. I have keys that unlock every door. I can speak to any patient I choose.

It is past midnight and a new day is just beginning. I am looking out the window. The darkness is pierced by automobile headlights. Two RCMP officers are bringing another patient to the hospital. The party is met at the entrance by two male psychiatric attendants, known as aides. One of the officers hands over some medical documents to an aide; the aide signs a delivery receipt form and the patient is conducted to 6-B, the admission ward.

Now the patient is seated in the little office of the ward supervisor. He's smoking a cigarette and glancing around the room apprehensively. He's a wiry man of average height in his mid-forties with high cheekbones, a prominent nose and large deep-set brown eyes. He's wearing an open-neck khaki shirt and a pair

UNMOVING AND UNMOVED HE STARES INTO SPACE

Some deeply disturbed patients, like this man at a window, grasp a small straw of stability by staying in one place all day.

Photos by Mike Kesterton

Z SPENDS

a day in a Mental Hospital

Now a Maclean's editor — back from life among the insane — concludes the greatest need is individual care that only bigger budgets can provide

of navy blue trousers. His deep red sunburn and strong arms and hands suggest he's a farmer. The supervisor is now glancing at the papers that accompanied the patient and points out an underlined passage to one of the aides, "suicide risk." The admission routine starts emptying the pockets and listing the contents: \$25.52 in cash, four letters, keys, a fountain pen and a bottle opener.

The patient is telling the aides about his hundred - and - thirty - acre farm. "So I put in the wheat and the barley and then comes the goddam rain and washes it all up." There is nothing abnormal about the things he is saying or the way he is saying them. Nothing until he gets on the weight scale.

"You weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds," says the aide.

"Only that? Dammit, I've lost thirty pounds in the last three months."

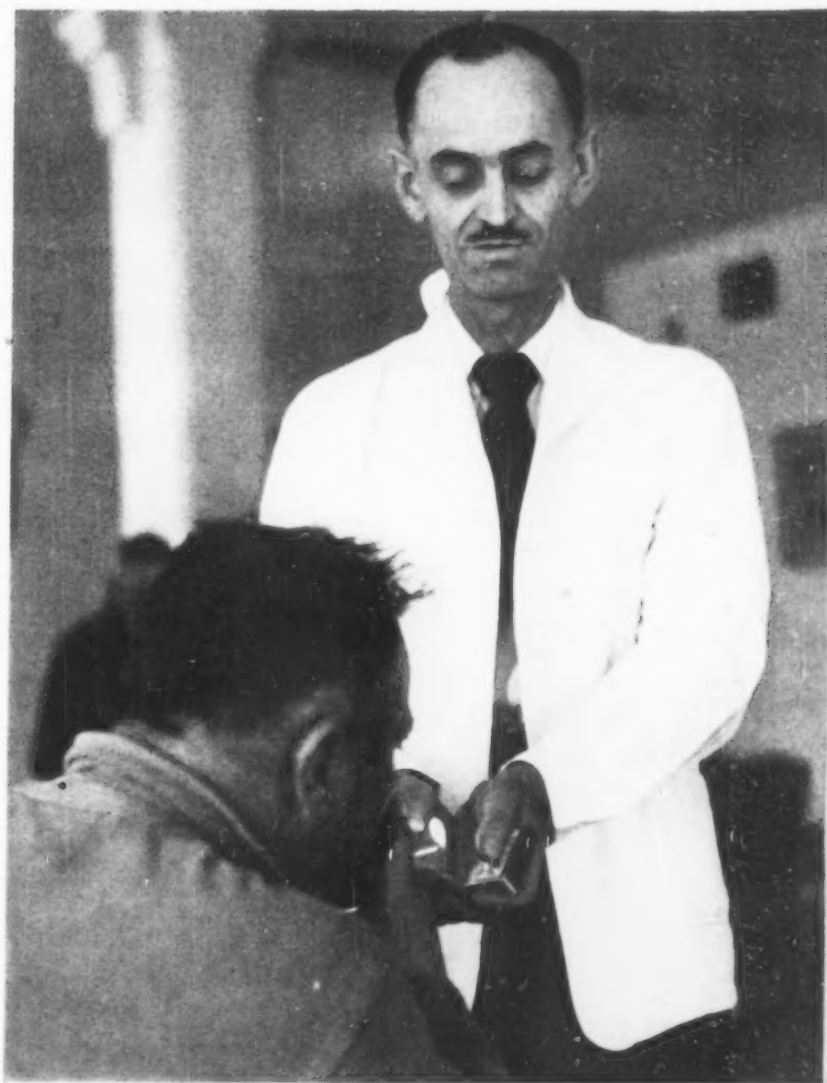
"How come?" asks the aide.

This simple question unleashes a torrent of emotion. "I can't eat and I can't sleep. It's my wife. She's ruined me. She spends all my money.

She runs around with other men . . ."

He talks for the next ten minutes, his voice mounting with excitement. The story he tells is not quite the same as the one contained in his file history. The patient's wife had always been a thrifty housekeeper, faithful to her husband and devoted to her two daughters, aged twelve and fifteen. Six months ago the patient began to make accusations which became more fantastic as the weeks passed. She was trying to poison him, she was plotting his financial ruin, she was having affairs with other men, and finally, that her children had been fathered by another man. During the past few days the patient began threatening to kill himself. His wife became alarmed and sent for the family doctor. The doctor examined him, a colleague did likewise and the patient was certified as being mentally ill and sent to the hospital.

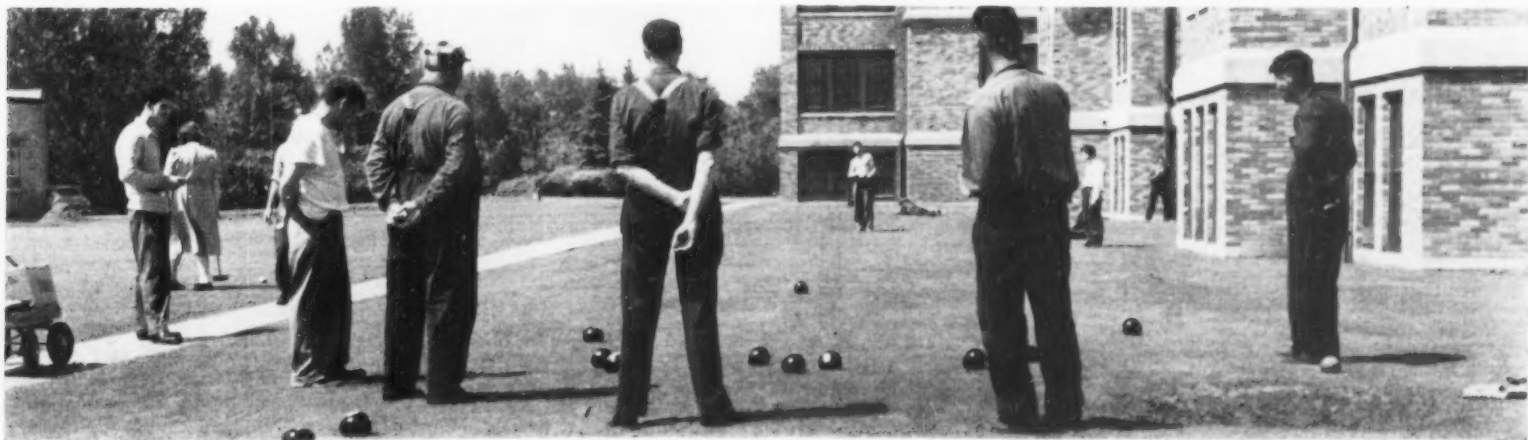
While the patient is being bathed the night-duty doctor, Derry Hubbard, examines him and decides that he doesn't require any immediate special care and can be put to bed. The supervisor assigns him to a bed



ON THE INSIDE Matches are banned, lights provided by aides.

ON THE OUTSIDE At play, these patients are also under treatment.

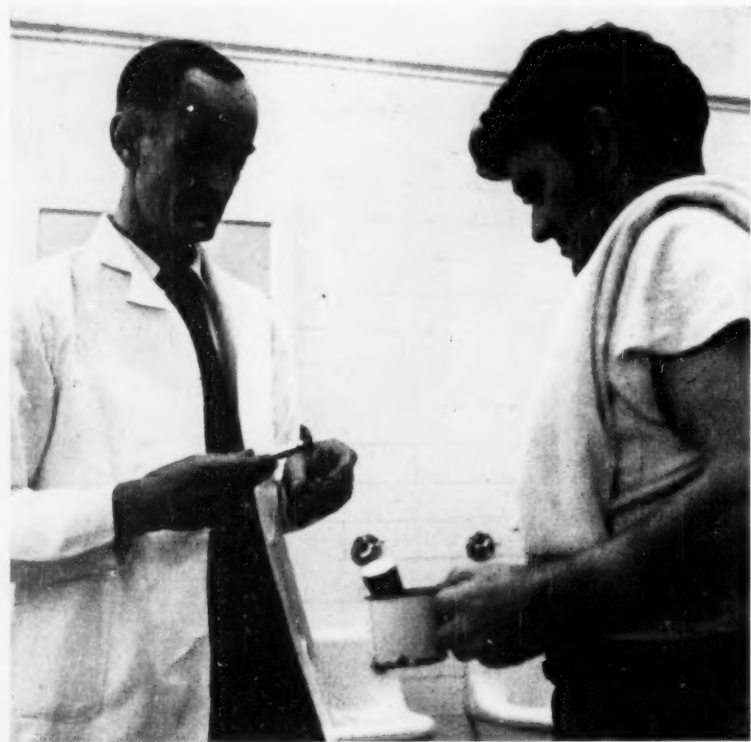
More Pictures, Story, Next Two Pages ►►





THE HEALING THERAPY OF MUSIC

Staff and patients mingle on the dance floor and in the orchestra weekly. "Saturday night out" has a measurably beneficial effect.



PROTECTION FROM A RAZOR BLADE

Special razors are doled out to the patients each morning. Blades are locked into place as a guard against self-inflicted injuries.

ONE PATIENT CHECKS IN ANOTHER GOES ON HIS WAY

As in any other hospital, the sick come and the cured are discharged. Staff members (right) record a patient's history on admittance. At far right, an outgoing patient gets a last check.



Each day brings tragedy—and victory too. No more is a mental hospital a prison of despair but an active clinic where those sick in mind come for help. These are scenes in the daily life of men on their long road back to sanity

near the corridor where the aides can keep an eye on him. In the morning the patient will start life anew as a mental patient—a life which, hopefully, will end in his return to his farm, wife and children.

What kind of life will it be? Many people still think of the mental hospital as a house of horror where "raving maniacs" are restrained by chains, handcuffs or strait jackets and manhandled by a staff of sadistic and uninterested doctors and attendants.

Such a concept is born of ignorance. The mental hospital is the same as any other hospital—a place for sick people to regain their health. Despite a small staff, a tremendous volume of treatment is given: of every hundred patients who enter Weyburn this year seventy will return home to their families. The mental hospital's bad name is in large measure due to the fact that of all diseases those of the mind are the most baffling.

A mental hospital is a community; its neighborhoods are the different wards. I am in 6-B, the admission ward, where patients first come to be examined, diagnosed and treated. I have watched a succession of patients being admitted. The behavior of each is different, yet there is a sameness in their unhappiness and their inability to cope with the day-to-day problems of living in the outside world.

A World War I veteran past middle age is brought to hospital by his wartime buddies for the second time in the past five years. "If I start acting queer take me to Weyburn; that's the best place for me," he has told his friends several times. He is rather excited and jumps up frequently to bark military commands. "Have the men fall in, corporal . . . we'll charge now." Several days later his behavior becomes normal and he tells me, "I don't remember coming here. The first thing I remember was when the aide woke me this morning and said, 'Would you like some breakfast?' I looked at his white coat and I knew where I was."

While going through the admission routine, a lanky youth of twenty-one sits in the chair talking and laughing to himself. A few days ago he shot his brother dead after an inconsequential quarrel and now the court has sent him here for observation. Most of what he's saying is unintelligible but one can make out the words, "Heaps of bodies lying there." He speaks of a buzzing in his ears and a pain in his throat. He refuses to submit to a blood test. He jumps to his feet, his face becomes red and his whole body is trembling. "They won't take my blood," he shouts. He resents the doctor's questions and refuses to answer them.

There are three alcoholics in the ward. The newest of these is a blond

COMFORT IN THE NIGHT

Imaginary enemy drove this man from bed at midnight. A kindly aide calms and reassures him.

farmer in his late twenties. He is sober now but his hands have a slight tremor as he talks. "There's no use going on the way I am," he says. "I work hard, then spend it all on booze. On the last binge I passed two bum cheques. The police told me I could either go to jail or come here. I came here." A twenty-year-old is admitted in a stupor. He remains completely motionless, staring down at the floor and on the few occasions that he does speak his voice is a low whisper. A burly man of fifty mutters over and over to the aide, "I didn't do it . . . I didn't do it." He comes from a small farming settlement. Recently the local schoolteacher became pregnant and he imagines that everyone is accusing him of being responsible. Persecution seems to be the most common element in the phantasy life of the patients. One man wears colored glasses and keeps glancing over his shoulder. "The devil is chasing me," he explains. Another patient constantly speaks of a fifty-thousand-dollar mail robbery engineered by the hospital's doctors who are keeping him locked up so he won't expose them.

I watch a white-haired man of sixty being admitted. He sits in the supervisor's office, refusing to undress, take a bath or go to bed. He carries a heavy cane in his right hand.

"We want to help you get to bed," says the supervisor.

The old man glares at him and raises his cane. "You come near me and I'll let you have it," he threatens. He suddenly looks around at a vacant corner of the room. "I have heard him again," he says. He thinks he hears his dead father calling to him; he hears mysterious voices threatening to take his son away and kill him.

For fifteen minutes the supervisor and aide coax, cajole and plead with the old man. "Let's help you get to bed, you're tired. You'll feel better in bed." He is adamant. Finally the two men in white coats seize him and proceed to undress him. After ten minutes of struggling they are exhausted and their shirts are torn, but the old man is tucked in bed. "If this is what you wanted me to do, why didn't you ask me?" he says to them.

On the average, eleven male and female patients enter Weyburn each week. The variety of hallucinations, delusions, obsessions and fears they experience is infinite. One patient believes himself to be Harry S. Truman; another maintains that he should have succeeded King George V. One man seizes my arm and eagerly tells me, "I'm the president of the CPR. Before that, I was the chief of the Winnipeg police force." A mild little man in his forties imagines himself being changed into a devil then back to a man again. Another patient feels himself being transformed into a horse. He whinnies and prances about, explaining,

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Besides a new radio building, Sobel's purchases include two hockey teams.

IN CANADIAN TELEVISION'S non-stop propaganda trial—the great debate between the champions of public and private ownership—the jury has been confused by an overabundance of rhetoric and an almost total lack of evidence. One frustrated set owner put it this way: “The Massey Report told me that CBC television, paid for by my taxes, had to be wonderful and that commercial television, paid for by advertising, had to stink. How can I be sure until I see the two products side by side?”

Early in 1954 the two products will be visible side by side to at least some fraction of the nation's unseen and up to now largely unseeing TV audience. Exhibit A, the CBC's Toronto-Montreal-Ottawa chain, will have been augmented by CBC transmitters at Winnipeg and Vancouver; Exhibit B, hitherto absent from the court of opinion, will be open for inspection with the inaugural programs of four private stations in London, Sudbury, Quebec City and Hamilton.

These circumstances have suddenly elevated a tall, sad-faced Hamiltonian named Kenneth David Sobel to the uneasy position of the industry's number one man-in-the-middle. As president, general manager and one-third owner of the private station in Hamilton, Sobel will begin his TV career approximately halfway between the polar extremes of North American telecasting. His station CHCH-TV will be flanked on one side by the CBC's Toronto station, which represents Canadian public television at its most ambitious, and on the other side by Buffalo's immensely popular WBEN-TV, which represents American private television at its wealthiest and slickest. Nothing the Massey Report had to say about commercial telecasting versus state-subsidized telecasting, and Canadian programming versus American programming, can be half so persuasive as what Sobel will soon be saying over his new transmitter.

What Sobel says now is that he will succeed and that the formula for success is absurdly simple: Give the public what it wants. He has already tested the recipe in a similar situation. As owner of radio station CHML, he has bucked the Toronto-Buffalo competition so handsomely that the

EXHIBIT 'B'

BY BARNEY MILFORD

Photos by Ken Bell

Exhibit 'A' — the year we've had of public television — has earned both knocks and boosts. Soon four private stations will begin showing the other side of the picture and a Hamilton man named Ken Sobel will become the video industry's No. 1 man-in-the-middle

station's profits average half a million dollars a year, third highest in Canada. He thinks it's too early for profit-and-loss guesses for CHCH-TV, on which he estimates he and his two co-owners, the Hamilton Spectator and his radio rival, station CKOC, will have spent eight hundred thousand dollars before the first pattern is on the air. But he is certain the blueprint for attracting radio listeners will ultimately attract television viewers. Hence a study of Sobel's radio programs is probably the best substitute for a preview of the TV programs which he admits he isn't yet prepared to forecast in detail.

Sobel first drew a ripple of attention nineteen years ago when he organized the Ken Sobel Amateurs, who performed on theatre stages and eventually on a national radio network in the fashion of the old Major Bowes Amateur Hour in the United States. He'd had no musical background and didn't know a tap step from a back stoop but the public accepted his amateurs because, as he puts it, “I played the auditions by ear.” He listened to them and he watched them and if they appealed to him he knew they'd appeal to the public. “I have very average tastes,” he says. “I just used my own two ears. If I liked it, it seemed that the public liked it.”

He runs his radio station the same way, although here he is helped by audience surveys in deducing whether a program is popular. “I'm not stubborn,” Sobel says, “if I think something's good and the surveys show the people aren't listening, off it comes. Generally, though, if I like it they all like it.”

On any given day between eight a.m. and midnight, CHML provides live broadcasts in thirty-seven percent of its programming, featuring staff employees many of whom the station has built into local celebrities. These include Jane Gray, who daily gives vent to a potpourri of poems, women's interviews, domestic emergencies and cute sayings of children, with a liberal sprinkling of commercials; Gordie Tapp, a zestful comedian who conducts contests involving box tops and telephone calls; and Norm Marshall, an energetic and informed man-of-all-sports. These three will conduct similar TV programs. About ten percent of CHML's live programs come from U. S. networks via the CBC. CHML carries no soap operas. “Jane Gray

IN THE GREAT TV DEBATE

and Gordie Tapp draw better," Soble explains. The station is strong on community drives for charity, audience-participation quiz programs, sports and, like nearly all private stations, depends on popular records for the bulk of its air time.

In the beginning CHCH-TV will operate seven hours a day, from four p.m. until eleven. Toronto's CBC television station, CBLT, has been on the air a year and still operates on a five-hour-a-day schedule. Soble expects by the end of eighteen months to be televising from eight a.m. until one a.m. and he'll charge sponsors three hundred dollars an hour for air time as compared to CBLT's seven hundred and fifty.

Soble confidently anticipates he'll be telecasting one hundred hours a week after a year. Ten and a half hours a week will consist of CBC network programs. Thirty hours of Soble's one hundred will be live programs from CHCH-TV's studio. Six hours will be remote pickups or sports and special events. The rest, or fifty-three and a half hours, will consist of films. Films will be to private television what records are to private radio.

Almost all films now being made specifically for television are American and some of TV's most popular programs are thus available to Soble and the sponsors at a price. For example, *I Love Lucy*, which attracts forty million viewers a week in the U. S., costs the American sponsor three million two hundred thousand dollars a year. Half-hour programs of Abbott and Costello cost from four hundred to four thousand dollars each, depending on the population of the area served by the station. *Hopalong Cassidy* costs from one hundred to twenty-nine hundred and ten dollars. One-hour wrestling shows run from a hundred dollars to four hundred. The *March of Time* costs from fifty to two thousand. Thousands of feature-length films of a wide variety of subjects including fifty-two episodes of *Amos 'n Andy* are available to private TV.

Soble also has access to nearly five thousand shorter subjects of five-minute to thirty-minute duration. The task of his production staff will be to select the ones deemed most popular for Hamilton's coverage area and then to sell them to sponsors, who'll pay CHCH-TV's time rate plus the cost of the film. To correspond with radio's ubiquitous disc jockey television has made provision for three-minute films of orchestras, vocalists, dancers and instrumentalists which can be screened much as records are played on radio, with the local disc jockey chattering between "clips," and of course delivering commercials. CBC regulations dictate that no more than four commercials can be delivered every fifteen minutes.

Canadian Talent Flocking Back Home

Soble already has mapped out some live programs. For children there are three, *Teddy's Picture Book*, *Uncle Alex*, the *Jack and Jill Review*. *Teddy's Picture Book* is a three-a-week quarter-hour program conducted by Teddy Forman, a girl who works with an artist, telling a story in many voices while the artist draws illustrations. *Uncle Alex* is a two-a-week, featuring stories told in song by Alex Reid, a pianist.

Women's programs will feature Jane Gray forty-five minutes a day with homemaking tips, fashions, hobbies and invited guests. *Women's World* will be a weekly half-hour program involving a cooking school, a homemakers' club and practical fashions. Sports will include two sportscasts a day by Norm Marshall and panels featuring football, baseball and hockey in season. Soble, who now owns the Hamilton hockey rink as well as the city's senior and junior hockey teams, will televise portions of hockey games, and hopes to get into football TV next fall.

Soble's program director is Brian Doherty, one of Canada's best-known playwrights and directors. "We may have no TV John Barrymores in Canada," says Doherty, "but we must have a great untapped source of actors, writers and directors who've never had a chance. Then there are hundreds of talented Europeans who've come over here. We mean to take advantage of European culture in television. Scores of Canadians who went to the United States to work in television want to come home now that the field is opening up and we've had applications from them. I've interviewed more than three hundred applicants personally in the last two months."

Soble, for his part, is staggered by television's cost. His operating budget will be about a million dollars a year, he estimates, once the station is in full operation—and the cost of getting to that point is jarring enough.

"One electric-zoom lens that brings in those long panoramic shots in baseball and football costs \$6,030," he exclaims. "A single camera chain without auxiliary equipment runs to twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars. Two cameras for field pickups are \$57,832. Continued on page 78

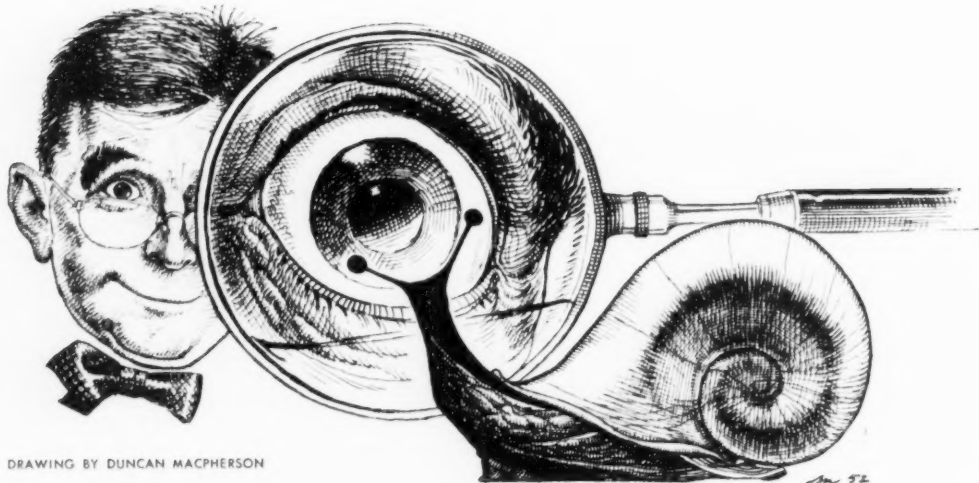


Soble and his TV program director, internationally known playwright and producer Brian Doherty, examine the studio space where they'll soon be staging their thirty hours a week of "live" entertainment.



When CHCH-TV's test pattern, seen on the drawing board, goes on the air it will represent an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar investment. Soble expects enough commercial sponsors to put him in the black.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN says



DRAWING BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

Let's not squabble about the snail

BITAIN'S Society of Snail Watchers, which has as its motto *semper domi* (always at home) and which has drawn attention to many lovable qualities about the snail, including the fact that it leaves no hairs on chesterfields, has been denounced in Russia by Pravda's Ilya Ehrenburg, who pointed to it as evidence of capitalistic decadence. Ehrenburg shouted: "The London Snail Watchers are whisky-drinking, disillusioned gentlemen with a monotonous hobby." The society answered stiffly that snail-watching takes a clear head and a steady eye, and that no snail watcher worthy of the name would dream of touching alcohol while on duty.

There is enough hard feeling between Russia and the Western world without starting to squabble over snails and, as I have met a couple of snails, I feel that this is my great chance to eliminate at least one point of friction. If the leaders of the countries involved think this is just another joke, I invite them to look in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* under gastropoda and they'll realize that I'm just as serious as if I were six foot two and wore striped trousers.

The word "snail" is a very loose term that cuts across a whole zoological group like a woman making a left-hand turn, and to call everything with a shell on its back a snail is like confusing Claire Bloom with a professor of mathematics because they both have legs. But, to take the common garden snail as an example, the snail is arranged in his shell, which may have a right-hand or a left-hand thread, depending on the species, like a man sitting in a badger hole, except that he's been given an extra twist that would put a man's feet up beside one ear, and it doesn't bother him because (a) he's been in that position since man's ancestors were making squeaking sounds under mushrooms, (b) he's as flabby as an old welterweight who's been training exclusively on suds.

All this doesn't matter much, as the snail would just as soon be where he's been as where he's going, so he doesn't need to hurry. The last time one species, *stenobrema*, was clocked, he made 1.4 inches a minute or around eleven and a half miles a year, which is slightly faster than a Toronto commuter passes Broadview and Danforth.

Aesthetically speaking, the snail, whose basic chemistry confuses evolutionists by being neither that of an animal nor that of a plant, is something most people would just as soon forget. In fact the snail is probably one of the easiest things to forget on earth, which

is one of the reasons why he is winning the battle of survival without even mussing up his tights—while people forget him he goes on having families of from ten to a hundred at a rate that one zoologist estimated would parlay into eleven billion blessed events in five years.

The snail doesn't even have to worry about getting a date. Each individual can be either male or female depending on what mood he and/or she is in. He has rows on rows of little horny teeth (the common garden snail has fourteen thousand) with which he rasps off his food, usually vegetable matter, although sometimes when he tires of eating the same old thing, day in, day out, he eats another snail. Other times, he couldn't care less whether he eats or not, or even drinks. On March 25, 1846, a desert snail from Egypt was fixed to a tablet in the British Museum. On March 7, 1850, after a good sound sleep of four years, he woke up, yawned and came out of his shell.

A snail can stretch and crane his neck like a woman at the opera, but nobody knows what he's looking for. He is capable of friendship. Darwin, in his *Descent of Man*, tells of a healthy vigorous Roman snail with a shy sickly friend, who went over a garden wall, found plenty of food next door, and twenty-four hours later came back breathless and panting with the good news to his pal. They both went back over the wall.

Snails are served in classy, candle-lit restaurants. In France this is a very popular dish, a fact that was cashed in on by a fast-operating Frenchman named Philip Renrig who ran an ad warning Frenchmen that their beloved snails were becoming dangerously scarce and urging patriotic Frenchmen to save the snails of France by breeding them at home. Renrig would provide females at eight dollars apiece. Males—but what good are males without females, *non?*—he would provide them free. He was going real good until somebody pointed out that male snails and female snails were the same snails. Renrig was locked up tighter than a bottle of champagne.

So it's easy to see that this is just another case where international understanding of a problem is nine points toward solving it. My recommendation is that Britain invite Russia to send a delegate to be guest of honor of the Snail Watchers' Society, and that Russia, for her part, give the head of the society, The Mistress of the Snail Trail, a safe-conduct pass with two or three of her most interesting snails, behind the Iron Curtain. ★



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(Continued)

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Veronica Hurst, Dick Carlson, react in 3-D to the monster in *The Maze*.

BAD BLONDE: A corny sex-melodrama, a low-budget enterprise not only in funds but in taste and talent. It has to do with a temptress (Barbara Payton) who coaxes a boxer to murder her husband.

CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER: Unless you get tired of ducking a volley of missiles ranging from a tomahawk to a big wad of tobacco juice, you may find this one a rather exciting cavalry-versus-Injuns western, in 3-D that is more effective than usual.

CITY OF BAD MEN: This otherwise conventional western has at least the benefit of an unhackneyed background — Carson City, Nevada, at the time of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons heavyweight championship fight in 1897. Dale Robertson is an outlaw who reforms.

THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS: A Chicago crime yarn, somewhat pretentious in style, about a wavering cop (Gig Young), a seductive showgirl (Mala Powers), and a crooked attorney (Edward Arnold).

THE LAST POSSE: Westerns predominate in Hollywood's current output. This specimen is no *High Noon* or *Shane*, but some of its characterizations are unexpectedly sharp and honest, especially that of Broderick Crawford as a liquor-loving marshal who rallies himself against a robber band.

THE MAZE: Except for a good shockeroo climax in which a half-human monster hurtles into the balcony, this is a singularly slow "horror" mystery in 3-D, with a sinister Scottish castle as its locale. Richard Carlson and Veronica Hurst are the embattled lovers.

STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: A handsome, sentimental British biography of the comic-opera partners, with Robert Morley as Gilbert and Maurice Evans as Sullivan. The story is uneventful and the film suffers from an uneasy assortment of comedy styles, but the music and color are wonderful and it's a "must" for all G & S fans.

Gilmour Rates

Arena: 3-D rodeo western. Fair.	Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms: Sea fantasy. Fair.	The Net: Aviation drama. Good.
Brandy for the Parson: Comedy. Fair.	Never Let Me Go: Drama. Fair.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.	Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.	Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Dangerous When Wet: Musical. Good.	Pickup on South Street: Drama. Good.
Desert Song: Musical. Fair.	Ride the Man Down: Western. Fair.
Desperate Moment: Drama. Fair.	Sangaree: Melodrama in 3-D. Fair.
Fast Company: Turf comedy. Poor.	Scandal at Scourie: Comedy-drama of rural Ontario. Good.
Fort Ti: 3-D adventure. Fair.	Sea Devils: Spy drama. Fair.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.	The 7 Deadly Sins: Multi-story comedy-drama. Fair.
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes: Comedy plus music. Good.	Shane: Western. Excellent.
The Girl Next Door: Musical. Fair.	The Silver Whip: Western. Fair.
Houdini: Hoked-up biography. Fair.	Sombrero: Mexico drama. Fair.
It Came From Outer Space: Science-fiction in 3-D. Fair.	South Sea Woman: Comedy. Fair.
It Happens Every Thursday: Small-town newspaper yarn. Fair.	Split Second: Suspense. Good.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.	Stalag 17: Prison-camp tale. Good.
Law and Order: Western. Fair.	The Stars Are Singing: Musical. Good.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.	Times Gone By: Italian multi-story comedy-drama. Good.
Man on a Tightrope: Drama. Good.	Titanic: Drama at sea. Fair.
Member of the Wedding: Drama. Fair.	The Vanquished: Drama. Poor.
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.	White Witch Doctor: African jungle melodrama. Fair.
	Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent.

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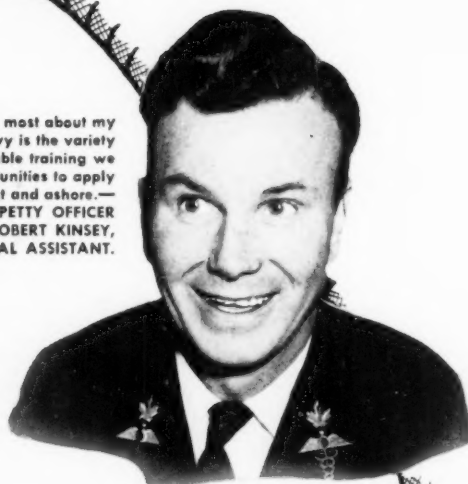
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I've been in the Navy 13 years—in battles—in peacetime. I'm a technician with a future in the service. I'll get a pension when I retire and have good prospects of a job outside.—CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ERIC MAPLE, ELECTRICAL TECHNICIAN.



What impresses me most about my branch in the Navy is the variety of valuable training we get and the opportunities to apply it both afloat and ashore.—CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ROBERT KINSEY, MEDICAL ASSISTANT.



I think every young fellow should serve a term in the service. It's a whole education in itself.—LEADING SEAMAN HARRY SULLY, OBSERVER'S MATE, NAVAL AVIATION.

**THE MEN WITH
SEA SERVICE SAY...**

In 4 years in the Navy, I've been to France, Portugal, Belgium, Gibraltar, Bermuda, Alaska and ports in the United States. For the right kind of man, the Navy's a good life.—LEADING SEAMAN LESLIE SEEBOLD, RADAR CONTROLMAN.



As far as my job in the Navy goes, I don't know where I could find anything like it anywhere else. I know where I stand and I know where I'm going and I'm proud to be serving Canada.—CHIEF PETTY OFFICER S. R. WALLACE, HYGIENE ASSISTANT.

**GO PLACES!
GO NAVY!**



A young fellow learns a lot in the Navy. During my 14 years of service, I've had plenty of experience and training in my own special trade—I've travelled—I've got security for myself and family.—CHIEF PETTY OFFICER BERNARD MCINNIS, ELECTRICAL TECHNICIAN.



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"For full information on Naval training, pay and other benefits, see the Naval Recruiting Officer at your nearest Naval Station—or write direct to R.C.N. Recruiting Officer Naval Headquarters, Ottawa."

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to which school) imposing, unsmart mammas and lantern-jawed English fathers wearing morning coat, striped trousers and a silk topper as only an Englishman can do.

On such occasions my Aberdeen terrier Max used to bark himself hoarse with Presbyterian fury from our balcony, and now my Sealyham Disraeli has taken on the task. In fact, when Lord's is in session we and our neighbors are like a besieged garrison.

But it is pleasant to sit in the garden and enjoy the deep religious silence of Lord's half a mile away, punctuated now and then by a wild shout as though a sinner had found grace.

Now comes the moment when I must begin my confession and thereby cleanse my bosom of much perilous stuff. Unfortunately it necessitates a passing mention of a marquess—no less a person than the Marquess of Donegall—but let me hasten to explain that his mother was Canadian (which makes him respectable) and since he is an Irish marquess he only ranks with a baron over here. At any rate Donegall is not wealthy and works hard for a living. Thus is democracy mollified.

On the eve of the fourth Test Match between England and Australia this summer Donegall sent me five rover tickets, one for each day. This meant that I could scrounge a seat in the public grandstands if any was vacant. Otherwise I was privileged to stand.

It is not my intention to bore you with a description of the match but to bring you to the final day with England in a desperate situation. Perhaps it would be wise to explain that to win a cricket match one side must not only score more runs than the other but must also get their opponents out. Thus a team might be a hundred runs behind but the match is only a draw if the losing team is still batting at the close of play.

On the last day England's position was so desperate that the stands were almost empty when play opened. The all-conquering Australians were almost certain to get England out by lunch and the crowds did not want to see the slaughter. As a rover I had a grandstand almost to myself.

But by luncheon the news had spread. England was making an epic stand. This was Dunkirk in flannels! There seemed no question of England winning, none, for the Australian lead could hardly be overcome. And as the thousands arrived on the wings of rumor and packed the place to the last inch I suddenly realized that cricket can be the most exciting game ever invented by the brain of man.

Unlike baseball or soccer, football or rugby it can sustain a breathless climax for five hours—a quality which it shares with Wagner's music. Can you imagine a game where the crowd rises to cheer like mad because a batter has merely blocked the six balls of an over and not scored a single run?

That is the genius and the double-barreled fascination of the game. There are two objectives: (1) To win; (2) Not to lose. And curiously enough the second can be the most exciting of the two.

Unhappily I had to go to work at Westminster after lunch but on the way there people were crowding round the newsstands, passengers were shouting the score from buses, and London was a seething mass of cricket maniacs. And to think that I could not see the finish!

But wait a minute. We have a television set (a poor set it is true but it

works in a sort of a way), at the House of Commons; and at five o'clock I could get clear from the debate and watch the finish of the match if it was not all over.

Yes, at five o'clock England was still batting. Glory Hallelujah! I pushed myself into the room which was crowded with Tories and socialists in a single-minded unity. Forgotten were our differences. England was at bay and England must not give an inch.

If the scene in that room could have been reproduced in a film the whole of the non-cricket world could only assume that the British were quite mad. On the television screen we would see one of the surviving batters suddenly take a mighty swing and hit the ball for four runs. "Oh, no!" cried the politicians almost covering their faces with their hands. The risk of it! But the batsman had seen an opening and figured in that split second that he could use up more time with such a stroke instead of merely blocking.

Then it happened again. England was scoring fast. The utterly impossible had happened. From being hopelessly behind England had a gambler's chance to win. Up in the clubhouse the captain, Len Hutton, paced the floor. To dare everything? To tell his batsmen to go for runs, or to play for a draw?

Like schoolboys we MPs were shouting advice to Hutton, some for taking a chance and others urging patience. The fact that Hutton was quite unaware of our existence made no difference.

Tie Game Was Victory

Then the issue was decided for Hutton. One of our side was clean bowled. England could not afford the loss of another wicket. Now it was a case of night or Blücher!

The Aussies crowded close around the wicket with their bare hands—for there is none of this sissy nonsense of gloves except for the wicket keeper. In fact the Aussies were risking life and limb but it had to be done. Yet they could not get that extra wicket and the game ended in a draw with England batting.

Talk about Mafeking night . . . the whole of England celebrated that night. As for my wife and son and daughter who had watched it at home on television, they were quite incoherent with excitement and even Disraeli dashed upstairs and down as if he had gone crazy.

Well that is my confession. They say that the convert is always more fanatical than the faithful, but when we sailed for Canada in August it was with only one regret—that we would not be in England for the final Test Match, won by the home team.

Yet now that my pulse is normal again I must confess that there is one aspect of this subject which still puzzles me. If anyone does something crafty or unfair or just too sharp in England one is apt to hear the reproach: "It isn't cricket." In other words cricket is a synonym for straight forward, stiff-upper-lipped integrity and sportsmanship.

I wonder why.

If the wicket is wet or spongy does the captain who wins the toss go in to bat? He does not. He makes the other side take the rub. Or if England's tail is batting and the wicket is bad does not Hutton declare so as to put Australia in a bad spot? Of course he does. Still further let us take the Test Match where the Australians had a good chance of winning before stumps were drawn on the last day.

Am I right in assuming that after nearly every over of six balls the



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Frank R. Whitten,
Chief, South Portland
(Maine) Police Dept.



WHEN IT'S AN
EXIDE
YOU START

English fielding was rearranged so as to take up time? And equally when an Australian batter was out and positively ran to the pavilion while his successor speeded to take his place—was it to beat the clock?

Then there is that wild, intimidating cry of "how's that?" in which the fielding team tries to influence the umpire. Imagine if at Wimbledon a tennis player served and shouted "how's that?" at the same moment? Imagine if in the ring a boxer shouted it when his opponent sent a right to his midriff.

Even in baseball no one tries to

influence the umpire's decision before he gives it. I admit that sometimes when he declares a home player to be out the crowd quite rightly throws pop bottles at him and the home team gathers around to express doubts about the marriage of his parents—but only after the decision has been given.

Then what in the world is the mystic meaning of the phrase "It isn't cricket"? If the answer is given that the game is played to the rules I would reply that every game—even wrestling—is played on similar terms.

I would go so far as to declare that

there is no game ever invented in which—while obeying the rules—so much is done to stack the cards against the other side. As a convert I am entirely in favor of every device that will confound the Australians' knavish tricks but in my innocence I am dashed if I understand why cricket has become a synonym for blue-eyed sportsmanship.

But this is England, unchangeable England. No wonder she acquired a quarter of the earth, for no other country can so completely combine righteousness with worldly reward. ★

The Lure of the Big Parade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

decorated spruce tree and a crèche constructed of woven red willow of the kind the older men used for kinnikinnick for their pipes. While they took their places a number of Indian boys brought in the cases of pop, the half dozen tins of fine-cut tobacco, the box of apples and oranges, which constituted the Sheridans' and Sinclairs' Christmas presents to the Indians. A stern word from Ezra stopped Webster Lefthand in the act of prying open the apple box.

"That stuff's for after church," he warned.

Mr. Dingle had explained to them before they left that the service was to be the Indians' own, that Ezra, the lay preacher, had planned it right down to the selection of the hymns, and that he would be in charge throughout. When there had come a lull in the conversation, the last cigarette had been stubbed out on the packed earth of the tent floor, the last shreddy cud of snoose had been spit into the empty baking powder tins that stood around the canvas walls, Ezra rose and announced the first hymn. Strangely familiar and alien at the same time they sang their own staccato version of Silent Night.

The service was short: a few words from Dingle, telling them that this was a time for rejoicing, but with dignity and solemnity. He had noticed the dance drum warming before the fire and he must tell them that the birthday of Christ was hardly the occasion for Prairie Chicken dancing; that he had hoped some of them would have decided this was a good day for having him announce the banns of marriage and that he was sorry none of them had asked him to do this for them. Then Sheridan stood up to tell them that there were five hundred pounds of department-confiscated elk waiting for them below so that they could be sure of a good Christmas dinner.

Carlyle saw Ezra look over to him, felt Grace nudge his side. He stood up, looked out to their dark faces, quite at a loss for words to say to them. And suddenly as his eyes traveled round the tent the strangeness of his being here at all swept over him; the feeling akin to nightmare panic just as suddenly melted under all those eyes hanging upon him. It was as though all of them, from the babies on mothers' laps to wattled old men sightless in cataract and trachoma darkness, reached out and up to him.

These were his mother's people; she had lived much of her life as they had lived under canvas and sky. In the Indian blood he had inherited from her, he knew now, there were other things than the misery and squalor of wild lives distorted and thrown out of joint by the stresses of the white way of civilization; at times these people achieved stoic dignity; they had a wonderfully steady understanding of birth and death and hunger; they loved their children; they were gentle and utterly unselfish; under the incredible load of their suffering born of disease and want and inadequate shelter, their cheerfulness never failed them.

He felt his throat stiff and his eyes stinging as he looked over to MacLean Powderface, beside him Howard, his youngest son. This was the child who had the same birth date as his own son, Hugh.

"I have a son," he said, and paused for Ezra to translate for him.

"Born the same day as Howard



*He depends
on you for help*

...but some day your son will have to make his own way. He'll have his best chance for happiness and success with a good education.

Make sure of that education now—no matter what may happen to you—with a Prudential Education Insurance Plan.



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Powderface." Ezra converted the words into their tongue.

"I love my son," Ezra told them for him.

"I will do all I can for my own son." He waited for Ezra and for the emotion within him to subside so he could go on.

"Who has some dark blood in him . . .

"That he got from me . . .

"And for MacLean Powderface's son . . .

"And all other children in this band . . .

"I will do all I can . . .

"As though they were my own . . .

"Sons and daughters . . .

"That's all . . .

"Merry Christmas . . ."

He sat down in a storm of hand clapping, punctuated by shrill whoos that rose all over the tent.

After another hymn Ezra told the story of the Nativity, sticking pretty well to the account of St. Matthew and St. Luke, except for the interpolated explanations that the Three Wise Men were mounted on stud camels seventeen hands high, that there had not been room at the inn for Mary and Joseph to pitch their camp, that Mary had carried the infant Jesus in a moss-packed yo-kay-bo on her back out of Bethlehem, while Joseph with his snowshoes broke trail into Egypt.

After church they returned with MacLean Powderface, had their dinner with the Sheridans. That night as she lay beside him Grace knew that her husband had found his people and his home in Paradise Valley. Just as she dropped off to sleep the sound of the dance drum out on the hills carried through the open window just a touch of a pulse on the distant edge of the Christmas night.

ATTENDANCE at school was more spotty as families began to move their camps off the reserve to take up spring work with nearby ranchers, but Carlyle was nearing the end of his first year there with a feeling of accomplishment. Both Sanders, the visiting department doctor, and Fyfe had congratulated him. His satisfaction weakened some days, for it was hard to get used to the shy and embarrassed refusal to look into his face, the bland and uncommunicative natures of children who thought and spoke in an alien tongue. The wild flick and dart of eyes, the sly withdrawal that met him always bothered him, sapped his confidence.

He had learned one lesson from Victoria Rider when he had tried to outwait her in a vain effort to get her to write down for him an addition answer he knew she had been capable of for months. For twenty minutes she stood alone at the board, holding the piece of chalk he had pressed into her hand. Head hanging, hair mercifully curtaining her mortified face, she worried the chalk, twisting it, turning it, as though she could bore right through the blackboard ledge with it. At the end of twenty minutes it broke, fell to the floor in bits. She whirled away with hair flying, pelted past her seat and right out the back door, to stay away from school for three days.

He knew Victoria now. She was a small and slender ten, the only girl to take off her kerchief in the schoolroom. Over the bridge of her finely proportioned nose lay a sprinkling of freckles; her hair fell free in gypsy points, caught above her ears with the sparkle of rhinestone barrettes. Again and again Carlyle felt his attention drawn to her. Her piquant face was pale, salient among the other dark faces. How could she be all Indian! Only the stark eyes doe-black and the faintly olive skin suggested wild ancestry.

He found out from Sanders that as near as the doctor could assess it the

child was half white. For that matter, Sanders explained, he doubted that any of them were free of a white touch. He was fairly sure of Victoria's lineage; her mother, Susan Rider, was a Blood and the sister of a department scout known to be a halfbreed. Izaiah, her father, had the French blood of the Belburts in his veins. At the same time, he told Carlyle, Victoria's pallor was not a true gauge of her white or Indian blood; the child was anaemic. Carlyle showed concern; Sanders told him that it wasn't serious; Susan was a good mother who bought the right

food for her family, was dosing them all religiously with cod-liver oil. Victoria would grow out of it all right.

He knew enough now never to bring her or any of the others to the front to do work alone; they came in twos and threes and whole grades, sliding one thin moccasined foot reluctantly ahead of the other. They stood around him with faces tilted over opened readers, the girls leaning and swaying as though the steady chinook of shyness moved their heads together then apart like the tips of communing pines.

For all their progress in reading and

in arithmetic and in handwriting, he knew that he had a long way to go. If only there were—if he could build a bridge between himself and them—if he could know what went on in their heads—behind the eyes that refused to hold his for a second! If he could get them to speak English during recess. In the last month of the school year he discovered how much he had overestimated their understanding.

"Look at today," he told Grace. "It was like defeat to have to go to him to use their language. Hell—I can't tell if they're bright or dumb! If a

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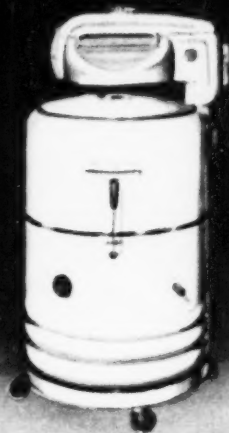
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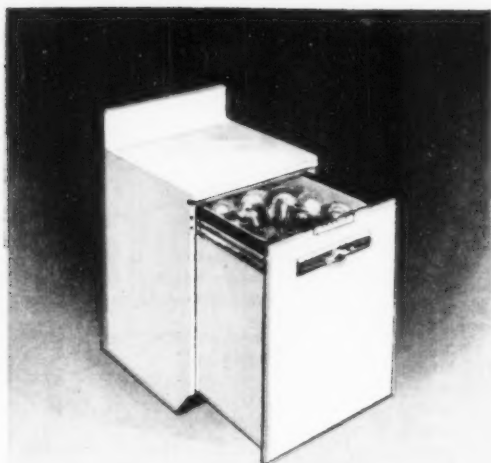
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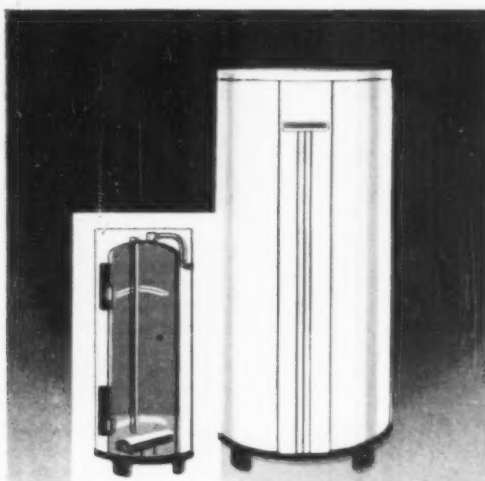
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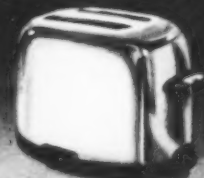
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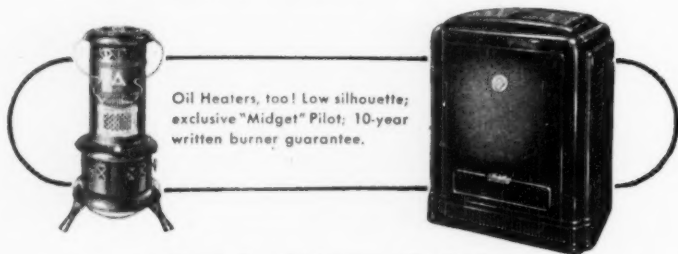
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child's backward, it may be just because he doesn't understand English.”

“If they'd speak English in their homes . . .”

“They won't—they won't—or on the playground. The words don't mean anything to them—they memorize the look of them—the sequence of the letters . . .”

“Then you'll have to combine your spelling and reading with teaching them the language.”

The break for cocoa seemed the most natural time for him to step down from his position as teacher and become their pupil. Then as they relaxed with cups steaming on their desks, while fingers explored half-opened mouths for sticky remnants of hardtack, lodged behind back teeth and between lips and gums, he asked them for their word that stood for food. They were startled at first, no one answering him. He persisted; it became a delightful game to them. They laughed when he asked them for boy, for girl, mother, dog, horse, talking, yes, no. They told him and laughed again when he tried to repeat the words. He listened to their voices whispering hello and good-by and wood and mountain and stream and meat, trying to catch shades and tints of stress and accent too delicate for his ear, too complicated for his clumsy tongue.

By the end of the school term the bridge was in a fair way to being constructed.

ALTOGETHER the members of the Aband had among them two thousand acres of oats, spread over the reserve in small plots of from ten to a hundred acres. They sowed these crops for their horses; none of the grain was ever used for the cattle, for finishing or as insurance against a year of heavy snow when the stock might not be able to forage for themselves. This had been a particularly fine year with an early seeding; there had been a carry-over of moisture from the wet year before; that spring had brought much rain. Now that the crops were nodding ripe Carlyle expected to see them any day cutting with the agency binders in a communal harvest, their wives stooping to stack the bundles in stooks. As summer wore on the crops reached the dead-ripe stage; it was almost more than Carlyle could stand to keep from asking Sheridan when the harvest operations would start. The morning of the fifteenth he noted a great deal of activity, the passing of democrats and wagons loaded with women and children, man after man mounted and going by the schoolhouse and across the bridge. By noon he realized that a full-scale exodus was taking place. Finally he went to the bridge, stopped the next group.

It was Izaiah Rider with Susan and the family.

“What is this?” Carlyle asked him. “Goin’,” said Izaiah. “Everybody goin’ to town.”

“But why . . .”

“Stampede.”

“Stampede? Shouldn't you people be getting to your oats?”

Izaiah shrugged. “I got no oats.” “How long will they be—just the day?”

“Stampede's three days. P'rade tomorrow mornin'—then three days. Boys are ridin'—calf ropin'—wild cow milkin'. They always have flat races for us Indians. We got a chuck-wagon team too.”

“Three days—four—why in four days you'll lose half the crop!”

“Stampede's four days—prizes—then there's the Hartley Rodeo after and the Bentham Pioneer Days after that one. Be gone a long time—go to all of 'em now.” He gave a tentative slap of the reins. “Me an' Harry an'

MacLean got to put up the tepees.” The horses started to move. “I got no oats,” he called back to Carlyle. He returned to the house, explained to Grace.

“But they can't leave two thousand—all that—they can't leave it to shell out!”

“They are!”

“Why doesn't Mr. Sheridan stop them?”

“Perhaps he can't. If he's tried.”

“Carlyle, we've got to . . .”

“I've already been told to mind my own business!”

“But it's wicked! Oh, Car!”

“There's nothing . . .”

“Oh, there is—there is! Go to Mr. Sheridan . . .”

“I'm not going to Sheridan!”

“You've got to, Car. Perhaps you can help him . . .”

“He doesn't want my help. I don't like it any better than you do but I don't see how we can help things. It's no use making them worse than they are.”

“They couldn't be!” Grace said bitterly.

The crop was not out of their minds the rest of the day. The next morning he was tense, spoke shortly to Hugh several times. Finally at noon, Grace looked at him.

“Well?”

“I told you . . .”

“If you don't, I'm going to.”

“There's no—ah!” He pushed back his chair angrily. “I'll see him! I'll see him!”

As he came around the Sheridan house to knock at the back door he saw Mrs. Sheridan.

“Yes?”

“Mr. Sheridan—Arthur—I've come—is he around?”

“Taking his nap.”

She got up from the chair. “Anything I can do?”

He was at a loss how to begin. “It's—Mrs. Sheridan—Grace and I noticed that the Indians had all left. Their oats should have been cut days ago. Grace and I are concerned about the oats—they should have been—the binder should have been going days ago. Now they've all left for the Stampede and the crop's going just as sure as though it had been hauled out.”

“Is that what you wanted to see Arthur about?”

“Yes.”

“What do you expect him to do?”

“I don't know. Something.”

“But you don't know what?”

He was silent. “I've been thinking about it.”

“And what have you decided?”

It was too much. “I've decided that this is probably the worst ruin reserve



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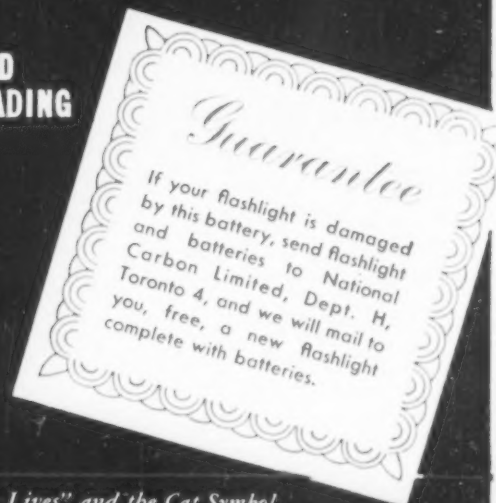
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in the Dominion. I've decided that the cattle, the land, the buildings and fences are a God-damned disgrace!"

"I'm not disagreeing with you." Her green eyes stared at him steadily. "Do you intend reporting it? The department? Ottawa?"

"I well no. I want to see those oats harvested."

"So do I."

"I can't stand by and . . ."

"Neither can I. It's no easier the tenth time than it is the first. Last year I went the rounds of the ranchers myself—tried to get them to custom-

thresh it—take the cost out of the crop. They wouldn't—couldn't. It would never pay with the—the way it's scattered all over the reserve. What had you decided?"

"Go into town and bring them back!"

She stared at him a long time. "Can you?" It was a sincere question.

"I can try. Anything's better than staying here and doing nothing about it."

"The keys are on the corner of the kitchen table. Get them. Take the truck. If you can do it, bring the Indians back." She turned away. She

stopped after a few paces. "When you get back, I would like to have a talk with you."

HHE TOOK Grace and Hugh with him when he drove into town the next morning. The parade had already started when they got there; they watched the Paradise Valley Indians, behind two Mounties in their formal red coats, lead the way. First Old John on a bony grey, his skull face inscrutable under the shaggy buffalo horn headgear of the medicine man, Carl Youngman in Prairie Chicken dress,

naked except for a fringed breechclout and cape of blue-tinted eagle feathers, a crest of porcupine hair on his head, others in paint and war bonnets, Lucy Baseball with her bearded pinto pulling a travois.

They waited till the floats and chuck wagons had passed, then the town band brave and brassy, the endless entries of the implement companies' bright tractors and combines and binders. They followed the parade out to the exhibition grounds on the western outskirts of the town. There the Indians had pitched four towering tipis; children and parents crowded round the Sinclairs, glad for the sight of people from home. Carlyle sent for Ezra and Jonas and John and MacLean Powderface. Already swept by a feeling of helplessness and failure, it was the only thing he could think to do, try to persuade their councilors to tell them to go back to the valley.

He got nowhere at all with MacLean and John and Jonas; even Ezra showed little enthusiasm. All he managed was a promise that they would hold a meeting at noon. He knew it was hopeless even before he met Ezra at the appointed place before the main entrance to the grandstand. They stood among the bright bubbles of balloons, the urgent hoarseness of barkers' voices wooing for Crown and Anchor, Bingo, Wheel of Fortune, Darts; they argued against the merry-go-round's up and down music. Ezra's eyes never left the flinging arms of the airplane swings and the ferris wheel beyond.

"They don't want to come back, Mr. Sinclair."

"But they've got to!"

"They haven't even run one flat race yet," said Ezra. "Tomorrow's the Indian day—pony relay—stake races." "They won't come back."

"Well, these people are pretty fussy about stampedes and fairs and the like of that. Tonight there's a hundred-dollar prize for the chuck-wagon race. Raymond's got blooded horses in his now and he's sure he can beat the time round the barr'ls."

"But there's thousands of dollars worth of oats!"

"I guess money isn't everything, Mr. Sinclair."

"It is to these people—will be this winter!"

"Another thing," said Ezra, "there's their word they give."

"What?"

"They get a dollar a day—kids too—comes to quite a lot—eleven dollars times three—for Judas Tailfeather—they made their bargain. Stampede wouldn't be stampede without Indians. Folks got to photograph something. Can't go back on their word now."

"With whom?"

"These men run the stampede-committee."

"Who are they—do you know them?"

"Some. There's the drugstore—Thompson—harness—ah—Briggs—the chairman—general store—I think that's Mr. MacTaggart. He's mayor too." He pointed over the grandstand. "Some of them are over there—the platform by the chutes."

Ezra did not come with him; he found four of the committee there, judging calves. MacTaggart was pointed out to him; he walked up to the man.

"Mr. MacTaggart—these Indians should never have left the reserve."

MacTaggart stared at him with mouth half open, a questioning look on his face.

"I'm Sinclair—the Paradise Valley Reserve."

"Pleasure."

"These people have just left their oat crop to shell out on the ground to come to your stampede."

"Why I—we—"



"Betty, 30 years ago, your mother and I walked this way...talking about our future. Now you're married, you and Doug should plan as we did...a Retirement Income Policy with the Mutual of Canada..."



...and, Betty if it hadn't been for that policy I'd still be working instead of out walking on a glorious day like this! Of course the Mutual's low cost was a big help."



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"If they lose it, you're directly responsible."

"Now — hold on — hold on, Mr. Sinclair."

"I've come in to ask you to let them return so that they can harvest that crop."

"Aren't you being a little tough on us? This is all news to me. We've always had them. Had no notion anything like this was happening. Same time each year . . ."

"And each year their crop's gone to hell!"

"Look here, Mr. Sinclair, you can't blame . . ."

"Just so you can trot them out in beads and paint and feathers — display them for a few days — use them — forget them till next year again."

"Wait a minute — let's be fair about this! We're willing to co-operate — we'll do anything we can."

"I want them back on the reserve."

"But we've got Indian day tomorrow. We have a whole program of events planned."

"Mr. MacTaggart, it's not just your stampede — it's all the fairs and stampedes and Indian days — the department considers them the most demoralizing — it's not going to continue! If you want my people to take part in your stampede next year or any other year, you'll schedule it so that it doesn't interfere with their seasonal work. And for now — if you want them at all in the future, they're pulling out within an hour."

"Well, if you're taking them — you're taking them — go ahead!"

"It isn't that simple. I've got to have your help."

MacTaggart's brows lifted. "Kind of sailed right in for a person that needs some help, didn't you?"

"It's a serious matter — two thousand acres —"

"I have a farm. I was hailed out last week. What can I do?"

"You have a public-address system?"

"Yes."

"I'd like you to make an announcement for me."

"Yes?"

"Tell them they're to strike camp and head for the reserve — that there's no point in their staying — that you appreciate the part they've played in the parade — that you'll welcome them next year at a time — ah — more convenient — that this is an order from the department and from the Stampede committee."

"Pretty rough."

"Mr. MacTaggart, I've got to get them back. They've helped your stampede in other years to their own loss, haven't they? I think it's the fair thing."

MacTaggart nodded. "One hour." He looked at Carlyle for a moment. "How's Sheridan?"

"He's fine."

"Retiring soon?"

"Yes."

"You taking over?"

"Why — I — I'm just the teacher."

"Ah-hah." He spat. "You'd make a hell of a good agent, I'm thinking."

THEY stayed in town until the last democrat had left, had lunch, then took the road west. Ten miles outside they caught up with the ragged line of returning Indians. Carlyle slowed down at the sight of them, waiting for them to pull aside, saw heads look back, rigs reluctantly pull over.

"Hang on, Grace — we may have trouble."

The truck crept through the gauntlet of disappointed Indians. He saw eyes glittering; there were hoarse and heartfelt boos; imprecations called out that his scanty familiarity with their tongue could not translate for him; several

spat as they crawled past; a rock bounced off the rear window.

Long after they had got back and gone to bed they heard the chink of harness through the night, the ring of hoof against stone as the last of the fairgoers rode by the house on their way to the tepees above. He fell asleep just as their window was lightening with dawn. He'd got them back; the oats would be harvested.

The next day he had Ezra tell them that the Hartley and the Bentham stampedes felt the same way as had the committee headed by Mr. Mac-

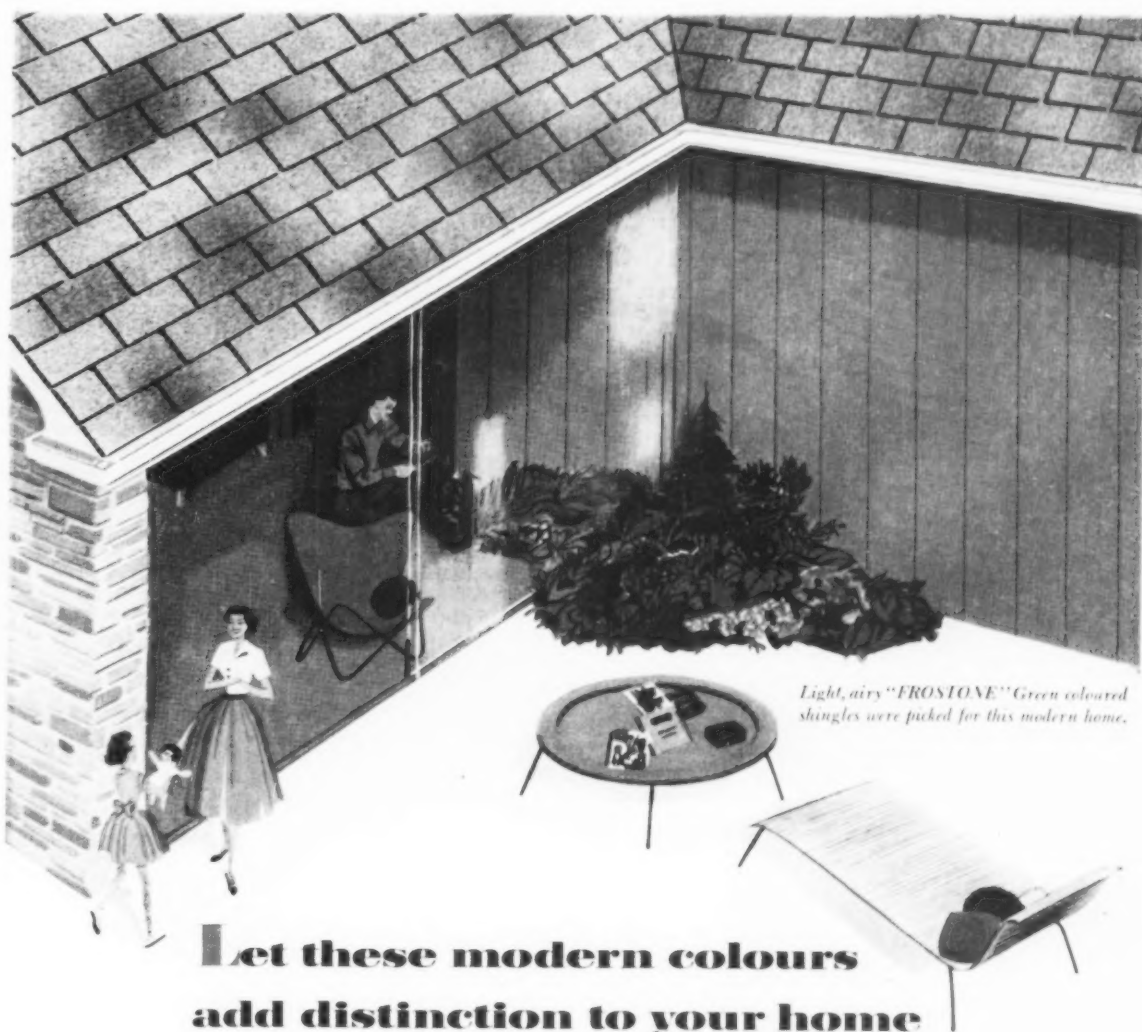
Taggart. A week would do their crop; they were free to leave then. They took him at his word, for none of them left the reserve for Hartley or for Bentham. And not one of them cut a sheaf of oats. That year — as it had other years — the crop shelled out on the ground.

When he realized what had happened, he wasn't nearly so discouraged as he had thought he would be. He had brought them back; right now they hated him, had deliberately let the crop go to show him he had not won anything, but he knew differently. They

would get over it; next year the remembrance of what had happened would have its effect, and they would thresh their grain before stampede, or no stampede. The lesson had been learned and there would be no sullen pride then to spite themselves in an effort to get back at him. ★

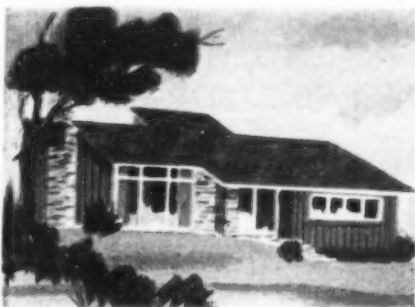
Next Issue: CHAPTER FOUR

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Is the Two-Party System Doomed?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

that happen. They will return in due time to the time-tested two-party system, though not necessarily to the Progressive Conservative Party.

The present lop-sided posture of our politics comes from two causes—deliberate calculation and the wildest sort of accident.

The deliberate calculation is largely the work of the late W. L. Mackenzie King, who took a bankrupt Liberal Party in 1919 and painfully welded its broken parts into a juggernaut. If, in the process, he crushed the Opposition no one can blame him for that. Some of the blame lies with the Opposition but not all of it. The Opposition has suffered from a series of accidents which must have made its leaders sometimes doubt the laws of natural justice.

The accident of Louis Riel's execution by a Conservative Government in 1885 impelled the French Canadians, perhaps the most conservative people in the western world, to vote Liberal in protest. The accident of the conscription crisis in 1917, for which the Conservatives were unfairly blamed, confirmed the Liberal Party's hold on Quebec and of itself made King prime minister, as he predicted on the very night when the Conservative-Liberal coalition of Sir Robert Borden was elected.

The accident of a broken pair in the House of Commons and a majority of one vote at the decisive moment in the constitutional crisis of 1926 probably saved King's career and assured the ruin of Arthur Meighen's in the subsequent election.

The accident of a world depression elected the Bennett Government in 1930 but just as surely destroyed it in 1935.

The accident of Ernest Lapointe's death in 1941 and King's discovery (thanks to Chubby Power) of St. Laurent, whose name he hardly knew before, provided not only a great future Prime Minister but a French Canadian who could not fail to deliver a solid Quebec to his Party.

But if the accident rate has been high it has not of itself accounted for the repeated disasters of the Progressive Conservative Party. Even without accidents it assured its own downfall by an unprecedented series of unnecessary blunders.

In the first place, the Progressive Conservative Party, with unerring instinct, has usually picked the wrong leader. Since the death of Macdonald it has found only one man, Borden, who could hope to hold the continued support of the people beyond one election.

Borden won two, the second as the leader of a coalition. Meighen, his successor, possessed perhaps the largest intellectual equipment of his times in Canada but the people rejected him in every test. Bennett, a man of high abilities in law and business, could not help winning in 1930 when the depression had temporarily unhorsed King but he, too, was temperamentally incapable of mastering the people. Dr. Manion, a patriot and a Christian gentleman, was never a serious factor in our politics. Nor was John Bracken, whose conversion from Liberalism to Conservatism overnight was among Mr. Meighen's most glaring mistakes.

If Mr. Drew is the sort of man whom the Canadian people will ever accept, it is fair and factual to say that he has not demonstrated that fact in two decisive tests. If there is such a Conservative in

parliament he has not yet revealed himself.

By the record of our past, by the measurement of Macdonald, Laurier, Borden, King and St. Laurent—our only successful prime ministers—the Progressive Conservative Party should be able to see the essential lineaments of a national leader. He must be above all, a quiet, tolerant, homespun man, capable of compromise, never given to spectacle, fury, sound and promises—in short, the composite and rough image of the diverse and highly pragmatic Canadian species. Such a man must be found (barring a convenient and unlikely Liberal suicide) before the Progressive Conservative Party will have a winning leader.

The personality of a leader, as the recent election proved once again, is an important factor in winning elections but the Opposition has failed mostly because it lacked a policy.

I am not here criticizing what the Progressive Conservative Party has called its policies. I am saying simply that there were no understandable



MACLEAN'S

"This imaginary ailment of mine, Doctor — is it serious?"

Conservative policies in this election to criticize. That, the partisan Conservative will reply, is the prejudice of a partisan Liberal. All right, then, observe what happened in the last parliament and in the election campaign.

The Progressive Conservative Party had four major themes which it supposed to be policies but were not.

From 1949 onward it demanded the convertibility of the pound and the dollar, as if that long-sought blessing could be ushered in by any Canadian government. Never once did it say how this could be done, though on certain terms it could be done.

If the Conservatives meant that we should detach our trade largely from the American market and base it largely on the British and Commonwealth markets by a system of protective tariff preferences, and in the face of inevitable retaliation from the United States, that would have been a policy, an unwise policy, as Liberals think, but traditionally Conservative. The pound could thus be made convertible into the Canadian dollar, though the Canadian dollar, under those conditions, would soon become inconvertible into the American dollar.

Never in the election of 1949, nor in the election of 1953 was the Progressive Conservative Party willing to follow through the logic of what it called "convertibility" and propose a real policy of protection and Commonwealth trade. It was afraid to face openly the oldest issue in our national life.

Secondly, wrenching itself entirely loose from its historic moorings and ancient principles of free enterprise, the Opposition proposed direct price controls to cure inflation and six months later when the Government refused to accept this advice withdrew it. The Opposition never erected a policy on

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the problem of inflation, which it did not seem to understand, and instead denounced the very fiscal measures among them the Government's revenue surplus—which were the most effective weapons against inflation. No policy here, only a waving of hands.

Thirdly, the Opposition attacked the present tax agreements between the federal and provincial governments as destructive of the federal system. That is a legitimate argument. It is not a policy. A policy requires a substitute for the existing fiscal arrangements. None was offered beyond a vague promise to redistribute the fields of taxation, which all former governments and the Rowell-Sirois Commission have found impracticable.

In the last election the Opposition seemed at last to have hit on a policy, and a highly respectable one. It proposed economy and tax reductions. Left thus, the Opposition had not only a policy but perhaps the one argument which would have given it at least substantial strength in parliament.

Here again it destroyed itself by promising in the next breath to increase expenditures in all directions, to cancel all its promised tax reductions or to plunge the treasury into unthinkable deficit. This was not a policy. It was a schoolboy's exercise in arithmetic with figures that wouldn't add up. The voters wanted economy and tax reductions. They undoubtedly thought the Government extravagant, as this writer does. But they wouldn't replace it with a party which couldn't do a first-primer sum in addition.

The Canadian people don't usually vote for promises, especially if they are bogus. They voted for a Government which would not promise anything pleasant, for a Prime Minister who refused tax reductions, told the farmers he wouldn't match the promised subsidies of the Conservatives and, even in the heart of Saskatchewan, rejected the famous local dam.

All this experience and much more since 1935 should have taught the Opposition that in politics there is no easy way out of the basement. It must see that it has failed not by following unpopular policies but by refusing to offer any consistent policy that the public could understand or respect.

The public may not vote at first for an unpopular policy but will respect it, if it is respectable, and in time will support it, if it is proved sound. The public will never support any party which seems to lack the courage of its convictions and, in trying to be all things to all men, offers only a mish-mash of contradictions.

It may be said at this point that the Liberal Party also has tried to be all things to all men. Quite true in many respects, though by no means all. The Government's refusal to cut taxes, for example, its courageous stand against price controls under almost irresistible pressure, its adherence to its trade policy were not acts of political expediency. However, assuming for the sake of argument that the Government's morals and courage are no better than the Opposition's, observe the vital differences in their position in practical politics.

No government can ever be said to lack a policy as an Opposition may lack it. Every act a government commits from day to day and hour to hour is its policy. You may not like it; you cannot escape it. The government's policy can never be disguised. So far as a government, particularly an old government, is concerned, the people know what they are voting on, what kind of future government they are likely to get.

To oppose an established government successfully an Opposition must make

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its own policy at least as clear, preferably clearer—unless, of course, the government is so obviously withering that it will soon drop without the help of the Opposition. No Canadian Opposition could assume that happy result since 1935.

In other words, a winning government, like a winning runner, starts with a sure advantage and a powerful momentum. Suffering an inevitable handicap—particularly if it has a loser's reputation—an Opposition must run a lot faster than the government. It is doubtless true that in changing governments the voters may vote more in anger against the existing government than in admiration of the Opposition. The present Opposition has counted too much on that old theory and has forgotten that the people, without much admiration of the Government, may vote less for it than against its enemies.

Such reflections are not altogether hindsight. Before their defeat in 1949 some of the leading Conservative members of parliament conferred in the Chateau Laurier with the wisest man then living in Canada. His name, Edgar Tarr of Winnipeg, may not mean much to the present reader but until his death there was hardly a Canadian politician, civil servant or businessman of importance who did not come to this gentle friend of everybody for advice. As father confessor of the nation's leaders, Tarr's influence was incalculable. Though he was a left-wing Liberal, the Tories knew he would give them honest answers.

Tories Sought Quick Gains

He told them to pick the unpopular side of two or three big issues and stick to it. In substance he said: "It doesn't much matter at the start what issues you pick so long as you're against a majority of the public. It'll take time but in the end the public will see that you believe in certain things enough to face unpopularity and they'll respect you. What you lack isn't popularity, it's respect. You won't get it by trying to be on the winning side of every issue."

The Conservatives did not doubt Tarr's sincerity, or perhaps his wisdom. They were afraid to take that advice and, striking for quick gains on a "popular" platform, crammed with promises like a lucky tub, they ended with fewer seats in the new parliament of 1949 than in the old.

Tarr meant that the Progressive Conservative Party would begin to ascend from rock bottom only when it had proved to the public that it believed in something tangible, believed in it enough to risk defeat on its belief. It must first establish its sincerity and then prove to the public that its belief was sound. It must endure unpopularity for a time until its credit in the bank of public confidence was re-established.

The Conservatives decided instead on a short cut. They took the cash and let the credit go. They got neither in 1949 or 1953. More serious, they almost ceased to be a conservative party.

The sovereign question facing the Opposition is what should be the policy of a conservative party in an age that has moved steadily leftwards. Is there room in a modern society for such a party? Do the times prohibit a party which stands against change?

Assuredly they do. The times do not prohibit, on the contrary they urgently require, a party of the right. Under one name or another every free society will produce a party of the right. Not a party which stands against change, but a party like the British Conservative

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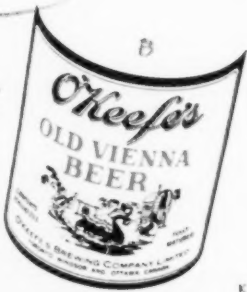
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The Lovers of the Isle of Demons

THE legend of the Isle of Demons, a small island off the coast of Newfoundland, is woven around an unlucky French heiress, her lover and her wicked uncle.

When Jacques Cartier made his third voyage to New France in the spring of 1541 he was followed by a shipload of colonists under the Sieur de Roberval, the wealthy French noble who had been appointed first Viceroy of Canada. Aboard the ship were Roberval's pretty niece, Marguerite, and her secret lover, a poor young cavalier who had volunteered as a colonist to be near his sweetheart.

During the voyage, the story goes, Roberval discovered his niece's penniless suitor. In fury he cast off the terrified girl on the desolate shore of the Isle of Demons, shunned by all ships because it was believed to be haunted by evil spirits. Here Marguerite was deserted with a few scanty provisions and an elderly nurse as her only companion.

As the ship drew away Marguerite's lover strapped his gun and a small supply of ammunition on his back, leaped into the sea and swam to shore.

The little party built them-

selves a makeshift hut and survived through the first winter on wild fowl and fish. The lovers went through a form of marriage and Marguerite bore a child next summer. Then her husband died, her child died, her nurse died—and Marguerite was left alone with the graves she had dug with her own hands.

For eighteen more months she roamed the bleak shore straining her eyes for a glimpse of a sail that might rescue her. Once or twice a speck appeared on the horizon but fear of the demons of the island kept the ships far away.

The third winter was approaching when Marguerite again saw a ship in the distance. Risking a last desperate chance, she sacrificed the entire store of fuel she had gathered and built a huge bonfire on the beach.

Attracted by the smoke, the crew of the fishing boat determined to solve the mystery of the demon island and approached warily. Soon they saw a strange female figure dressed in the skins of wild animals waving to them frantically from the shore.

After nearly three years' exile Marguerite de Roberval was rescued and taken back to France and her friends.

— Mildred J. Young.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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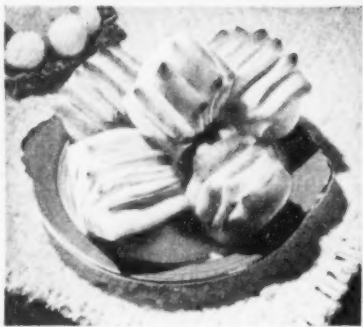
Woodbury leaves your hair easier to manage even right after your shampoo. That's because it is a natural oil shampoo. While it washes out the dirt thoroughly, it does not wash out all the natural oils which give your hair body and life... keep it from being too dry. Woodbury's gentle action actually helps to preserve your hair oils. Woodbury Coconut Oil Castile Shampoo is gentle on your pocketbook, too. So many families buy it all the time, it can be sold for much less than any other quality shampoo. Buy it for *your* family today.

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BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald

- 1 cup milk
- 5 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

- ½ cup lukewarm water

Stir in

- 3 cups once-sifted bread flour
- and beat until smooth and elastic; work in 3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ½-inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter; brush with melted butter or margarine. Grease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle a scant ¼-inch thick; loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

Party which stands against foolish change for the sake of change, which tries to steer the forces of a worldwide revolution in a sensible direction, in an orderly fashion and at a tolerable pace.

In the revolution which we presently inhabit we need a sound party of the right more than ever. The Progressive Conservative Party has failed because it has refused to fulfil its historic and honorable role in the social struggles of democracy.

It has tried to outbid the Liberal Government by promises of costly social benefits and simultaneous tax reductions. It has even tried to steal the thunder of the CCF by offering health insurance, bonuses to farmers and more generous old-age pensions without reckoning the cost. In its search for quick popularity and painless recovery it has spread itself thin, diluting its original colors all over the political spectrum.

With the Canadian people that chameleon coloration will not work. Looking back on our history, one can see that while well-entrenched governments may coast along for quite a while without raising any big issue and retain power for a term or more after the public is tired of them, alternative governments seldom come to office except on a big and clear issue.

Laurier's reduced tariffs in 1896, Borden's fight against Reciprocity in 1911, King's return to the Laurier policy in 1921, Bennett's policy of outright protectionism in 1930 and King's attack on it in 1935 produced every change in government we have known in fifty-seven years.

PCs Need Own Issues

Since Bennett the Progressive Conservative Party has never raised a fundamental issue or stood by a fundamental policy clearly different from the Government's, except for a temporary wartime policy of conscription in 1944 which King finally accepted.

The times eventually will produce a fundamental issue, probably not long hence, and society will produce a conservative party under one name or another. The question is whether it will be the present Progressive Conservative Party.

On the eve of the last election there was reason to doubt it. The election has removed that doubt for the present and given the Progressive Conservative Party its chance, perhaps its last.

The real peril of the party in that election did not come from the Liberals of the centre, who were bound to win, or from the CCF of the left, which cannot win until it converts the nation to socialism. It came from the right, from conservative forces in a new disguise.

That was the meaning and the intention of the Social Credit Party. For all its fiscal magic, its A plus B theorems and free - money - for - everybody, Social Credit represented in practical affairs an internal revolt within the right wing of politics. It intended to absorb or destroy the historic right-wing party and replace it from coast to coast.

The men who carried Social Credit out of Alberta into British Columbia, the first point of attack, were dissident Conservatives, led by W. A. C. Bennett who had left the Progressive Conservative Party only a few months before because he considered it bankrupt. Their plans were large. The two westernmost provinces were to be the solid base of expanding national power. Edmonton and Victoria were whistlestops on the main line to Ottawa.

As Mr. Bennett said candidly in the

federal election, Social Credit would elect enough candidates to remove the Liberal majority, would hold a balance of power in parliament, provoke another election at leisure and then come to office "in two bites."

The first bite failed to penetrate even the outer integument of politics. The Social Credit band wagon was halted on the eastern border of Alberta and collapsed somewhere in the Rockies. Its ruins were of little importance to the Liberal Government. They marked a watershed in the history of the Progressive Conservative Party.

The revolt within the Right having misfired as soon as the public realized what Social Credit meant, the Progressive Conservative Party was left in full control of the Opposition. The people were not prepared to give it office but they were not prepared either to begin its destruction in favor of a new heresy of the extreme right. A vast majority of them wanted a stable party system (as the combined Liberal and Conservative vote showed).

For the Progressive Conservative Party, therefore, a crisis of grave, possibly mortal danger was safely passed in the very election which defeated it. At which every sensible Liberal, from Mr. St. Laurent downward, rejoiced. For to the Liberal, as to the Conservative and the socialist, Social Credit is the ugliest shape that has ever emerged in our political life.

The immediate danger escaped, the Progressive Conservative Party has another opportunity to provide an alternative government in the next four years. A second look at the election returns will show that its prospects are by no means as dark as they looked on election night.

The St. Laurent Government did not win a majority of the popular vote. Slightly more than half the people voted against it. As governments go, it is popular, powerful and competent. Yet there are plenty of Canadians to defeat it if they could be persuaded to vote together, instead of splintering their vote, for an alternative government which they trusted.

Moreover, the Government, having thrived on a worldwide boom, will almost certainly encounter a harsher climate before the next election. And on Mr. St. Laurent's retirement the Progressive Conservative Party should have its first real chance, since R. B. Bennett's time, to break into Quebec and end a purely racial division of politics which every thinking Canadian must deplore.

If the Progressive Conservative Party is willing to admit its mistakes, start again from the beginning, get back to basic principles and put them ahead of immediate gains, it can construct an alternative government, re-establish the two-party system in good working order and maybe win the next election. It will not do any of these things without wiser leadership, distinctive policies that the public will understand and a clear proof that it regards them as more important than easy popularity.

The time may well be running out. A great party cannot live forever in defeat and official Opposition. If the Progressive Conservative Party continues to fail in elections the unofficial forces of opposition to the Government will find other organs of protest through more splinters (another Quebec Nationalist bloc, for example) which will further damage the two-party system, for a time anyway.

In the end the Canadian people will return somehow to that system, with or without the Progressive Conservative Party, because they know that the alternative is the piecemeal destruction of the parliamentary system itself. ★

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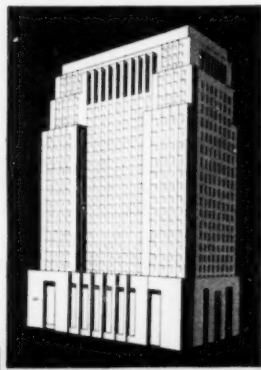
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*Extract from prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



The Bank of Nova Scotia

• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW

Hangman in the Fog

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

He said bitterly, "How do they do it, Woody?"

The bureau chief gave a short laugh. "Not with two fingers of Scotch—that's for sure. Come on, you'd better get going."

Gilhooley went back to the office, picked up his hat and trench coat, and looked around frowning. "I didn't figure when I dug up the documents someone would hang for it seven years later."

"What's the difference?" Woody said wearily. "They'd have made him confess to anything." He eyed the newsman. "For Pete's sake, go get your plane. Barcelona! New York sure picks 'em for you. And Gil—"

The newsman paused at the door.

"—Gil, watch yourself. Steckanow happened a long time ago but—well, you know what I mean. Just watch yourself."

Gilhooley nodded. "Don't worry. I'll be on the wire tomorrow."

He was down the hall when Celia called out after him, "I'll ring your hall porter about your baggage. And a happy trip, Mr. Gilhooley!"

He mused on the girl as he hurried down the stairs. She had been working in the office for five years and still called him Mr. Gilhooley. That was the English for you.

THE DRIVER swung into the stream of traffic, and at the first red light he turned and said, "It's 823 Grosvenor and then Northolt airport. Is that correct, sir?"

Gilhooley thought how wonderfully efficient Celia was. He said, "That's it and make it fast as you can."

"Do my best, sir. Depends on the fog."

The car darted in and out among fogblind vehicles feeling their way along the Strand, and leaped ahead through the yellowing mist that lay heavy on Trafalgar Square. The driver was a thick man who seemed barely able to fit his frame into the small car but his shoulders were relaxed, his fingers loose on the wheel, and he seemed to have a phenomenal instinct for beating a traffic light.

It was six minutes after one when the car pulled up before an old mansion rebuilt into small apartments at 823 Grosvenor Street. The hall porter, a frail, elderly, rather sad man stood at the curb with Gilhooley's baggage.

"I hope you have a smooth flight, sir," he said as he placed a suitcase and a portable typewriter next to the driver.

"Thanks, Middleton. See you next week."

The porter hovered uneasily at the car window. He said, "By the way, sir, a gentleman was enquiring for you not an hour ago."

"Leave his name?"

"Well—no sir. I told him you were flying to Spain this afternoon and he seemed quite disappointed."

"Didn't you ask for his name?"

"Naturally, sir, but he was quite sharp with me. He said he was a cousin and—and he simply walked out."

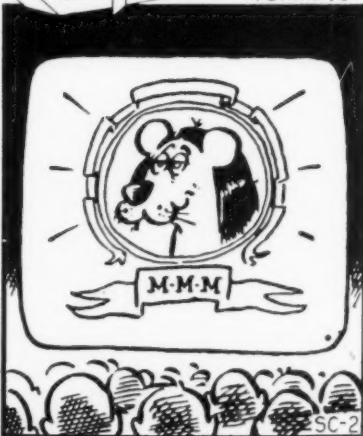
"A cousin?"

Gilhooley's head shot up. The grim enquiry on his face seemed to set the old man's eyes twitching.

"Was it important, sir? I'm sorry—"

Gilhooley said, "Never mind. Let's go, driver."

The car sped past Grosvenor Square and into the fog thickening over Hyde Park. Angry gusts leaped and swirled against the windshield but the driver was imperturbable. He was holding it



at better than forty. Gilhooley leaned back and lit a cigarette.

Suddenly he sat up.

He didn't have a cousin. He had no cousin he had ever heard of either here or back home in Montreal. The man who had enquired at his apartment was lying; he was lying or—well, it *could* have been a case of mistaken identity. Woody's warning swarmed freshly into his mind. He thought on it a moment and settled back in his seat and tried to rationalize his own forebodings. The man, whoever he was, *must* have been mistaken.

THEY WERE on Western Avenue. In the open residential area the fog was somewhat lighter and they were rolling along faster.

"How far to Northolt, driver?"

"About nine miles, sir."

He watched the fog fly past the window and his mind fell once more to Laszlo Palvan, poor devil, who had allowed himself to be drugged or pummeled into confessing a crime he didn't commit and which wasn't a crime in the first place. It was a great story, the Stekanow story. His best.

He thought of the guile and nerve and restless energy he applied to digging out the documents. But that was seven years ago; he was a real newspaperman then. Would he have the guts to do it today, now that he was top dog of the European staff with a fat salary and expense account? He didn't need to wonder. He knew the answer. He was like a Victoria Cross winner, or Lindbergh seven years after the event, coasting easily, letting the kids try to fight their way up.

In retrospect it seemed foolhardy, but it was easy then—seven years ago in Berlin in that drunken first winter of peace when American correspondents chased around in a mad goldrush for news that lay everywhere, when a carton of cigarettes was a good month's eating to a hungry German, and a bottle of cheap cognac got you past any Soviet-guarded frontier with a finely-sung chorus of the Volga boatmen's song tossed in for free.

That's how it happened with the Stekanow scoop. A broken German colonel had succumbed to a carton of cigarettes and had drawn him a plan of the shattered warehouse in Stekanow where he buried the *reichsprotektor's* archives the day before the Russians swept into the city. Two bottles of cognac had been potent enough to pass him and his jeep across two frontiers deep inside the occupied Balkans. He remembered a happy day of dodging the secret police—it was like a good crap game then—and an eerie, sweaty night of digging in the cellar of the warehouse until his shovel struck the box and just missed striking a Teller mine which lay on top of it. And then the thrill of long-hidden secrets—the atrocity orders, the names of native collaborators, the Hitler papers . . .

"The field's just ahead, sir. About a mile."

"Swell, driver. You've done fine."

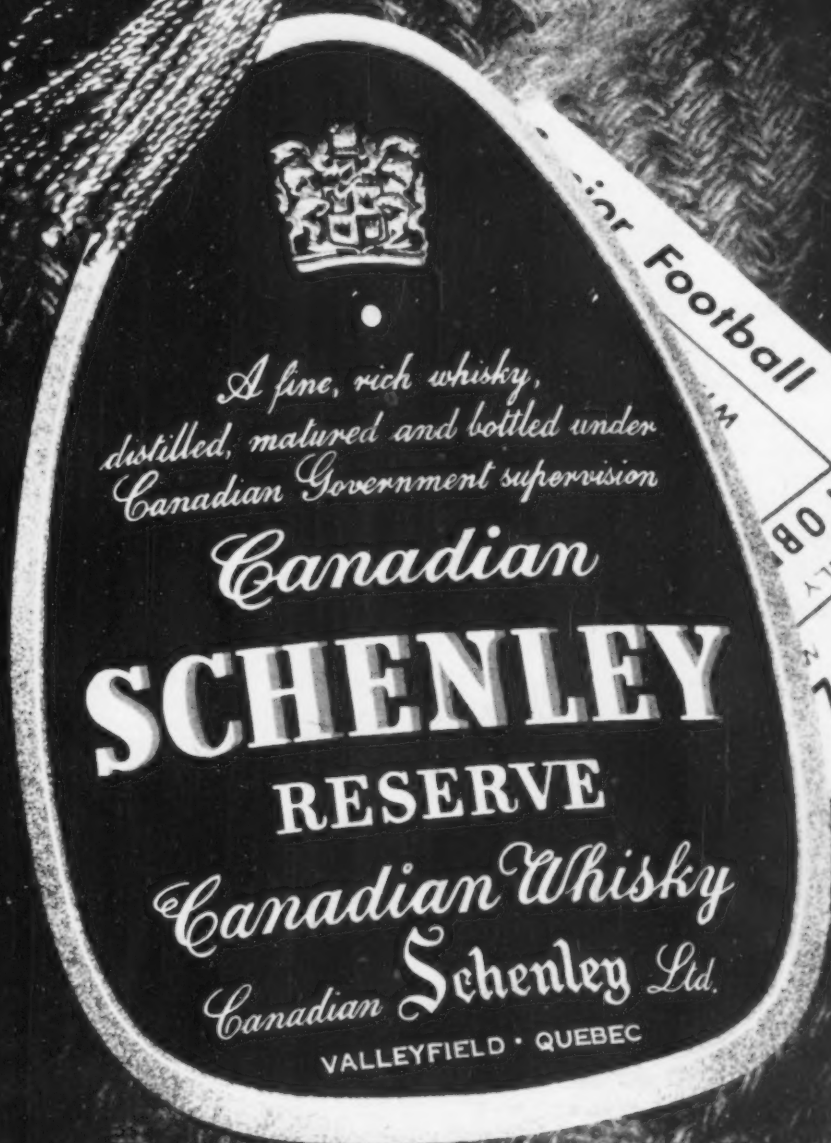
"At your service, sir."

He felt more cheerful now. He would be in Barcelona by nightfall, and starting tomorrow the Spaniards had laid on a series of interviews with generals and cabinet ministers. It was all too easy, too comfortable. He missed the digging and the risk and the thrill.

"Here we are, sir," the driver said as he braked the car smoothly at an entrance marked "Continental Departures."

The scream of a four-engined plane straining to the take-off thundered across their ears. All they could see on the field was a dim, graceful shadow racing through the mist.

The driver eased himself from behind



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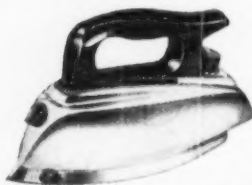
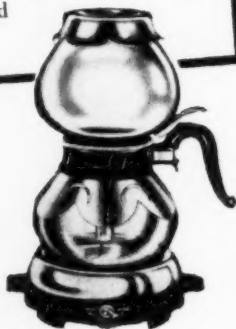
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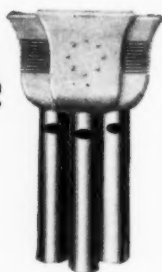


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St. Johns, Que.

the wheel and reached in for the baggage. "Not much to see out there. It's a miracle they're taking off."

The main waiting room was unusually empty of passengers. Behind a counter a uniformed clerk thumbed a packet of flight coupons like a bank teller counting money.

The newsman stepped up. "Gilhooley — for the Barcelona flight."

"I'm afraid, sir, you're too late," the clerk said pleasantly and continued his counting.

Gilhooley's mouth tightened and he slapped his ticket down hard on the counter.

"It's not two o'clock. What do you mean—too late?"

The clerk said amiably, "Well sir, the last of our confirmed reservations got here about fifteen minutes ago and we sent the plane off. Had to beat the fog, you understand. Touch and go sort of thing—" He shied from Gilhooley's angry face, glanced at the ticket, and used it to trace down names on a yellow sheet. "Here we are—Jacobus Gilhooley, 823 Grosvenor..."

He shook his head with mingled incredulity and amusement. "According to our records, you are on the plane, if you get what I mean, sir."

Gilhooley leaned far over the counter, spared the man's eyes, and said very slowly, "I don't get what you mean."

The clerk blinked.

"Well, sir—it is a mystery... Unless of course there were two Mr. Gilhooleys who booked for Barcelona and we mistakenly handled it as a single reservation. It's a rather uncommon name, you must admit, sir."

"You mean someone came here and picked up my reservation?"

The clerk looked painfully abstract. "I couldn't say exactly. All I know is that I handled the flight myself and I distinctly remember Mr. Gilhooley. Rather large man, very much on the stout side. He asked me when the flight was taking off and I said just as soon as he checked through as he was the last passenger to report. Then he bought a ticket and—well, that's about all, sir. We sent the plane off. I'm afraid sir, you will find the fault at the Regent Street booking office. They failed to inform us there were two Mr. Gilhooleys on the flight. I'm most frightfully sorry."

Gilhooley kept his eyes fixed on the clerk. He said, "Two Mr. Gilhooleys. You're sure that's the explanation."

"It must be, sir. I can't think of any other. You quite definitely had a reservation. So, apparently, did the other Mr. Gilhooley. Otherwise he wouldn't have claimed it. There was lots of room on the aircraft."

"All right. When does the next plane go?"

"That's the trouble, sir. The field is closed down. Weather tells us it quite definitely won't open until tomorrow—if then. But if you're pressed, you might consider taking tonight's train ferry to Paris and fly out from there tomorrow morning. We'll be most pleased to look after the arrangements."

Gilhooley stared at the man. He hated him for his precious solicitude. He turned his head sharply and looked out at the fog rolling ponderously across the airfield.

The clerk said, "Also sir, I'll certainly signal the field at Barcelona to check on the other Mr. Gilhooley—just to make sure. Don't you feel well, sir?"

Gilhooley didn't reply. He was concerned with an evil and terrifying thought that skewered at his brain. Out of a corner of his eye he could see his driver standing patiently beside the baggage. He pictured the plane high above the fog, racing south across the sun. He didn't want to go back into

the fog. For reasons he dared not allow himself to fathom he didn't want to be in London on this night.

But he had no choice. The driver stepped up.

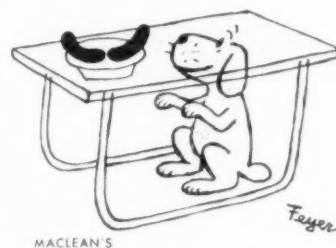
"Begging your pardon, sir. If you want to get back we'd better start. Fog's coming in good and heavy."

THEY HAD driven not more than a mile toward London when they were enveloped in sudden darkness as if some supernatural hand had flung a cloak over the helpless land. The driver turned on his headlights. His shoulders were tense and his narrowing eyes sought to pierce the fog that lay beyond the beam of the lights.

He chuckled, "I'll be needing a compass, sir. Mind if I smoke?"

Gilhooley said spiritlessly, "Smoke all you like." He had run out of spleen against the fog and the airways and his wretched luck.

"Much obliged. I been thinking, sir, it was an odd thing about the other gentleman named Mr. Gilhooley and he



taking your seat on the plane. Rum luck on a day like this."

It was an odd thing. Gilhooley pondered the circumstances and it occurred to him that this was the second odd thing that had happened. There was the man who said he was a cousin—Gilhooleys suddenly all over the place. He tried to figure it as dispassionately as he could from the point of view of sheer coincidence and he found it possible, even reasonable. But there was no escaping the thought: the two odd things happened the same day Laszlo Palvan was sentenced to hang for the Stekanow incident.

They rolled along in second gear, the driver following the line of pavement separation that lay under his headlights. Suddenly he braked the car as they almost collided with the enormous rear end of a red London bus.

The driver said, "Bit o' luck, sir. It's a Kensington bus. I can follow it right up to Hyde Park Corner."

They moved on at walking pace. Gilhooley settled back. At this rate it would be hours before he reached home. The car had become a small murky cell in a grey, endless world and it served to awaken his memory. He had seen occasional pictures of Laszlo Palvan in the newspapers—a heavy, scholarly man usually smoking a pipe—and he was sure he had never met the man. Perhaps it was as Woody had said—they'd have made Palvan confess to anything. Perhaps they picked the Stekanow incident out of a hat—perhaps. He looked out into the foreboding fog and wished he could be sure.

The car had stopped. Visibility was down to less than three yards. Above a rumble of motors slowly turning over a voice was heard: "I say, officer, this is Hyde Park Corner, I take it. Turn me south, will you? That's a good chap."

They were marooned a long time. Presently a policeman came by with a powerful flashlight and guided the car around a corner and ordered it abandoned at the curb. The driver helped Gilhooley with the luggage and they walked the last half mile. It was a few minutes before six o'clock when they reached 823 Grosvenor. If he'd caught

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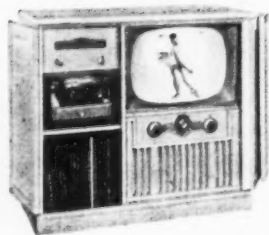
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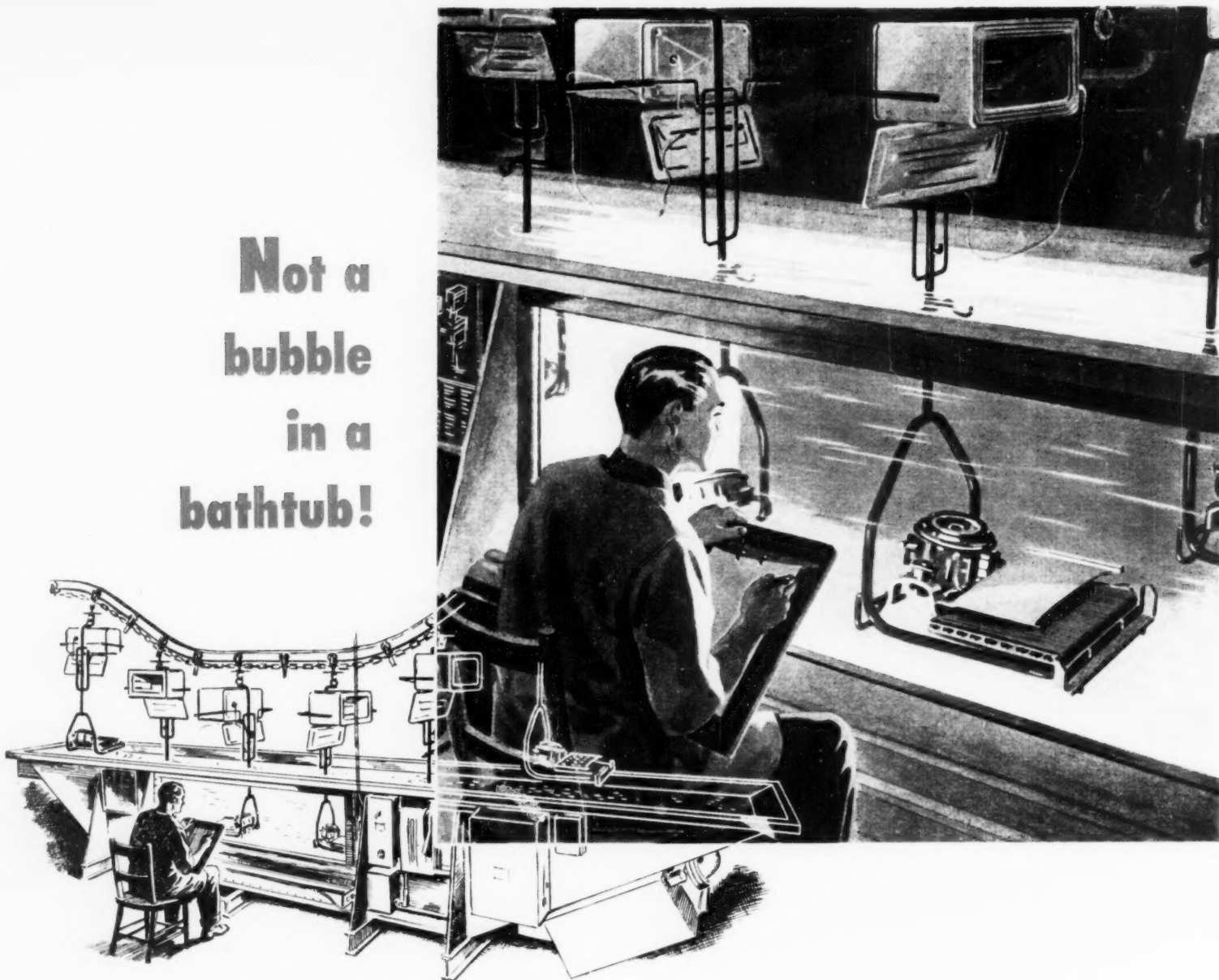
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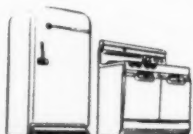
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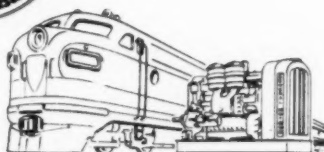
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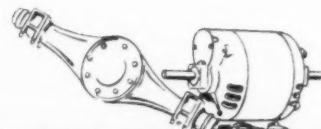
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the plane, Gilhooley reflected glumly, he'd have been in Barcelona by now.

Inside the stately lobby of the old mansion the fog was transparent beneath bright ceiling lights. Middleton ambled from behind his counter, took the newsman's luggage and carried it up a short flight of stairs to the first-floor front apartment.

"I didn't think you'd get away, sir," he said.

Gilhooley jerked his head around.

"Why not?"

"The fog, sir."

"Of course, Middleton." He felt ashamed of his edginess.

He unlocked his door which opened on a small foyer and turned on the lights. The fog had already penetrated the bolted windows. It had a coal-dust smell. Middleton coughed and said, "I'd better get the fire going right away, sir. There's nothing like fire to burn up fog," and he busied himself at the fireplace of the large oak-paneled room which must have been a library in the old mansion.

Gilhooley hung his coat in the foyer and went into his bedroom to call the office, but the phone beat him to it. It began to ring.

The airways was on the line.

"We have a first-class compartment on the train ferry," the man said. "It leaves from Victoria Station at nine tonight, but you'll require lots of time to get there. Nothing's moving on the streets, you know."

Gilhooley said, "I can feel my way to the underground. It's running, I hope."

"Indeed, sir—and I'm also instructed to tell you that the airways will be pleased to reimburse you for the extra cost of the train ferry."

"That's decent of you."

"And so we should, sir. That was a pretty poor show by our people out at Northolt this afternoon. There'll be a proper ticking-off over it. But you'll be pleased to know that the chap who claimed he was Mr. Gilhooley is very unhappy at the moment. Very unhappy."

Gilhooley stiffened.

"Then you've heard from Barcelona . . ."

"Indeed we have, not a half hour ago. It seems the Spanish immigration officials didn't like the looks of his visa—it was a palpable forgery and they called in the police."

Gilhooley cut in. "Who is he?"

"His name turns out to be Kressman—not much like Gilhooley, is it, sir? What's more, the Spanish claim he's a professional smuggler with a long record. Must have been an awfully nifty person; he presented his own passport on arrival after telling us he was you."

"How did he get my reservation? Did you find out?"

"Not exactly, sir. He was obviously in a terrible hurry to get away, and he must have found out somehow that the plane was being held up for your arrival, so he simply purloined your name in order to speed the take-off."

"Is that what he says?"

"Oh no, Mr. Gilhooley. He's apparently spouting the most absurd story—"

"What absurd story?"

A brief chuckle sounded on the line. "He says a stranger with a foreign accent rushed him out to Northolt and paid him well to pick up a reservation in the name of Jacobus Gilhooley. The Spanish police don't believe a word of it of course, nor do we . . . Hello, hello—are you there?"

Gilhooley stiffened at the phone. His idle fears and reflections suddenly struck fire and were paralyzing his brain. He made an effort to break the panic, a strong, desperate effort to break it. Gradually his rigid fingers

loosened their grip on the phone and his brain began to function.

Now he knew. Now it was a certainty. He was living proof that their big propaganda trial was a fake, a travesty . . . They were after him. The living proof had to be killed off . . . The process was in motion . . . They had already succeeded in keeping him in London in the fog . . . Killing was easy in the fog . . . They . . . They . . . He knew who they were. They had an embassy in London . . . It was fully staffed . . . Even to political executioners . . .

The man on the line said, "Hello, hello. Are you there, Mr. Gilhooley?"

He stared blankly into the telephone. It was no use running away. The showdown had to come sooner or later, here or on the continent. One thing was certain: He couldn't escape it.

His precise mind, working with the speed of desperation, decided it was better to face the showdown here and now.

He said, "Hello, airways. I've decided not to go. Cancel the train ferry. That's all."

HE PUT down the phone and took a deep breath and held it. The secret nightmare of every foreign correspondent was actually in process of happening to him. For a moment it seemed so unreal he felt he was viewing it from a distance as if it were happening to someone else. And then the bitter reality came pounding back into his brain. This was no post mortem he was covering. It was happening. It was happening to him.

He heard the snap and sputter of kindling and he walked quickly to the living room. Middleton stood before the fire, his thin back swaying slightly as if he were invoking some kind of mumbo-jumbo to encourage the crackling flames.

"Middleton."

The frail man turned around, his head at an inquisitive angle.

"The man who enquired for me today—has he been back?"

"No sir."

"Any strangers at all been in the building this afternoon?"

"Why, no sir—unless well, Mrs. Jackson on the second floor had a visitor—the regular young man. Is anything wrong?"

Gilhooley said, "This man who enquired—my alleged cousin—what did he look like?"

The porter's thin face went a little whiter. He turned his head a trifle, his eyes blinking.

"It's hard to say, sir. I was here at the grate and he stood over me and his coat was well up over his chin . . ."

"Why didn't you tell me he got into this flat?"

"I didn't think of it as anything, sir. I was doing your ashes and I heard someone behind me—it gave me a start—and there he was like he'd found the door open. If there's anything missing . . ."

"How old was he?"

"Forty or fifty. And on the smallish side. But a gentleman, sir, no question of that. He talked very sharply indeed. I remember thinking I hadn't heard that manner of talking to servants for forty years."

"How about his clothes? His accent?"

The old man shook his head helplessly. "I just can't recall, sir. He wasn't English, but being a cousin of yours I thought it was Canadian he was speaking. But he was a gentleman—stylish, if you know what I mean."

He looked nervously at the fire. "I think it's caught all right," he said and ambled to the door as if eager to be rid of the problem.

Gilhooley let him out, locked the

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door and pushed the inside bolt all the way. He walked through to the bedroom and made sure the antiquated window frames were locked. In the bathroom he pushed aside the shower curtain. He glanced into the kitchenette and checked the service door. This left only the living room. He surveyed the archaic oak paneling, punched at the heavy velvet drapes that bulged on each side of the huge window, and looked out into the dirty yellow fog that should have been Grosvenor Street. He went to his massive oak desk and turned on the table radio for the BBC news at six. Then he pushed his fireside chair around so he could watch the foyer without losing the fire's warmth.

He was cold and he wondered how much of it was fear. All of it was fear. He was in London, in safe, solid, law-abiding London, and yet he was afraid; he had to checkrein his panic so he could think this out rationally. He had gone soft. He thought of himself in Stekanow, sweating it out in a warehouse cellar in the dead of night. Seven years ago a threat like this would have been a story, a challenge; he would have chased it down, thrilling to every minute of it. Now he was afraid. He had certainly gone soft.

He was aware that radio news was filtering into the room, news about the fog and Iran and Korea which did not intrude on the desperate nature of his reflections. Then his mind opened wide to a new item:

" . . . tonight announced the latest and possibly the last news of the treason trial of Laszlo Palvan. The state prosecutor has expressed himself satisfied with the sentence of death handed down on the former foreign minister. As it is customary for the sentence to be carried out within a few hours of the state prosecutor's approval, this probably means that Laszlo Palvan's career will end on the gallows before morning . . . In Parliament today the House of Lords debated at some length on the substantial number of seagulls that have perished . . ."

He snapped off the radio. He tried to rally his brain against the shock and confusion that beset it, tried sternly to come to grips with the problem. The thought kept pounding at him that time was urgent. Something had to be done quickly . . . done quickly . . . quickly . . .

He clapped his hands over his eyes and dug his thumbs into his temples. A fact popped up out of the welter of his mind. Whatever they planned to do to him would be attempted in London; otherwise they would not have taken such pains to have him miss his plane. And it would be attempted between now and nine o'clock, because they doubtless knew he could leave London by the nine o'clock train ferry for Paris. He took his hands away from his face and looked at his watch. It was eight minutes after six.

It occurred to him that he held a temporary advantage over his adversaries. They didn't know he was on his guard. He had found out sooner than they had intended him to find out.

He darted through the foyer into the bedroom and called the office. Woody had gone home for the night but Celia was still on duty. Her cool clear voice was a welcome sound out of a normal world.

"What happened, Mr. Gilhooley? I checked with the airways and they told me the plane took off."

He told her crisply, as if he were dictating a bulletin, what had happened.

In her exasperatingly calm English manner she said, "There's only one thing to do, Mr. Gilhooley—call Scotland Yard."

"What would I tell them?" he demanded. "I can't ask them to go arrest the whole embassy staff of a sovereign country. I haven't been threatened. I haven't got a scrap of evidence—not until this smuggler is brought back from Spain. They'd tell me to lay off the whisky and get some sleep."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Don't you see, Celia? One way or another I've got to spot the man or men who are doing this to me. I've got to spot them and identify them, and if I can connect them up with the embassy, then I've got something to work on. Scotland Yard and probably M.I.5 would be interested."

"What about the fog? You couldn't spot a Churchill tank on a night like this."

"I've got an idea. Who's on the desk tonight—Ralph or Ross?"

"Ross. What have you in mind, Mr. Gilhooley?"

He wished she would stop calling him

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Keep as cool as icicles.
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Superman,
Pedal till they're out of
breath,
Racing neck and neck with
death,
Stay one jump ahead of Fate—
And still turn up two hours
late.

P. J. BLACKWELL

Mr. Gilhooley. He said, "Listen carefully and see what you think of the idea. There's a strong light over the front door of this apartment house. In about ten minutes I'm going to walk out of this place carrying my luggage. Whoever's watching the building will see me for a quick second before I disappear in the fog. Do you follow?"

"Go on, Mr. Gilhooley."

"When they see my luggage they'll guess I'm on my way to Victoria Station to catch the train ferry but they'll want to make sure. Is that reasonable?"

"Quite."

"Now there aren't any taxis or buses running tonight so I'll have to walk to the nearest subway which is at Bond Street. From there to Victoria Station I've got to change subways twice—at Oxford Street and Charing Cross. There won't be many people in the subways on a night like this, so . . ."

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Gilhooley," Celia interrupted with annoying efficiency. "You're going to play the innocent and you want Ross to get down to the Bond Street subway and keep you under observation all the way to Victoria Station to see if anyone follows you."

"You're a wonder, Celia."

She said, "It's not difficult to guess you can't see out of the back of your head. Have you any idea what these people might look like?"

"I only know about the man who enquired for me at noon, and not much



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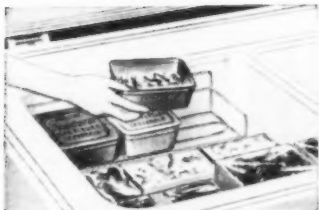
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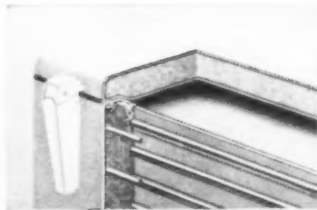
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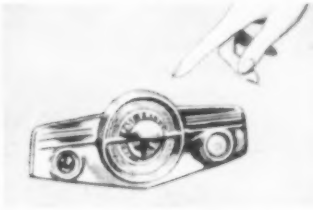
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about him. He's forty or fifty, not very tall, but well-dressed. That's about all."

"That's quite good, Mr. Gilhooley. Why can't I do it instead of Ross?"

"Why you?"

"We need Ross on the desk," she replied. "And besides, I'd like to do my bit. We can't let anything like this happen in England, certainly not to a visitor."

Gilhooley said, "Better send Ross."

"I've already got my hat on. It sounds like an awfully good party. Good-by now."

HE CHECKED his watch. It was twelve minutes past six. He walked slowly about the room, wondering on the events that would transpire in the next hour, wondering if he would meet the test. He paused at a full-length mirror and looked critically at himself. It seemed to him he was the same man he was seven years ago; a trifle greyer at the temples, but just as lean, his jaw just as firm.

He went to the window. Against the street lights the fog was a solid yellow mass. Visibility might be one yard, certainly no more. He tried to

picture the man or men who were awaiting him in the street. They were probably standing close against the building, their eyes glued to the front door. He weighed the risk of appearing under the light for a quick moment and decided it wasn't too great a risk. They wouldn't dare hold a naked pistol in a London street, not even in the fog.

He opened his suitcase, emptied its contents on the bed, and closed it. He removed his typewriter from its case. The luggage was light enough so he could move fast while carrying it. Then he put on his coat and hat, picked up

the empty cases and went out into the hall.

He felt suddenly strong. He was no longer the pursued; he was the pursuer.

When he reached the foot of the staircase, Middleton hurried toward him.

"You should have called me, sir," he said in an agitated manner.

The newsman looked at him squarely. The hall porter was not usually so agitated.

"You carrying all that luggage, sir—and I'm sure there isn't a taxi in all of London. It's blindness outside—sheer blindness."

"I'm walking to the subway," Gilhooley said.

"Are you taking the train ferry, sir?"

"Yes—if you'll open the door for me."

The porter ambled to the door and slowly pulled it open. A block of fog rolled ponderously into the hall. Gilhooley's jaw tightened. He stood a moment under the light of the doorway, alert for the faintest sound. Then he plunged out into the fog.

He strode quickly toward Bond Street, holding his luggage loosely in his hands. His ears strained for the sound of a pursuer. Only the scuff of his shoes echoed lifelessly on the pavement.

A faint glimmer of a bank's nameplate told him he had reached the corner of Davies Street. He darted around the corner of the building and stopped dead.

A quiet sound of footsteps reached him. Someone was approaching behind him along Grosvenor Street. The footsteps came up quickly very close to him, then broke their stride hesitantly, then stopped. He strained his eyes for a shadow. His hands were rigid against the handles of his baggage. All was silence. He could see nothing. He was afraid.

A sound broke off his developing panic. The man had begun to move. It was a man. The shadowy figure of him passed by not more than two yards. He heard the uncertain steps move to the curb and then resume a full stride in some haste. He listened until the sound diminished and was swallowed in the grey silence. Then he tightened his grip on his luggage and moved quickly down the middle of the pavement toward Bond Street.

When he reached Bond Street it was alive with the sounds of blindness—quick breathless cries followed on stumbles, and gruff apologies mingled with plaintive queries from the lost and the frightened. He moved with a tide of perplexed shadows until a diffused light came into view and he descended the stairs of the Bond Street subway. At the first level a partial sense of sight returned to him.

His eyes swept the haze-ridden platform. It was thinly populated; not more than half a dozen assorted persons were passing through the gate to the escalator.

As he paid his fare he caught sight of Celia standing near a row of telephone booths. She looked at him and through him, giving no sign of recognition, tapping an impatient foot as if someone had stood her up on a date. She was pert and pretty in a flat feathered hat and a black coat which flared from her narrow belted waist; prettier than he had ever noticed at the office. It came to him he had never noticed anything about her at the office except her calculated efficiency.

He rode down on the escalator. The trains were running late and the lower platform held about thirty people. He put down his luggage, lit a cigarette, and glanced idly along the platform.

It seemed to him an extraordinary percentage of the men fell into the category Middleton would call gentle-



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men. There were three who wore the narrow-brimmed homburg of civil servants and law clerks; another well-dressed man was huge, florid and obviously drunk; beside him stood a neat little man with pinched, gentle features who carried a violin case.

He saw Celia push through to the lower end of the platform. There were two men close to her who might have fitted the description, one a short, well-made fellow with a too studied air of detachment, the other a little taller with the cut and stance of a military figure.

A train finally rolled in and he rode it as far as Oxford Street. Looking straight ahead, he carried his luggage through a long, draughty passage to another platform. He was just in time to board a train for Charing Cross and he wondered whether Celia and his pursuers had made the same train. At Charing Cross he walked across a short passage and hopped on a train for Victoria Station. An idle glance told him there were about ten people boarding the same train. He had lost track of Celia. At Victoria he walked straight-away from the train to the escalator and ascended into the dim, dun-colored railway station.

The huge fogbound concourse seemed lifeless. A sonorous loudspeaker echoed lonesomely through empty space. Only a few silent commuters trudged toward the train gates. He proceeded directly to the parcel office where he checked his two pieces of luggage, then looked around for the continental ticket office. It was a separate structure just off the south end of the concourse. To reach it he had to pass the length of the concourse and cross a cobbled truckway. He walked quickly toward it, and when he got there he found that he was really trapped in London for the night.

On the outer wall of the ticket office, a blackboard was illuminated by a single, powerful light and it bore the announcement: "Night ferry to Paris canceled owing to fog on Channel."

He reflected briefly on his bad break. For now they would know he was marooned in London. His pursuers had the whole fogbound night to do the job their embassy had assigned them. But into his fear crept a note of exaltation; he had the whole fogbound night too. The momentary urge to flee had departed. He was ready for the showdown—now, more than that, he had to have the showdown—now.

He moved along the truckway until he was just beyond the area of light and leaned against a low retaining wall and waited. A few shadowy figures moved about the main concourse but none came toward the continental ticket office. He lit a cigarette and held it in the palm of his hand to shield its glow. Then he saw the figure of a man emerge from the grey haze of the concourse and come up slowly into the light of the sign on the wall of the booking office.

THE MAN was neatly-built and of middle height. His dark brown coat was fitted at the waist and the shoulders were square as if inviting epaulettes. The turned-down brim of his felt hat cast a shadow over his eyes. His collar was well up against his chin. He paused at the sign, read it, then walked into the booking office.

Gilhooley looked around for Celia and at last he saw her neat, stylish figure hurrying across the concourse. As she approached the booking office he stepped into the light and beckoned to her. Together they moved back into the darkened truckway.

She whispered, "Did you see who just walked into the booking office?"

He nodded.

"I'm sure he's your man. He came into the Bond Street underground a moment after you and hardly took his eyes off you until we reached Victoria. You're quite clever, you know, Mr. Gilhooley."

He looked for traces of excitement in her face, but all he saw was a calm alertness in her eyes as if she were ready to take dictation.

"What do you plan now, Mr. Gilhooley? Do you want me to call Scotland Yard or—" He put his hand on her arm.

The man had come out of the

booking office. He paused at the door and took a cigarette out of a case. He held it, Gilhooley noticed, in the eastern way—between his thumb and fourth finger. He struck a match against the blackboard and as his cigarette met the flame, his chin rose above his coat collar.

The architecture of his face was striking. He was no more than forty but his cheeks were sunken and his olive skin tightly drawn back from a pair of full lips. His eyes were enormous and bulged extraordinarily as if with outrage.

He drew thoughtfully on his cigarette, turned to study the sign once more, then walked slowly across the truckway into the station concourse.

"What now?" Celia asked efficiently.

Gilhooley said, "I've got to find out who he is." He kept his eyes glued to the receding figure of the man. "And thanks, Celia. You were wonderful."

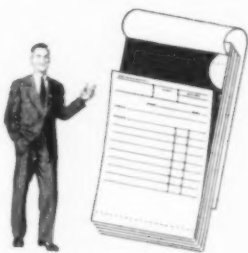
"But how are you going to find out, Mr. Gilhooley?"

"I can't follow him in the fog. I'm going to knock him out, if I can, and search him for identification."



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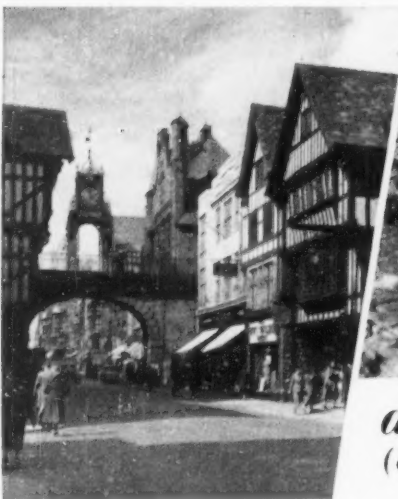
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"It's not quite sporting, you know."
"Not a bit."
"You might be caught and put in jail. It's robbery."

"If he intends to kill me tonight, the last thing he wants is to see me safely in jail."

He strode across the truckway into the concourse, moving quickly until he was less than ten paces behind the man. Celia trotted beside him.

He whispered to her, "You'd better go back to the office. This may be rough."

"I won't get in your way, Mr. Gilhooley," she said with a certain neat irritation.

The man was walking faster now, as if he sensed he was being pursued. His head jerked agitatedly from side to side and by the time he reached a long Gothic passage that led to the street he was almost running. Gilhooley plunged after him.

Inside the passage he was close behind the man and the scuff of their hurrying feet echoed against the stone-work. When the man reached the end of the passage he stopped and looked out into the impenetrable fog of the street. Then he turned abruptly around.

The two men glared at each other face to face. Only a faint light from the station marquee broke through the murky darkness.

"What do you want?" the man said slowly. His bulging eyes fixed the tall newsman with an unflinching stare.

"My name is Gilhooley. Does that answer your question?" His voice was a growl. "Tell me, damn it! Does it answer your question?"

There was no reaction except a slight defiant bulge of the man's lower lip. He continued to look squarely at his questioner.

Finally he said, "You have the advantage of me. I do not know you."
"The devil you don't! You've been chasing me all day. Come on! Talk up!"

The man's forehead creased momentarily and his outraged eyes flickered. His chin jerked up in a defiant gesture as if he were about to speak, then he turned silently and began to walk quickly into the fog.

"No you don't!" Gilhooley shouted and lunged after him. His left hand grabbed the man's shoulder and swung him around, and in the same pivotal movement he brought up his right fist crashing against the man's jaw. He hit him hard; the pent-up frustration and terror of the whole day spun out in the blow.

The man staggered back, lost his balance on the curbstone, and fell heavily on his back in the roadway. A muffled groan came from deep inside him as if he was fighting a spasm of pain. He breathed hard and his enormous eyes shone with fury.

Gilhooley bent low over him and plunged his hand inside the man's coat, feeling for a wallet. The man, still breathing painfully, brought his elbow down hard on Gilhooley's wrist. For a moment they remained locked in this position. The man raised his head and spat in Gilhooley's face. Gilhooley hit him a glancing blow on the jaw. The man fell back and groaned loudly. Gilhooley's hands once more moved searchingly over the man's chest.

"Mr. Gilhooley! Quickly!" Celia pulled at his arm.

He came away from the man just in time to avoid a station porter who ran out of the darkness, shouting, "Here now! What's going on here?"

Another porter joined him almost immediately and in a few moments a dozen excited people crowded around the man still writhing on the cobblestones. A tall policeman pushed through and beamed his storm lamp on the scene.

The man levered himself to a sitting position. His mouth worked feverishly and his eyes blinked against the light.

The policeman helped him to his feet. "A little space for the gentleman, please!" he ordered. "Now, sir, can you tell me what happened?"

"I am all right, officer." The man straightened himself painfully. "I was hit from behind but nothing was taken. I will go now."

The policeman said, "I wouldn't move too much—not yet, sir. Did you see the assailant?"

"I tell you I was hit from behind," the man said with rough authority. "I am in a great hurry."

The policeman was polite but firm. "It's a serious business, sir. If you will just come inside the station, I will take the particulars. Please make way!" he called out.

The small crowd of porters and commuters shuffled to one side and looked on deferentially as the shaken man was escorted into the station.

In the darkness beyond the crowd,



Celia whispered, "That was a most lovely blow, Mr. Gilhooley. It's dreadful it didn't work out."

The newsman said, "What do you mean it didn't work out?"

"You still don't know who he is."

He peered into her pretty face. "Celia, you disappoint me. For a minute I thought you were the brightest girl in the world."

She intoned, "I'm sorry," with such utter sincerity that an unaccustomed smile broke across Gilhooley's face.

He said, "As soon as I finish with this bird I'm going to take you to the nearest bar and buy you all the doubles you can drink."

"That will be lovely, Mr. Gilhooley, but the important thing is, what are you going to do now?"

He shook his head and wondered if he would ever break down her British reserve. He said, "Come on along and I'll show you," and they walked back into the station.

Gilhooley could see his adversary brushing off his coat under the light of a newspaper kiosk. The policeman stood beside him writing in a notebook. The two talked a moment, then the man hurried away through the nearest passage to the street.

The newsman strode across the hazy concourse to the policeman, showed his press card, and took out a pad and pencil.

"I understand, constable, there was a robbery here a few minutes ago."

The policeman, who was young and apple-cheeked, shook his head stolidly. "One of the muggers at work," he said. "Nothing was stolen."

"Who was the victim?"

The policeman smiled importantly. "Afraid I can't tell you, old man. The gentleman was of the foreign diplomatic. He wants nothing said about it. Refused to fact to lay a complaint."

"Good heavens!" Gilhooley gasped with all the shock he could muster. "An ambassador?"

"Not quite, but rather an important chap. Senior military attaché, as a matter of fact."

Gilhooley thought about it a moment. "It's a good story. Sure you can't give me his name?"

"Afraid not, old man."

Gilhooley knew better than to argue with a London policeman on matters of protocol and invasion of privacy. He

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heads every time

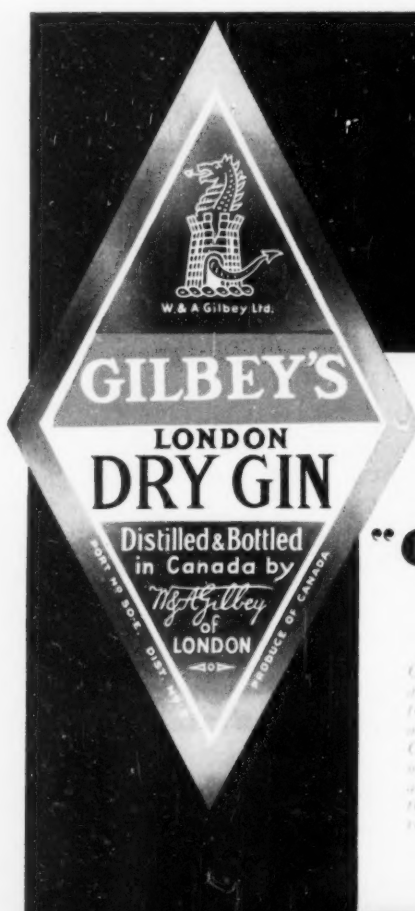
Suppose you are tossing a coin. Then, according to one rule, if heads have been coming up noticeably oftener than tails, you should now start betting on tails. Because now tails will have to come up oftener to keep the law of averages balanced.

A second rule says that if heads have been coming up oftener you should keep betting on heads, because this is obviously the day for heads.

Scientists scoff at both laws. A coin, they point out, has no memory. Even if it has just finished coming up heads nine times in a row, the chances of heads on the tenth toss are the same as they were on the first, namely, one chance in two.

Your chances of getting a perfect bridge hand — say, thirteen spades? Exactly 635,013,559,599 to 1. Every time you pick up *any* bridge hand, your chances of getting that particular combination of cards were 635,013,559,599 to 1 anyway — which makes a perfect hand no more unusual than any other hand.

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noded his thanks and almost ran back to where Celia was standing.

"All right, Celia," he ordered, "this is what I want you to do. On the shelf behind my desk at the office you'll find a diplomatic register. It's a thin booklet issued —"

"I know it, Mr. Gilhooley," she said severely.

"Then get back to the office and look it up. Under their embassy heading you'll find the name of their senior military attache. I'll phone you in ten minutes." A sense of exhilaration came into his voice. "I've got them, Celia! I've got them just where I want them!"

"You're dead on, Mr. Gilhooley," she said and ran for the underground.

He went into the station restaurant and lingered over coffee and a cigarette. A tingle of excitement he hadn't felt for years raced through his lean body. He felt a sense of strange delight that this had happened to him. It proved something. Perhaps he hadn't gone soft after all. He lit a second cigarette, inhaled deeply, and after consulting his watch a dozen times he slipped into a telephone booth and dialed the office.

A breathless Celia came on the line. "I've just got in, just this second," she panted. "Let me get hold of the diplomatic register. Won't be a moment."

She was back on the line almost immediately. "Let me see now . . . Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, British Guiana—I didn't dream there were so many countries—oh, here it is—" He heard her gasp. "Oh Lord, Mr. Gilhooley, the name of their senior military attache is Major-General Gregor Palvan!"

"Gregor Palvan!"

"Not Laszlo Palvan. It's Gregor. He must be a relation of the man who's going to hang—"

Gilhooley said, "One more thing, Celia. Look up the library file and see if we've got anything on Gregor Palvan. I'll hold it."

He drew deeply on his cigarette as he waited. Over the wire he could hear the high-speed teletypes clattering away. He liked the sound. It was the beat of his life. He waited what seemed to him an interminable time.

Finally Celia came back on the line. She said, "There's only one clipping on him—from the Evening Standard three years ago. It's a picture of him. The caption says, 'Major-General Gregor Palvan is the newest member of London's diplomatic corps. He is the younger brother of Laszlo Palvan, foreign minister of his country.' What are you going to do, Mr. Gilhooley? He's out to kill you! He must have asked for the assignment. You know how fanatic these Balkan people are about their families—"

Gilhooley said, "I know exactly what I'm going to do."

"Go to Scotland Yard, please, Mr. Gilhooley." The coolness had fled from Celia's voice. "And after that come to the office. There's a cot in the file room. Or go to some obscure hotel for the night. Or—well, I know it sounds dreadful but I've got a rather comfortable chesterfield in my living room . . ."

"Sweet of you, Celia, but I've got a better idea. I don't intend to hide out tonight or any other night. I'm going to settle this thing—now."

"It's not anything foolish, I hope."

"Don't worry, I'm no jungle hunter. I'm going over to their embassy and toss this whole thing right into the kisser of the ambassador himself."

HE CAME UP out of the subway at Sloane Street and headed into the fog toward Belgrave Square. He knew the location of the embassy which was housed in a Georgian mansion at the north end of the square. As he ap-



MACLEAN'S

"Don't tell him now, wait 'til he gets inside."

proached the embassy he caught sight of a small storm lamp jiggling in the fog. It was buckled to the belt of a police constable who was walking slowly on guard duty in front of the embassy.

As Gilhooley walked to the door, the constable focused the lamp on him and said, "Evening, sir. You one of the dinner guests?"

"No, officer. Not in the charmed circle."

"Ah, you're an American."

"I happen to be a Canadian."

"Not many of those pay a visit to his bleedin' excellency."

He showed his press card. The policeman examined it against the lamp and painstakingly wrote Gilhooley's name and agency in his notebook. Then he pulled at a bell on the stone facing of the building and flashed his lamp on the steps which led to a portico.

The door was opened sweepingly by a butler who seemed to lose his sense of hospitality the moment he spied the newsman's trench coat. Gilhooley was required to wait in a dim vestibule.

Eventually a delicate young man dressed in dinner clothes appeared on the scene. He examined the press card and remarked in a friendly fashion, "Your business with the ambassador must be very urgent for you to wander about on a night like this."

Gilhooley said, "I think the ambassador will consider it urgent. I'm not looking for news. Would you tell him I have information to offer?"

There was no reaction. The young man nodded pleasantly and said, "I will inform him. Would you come this way."

They passed through a hall of modest size and charming decor and entered an ante room. The young man waited until his visitor was seated at a long mahogany table strewn with British and foreign publications.

He said, "Naturally I cannot speak for the ambassador, but if he consents to see you he may be delayed a few minutes. He is entertaining guests at dinner," and he departed with a gentle smile.

In his mind's eye Gilhooley saw the ambassador's concern, the hurried excuses to his guests, the conference with his press attache . . .

The door opened almost immediately and the ambassador came in. He was a big man with a red, rough and happy face, like a truck driver who had struck it rich. He wore dinner clothes which bulged and pulled at various points between his immense shoulders and his thick hips.

"Good evening, good evening," he bellowed generously, extending both hands but walking to the opposite side of the table. He sat heavily in a chair much too frail for his huge posterior.

"You say you have news. For me? What news can you give me?"

The newsman said, "Do you know who I am, Mr. Ambassador?"

"Do I know who you are, Mr.



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Gilhooley?" The big man chuckled. "How can I forget? I was in the foreign office at the time of the Steckanow incident. What a headache you gave me!"

Gilhooley said, "Well, I've got another headache for you."

"But you said you have information to offer me, Mr. Gilhooley."

Gilhooley came to his feet.

"Yes, I have something you may or may not know." A hard intensity pushed into his voice. "Your senior military attache has been threatening me since this morning's news about Laszlo Palvan. I came to tell you that I don't frighten easily. We're in London, Mr. Ambassador. You can't get away with it."

He sat down and glared across the table. The ambassador reached for a cigarette out of his case. It trembled perceptibly in his thick fingers.

"My senior military attache?"

Gilhooley said viciously, "Yes, your senior military attache. He hired a man to steal my place on a plane for Barcelona this afternoon, he stole into my apartment, he's been shadowing me all day, and not a half hour ago he followed me to Victoria Station."

"A half hour ago?"

"He's not as clever as he thinks. I caught him cold."

The ambassador mashed his unlighted cigarette into an ashtray.

"You really mean tonight?"

"Yes tonight!"

The big man sighed.

"I do not say my senior military attache has never kept anyone under observation. Possibly even you, Mr. Gilhooley. He has certain duties, you know very well. But tonight? You are not serious. An owl could not follow his own beak tonight."

Gilhooley said, "I'm serious enough to go to the police and the foreign office. If you want to be declared non grata and tossed out of the country, I'm sure I can arrange it for you."

The ambassador's fleshy lower lip sagged.

"Extraordinary!" he muttered.

He got up and moved ponderously to a telephone in a far corner of the room. He contemplated the instrument a few moments, biting his lips, then lifted it, spoke rapidly in his native tongue, and slammed it down.

"This complication," he said, returning to his chair, "will be resolved immediately. I can assure you."

He leaned his elbows on the table and rubbed his forehead. The two men sat opposite each other as still as if studying a chess problem.

Presently the door opened to admit a small, neat man who had the air of a fashionable doctor but wore a dress uniform with wing collar and an array of miniature medals.

"General," the ambassador said wearily without looking at the man, "Mr. Gilhooley here tells me you have been threatening him—"

Gilhooley interrupted. "That's not the man!"

"I am merely going by what you tell me," the ambassador sighed. His fingers still kneaded his brow. "The general is my senior military attache."

"The man who followed me," Gilhooley burst out, "is Gregor Palvan!"

A momentary silence followed. It was broken by an enormous burst of laughter from the ambassador.

"I beg you, Mr. Gilhooley—" He paused to release a few more guffaws from the pit of his stomach. "It is hardly possible that a clever man like yourself would believe that Palvan is still my military attache. Have you forgotten his own brother is an arch-traitor who will be hanged, I am sure, before morning? I promise you his connection with my embassy ceased

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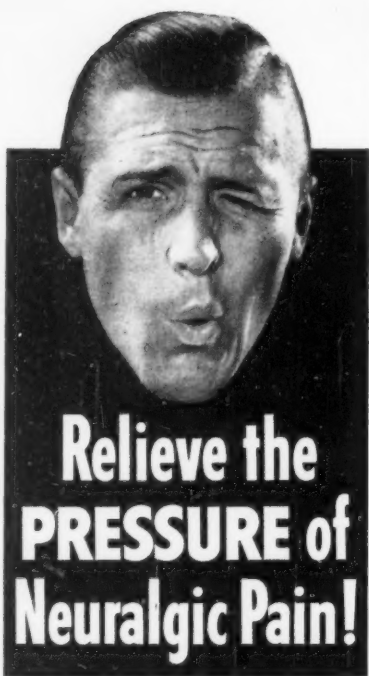
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more than three months ago when his wretched brother's treason was discovered."

He turned to the military attache. "We won't need you any longer, General."

The little man bowed. "As you wish, Excellency." As he left the room, Gilhooley jumped to his feet and strained across the table.

He said tartly, "You will pardon me, Mr. Ambassador, if I remind you of your country's reputation for manipulating the simple truth. When your government wanted to get rid of Laszlo Palvan it accused him of having given me the Steckanow documents. That was a lie! You know it, your government knows it, and Laszlo Palvan, the poor devil, knows it too—"

"My dear Mr. Gilhooley—"

"I'm not finished. And when you assigned Gregor Palvan to get rid of me, you cut him off your staff just in case he might get caught in the attempt and involve the embassy. According to the diplomatic register, which is issued by the British Foreign Office, your senior military attache is Major-General Gregor Palvan. Where did you dig up this little joker you brought in here to show me? Out of a musical comedy? And when did you appoint him? This afternoon?"

The ambassador released a deep sigh and looked plaintively at the newsman.

He said, "You see, Mr. Gilhooley, you are a perfect example of those who jump to conclusions in order to think the worst of us. It so happens that the diplomatic register is published only once every six months. Gregor Palvan ceased to be my senior military attache three months ago. The next issue of the register will contain the name of Major-General Rudi Fadyal, the distinguished officer whom you saw here a moment ago . . ." His fat hand swept toward the telephone. "If you wish to call the Foreign Office, I'm sure they will corroborate what I have told you. Now, Mr. Gilhooley! What have you to say?"

The ambassador clasped his hands at the back of his neck, a manoeuvre which pushed out his already enormous stomach. He looked pleased with himself.

"Then I've got news for you," Gilhooley said. "Gregor Palvan is still claiming diplomatic privileges as your senior military attache—"

"I tell you it's not possible, Mr. Gilhooley."

The newsman swept his hand toward the telephone in a broad mimicry of the ambassador's gesture. "If you wish to call the police at Victoria Station," he said, "I'm sure they'll corroborate that Palvan claimed a diplomatic privilege within the last hour. Now, Mr. Ambassador, what have you to say?"

Gilhooley knew he had scored. The big man sat up in his chair, pulled at his lower lip, and his eyes blinked. He was thinking hard.

Finally he said, "I still tell you it's not possible. Gregor Palvan is not in London. He is not in any part of Britain. Our own agents have been searching him out for three months and they know where he is but they cannot reach him. If they could have reached him, he would have been long since dead at the end of a rope. Like his wretched brother, he is also under sentence of death for the very same crime."

Gilhooley gave a short laugh. "What crime? You know very well I dug up the Steckanow documents and I did it alone."

"But I do not deny it," the ambassador said quietly. "Of course you stole the documents which, incidentally, were the property of the state. However, there was a sequel to your

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exploit which you do not know. When you revealed the contents of the documents you named the chief Hitlerite collaborators during the occupation of our country. Naturally, we sought to apprehend these traitors. The ring-leader, whom we caught only four months ago, told us a fantasy—really a fantasy! He confessed that the *Reichsprotektor's* most trusted collaborators were—you would not believe it!—the brothers Palvan, Laszlo and Gregor. Now . . ."

"Your confessions!" Gilhooley cut in. "Laszlo Palvan confessed he gave me the Steckanow documents. It was a lie!"

"My dear fellow," the ambassador said indignantly, "you refuse to understand our system of justice."

He looked at Gilhooley and sighed with infinite sadness. "But Gregor Palvan is a real problem. He disappeared on the day of his brother's arrest. It is a bad mark against my security agents that they let him slip through their fingers—a very bad mark. And now you say he is still in London. Ha! It is impossible."

Gilhooley came away from the table and fastened the belt of his trench coat.

He said, "Obviously, Mr. Ambassador, I've got to go to the police."

"By all means," the other agreed, walking slowly toward the door. "We shall be delighted if they help us trace Palvan. It happens that he is not only a condemned traitor, but when he disappeared he took with him the embassy's entire military bank account—more than forty thousand pounds. There, Mr. Gilhooley! You see that your visit has not been wasted. I have given you a story, a scoop I believe you call it."

Gilhooley paused at the door and glanced sharply at the ambassador. He wondered whether the ambassador was telling the truth about Palvan or whether this was a cleverly constructed plot to absolve the embassy of the political murder Palvan had been assigned to commit. One thing he was sure of: Gregor Palvan was somewhere in London, still bent on murder.

The newsman said, "Have it your way, Mr. Ambassador, and I'll handle the matter in my own way. You might as well know I don't believe everything I've been told here or even seen—and that includes the little joker you brought in to show me."

The ambassador smiled an amiable smile.

"You shouldn't, Mr. Gilhooley. Honestly, you shouldn't," he said as they walked through the hall. "You have been seeing Gregor Palvan and I venture to say it is an illusion of the fog or of your bad conscience. He has fled, according to our information, to Spain—where the visa is easy for traitors to the peoples' democracy and extradition is almost impossible. Good evening, Mr. Gilhooley. *Au plaisir.*"

GILHOOLEY walked dejectedly through the fog toward the subway. His mission to the embassy had been a failure. He still didn't know whether Palvan was an agent of the embassy or a fugitive from it. Either alternative seemed equally logical and equally dangerous.

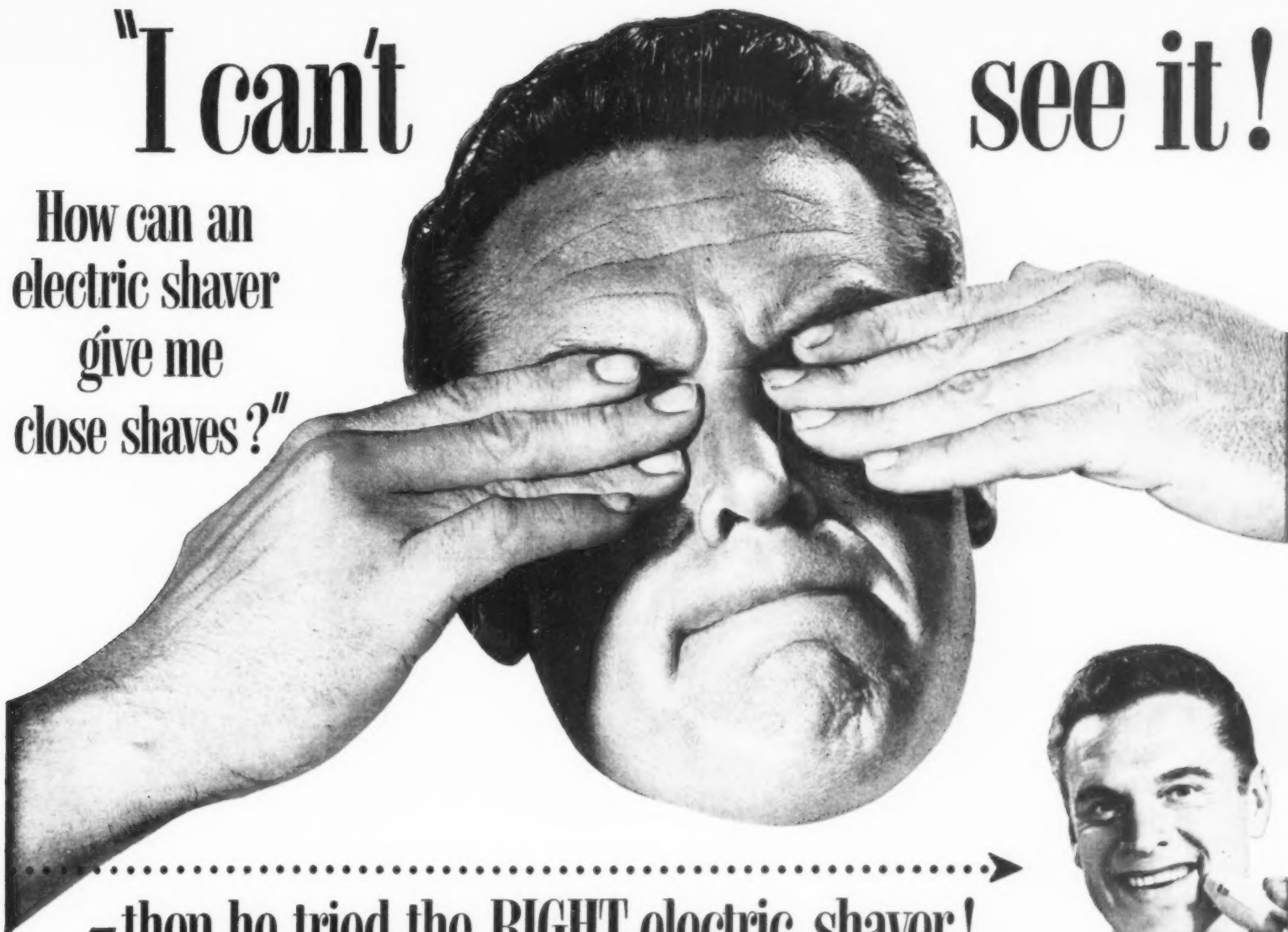
By the time he reached the Sloane Street subway he had decided on a plan of action. He would go home, pack an overnight bag, visit Scotland Yard, then keep out of sight until the police could track down Palvan. If the ambassador was telling the truth, he had a case against Palvan which would interest the Yard.

The subway train was a long time coming. It finally pushed its nose out of the fog that obliterated the far end of the platform, stopped as if surprised

"I can't

see it!

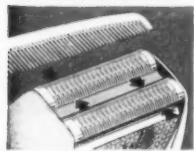
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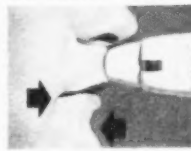
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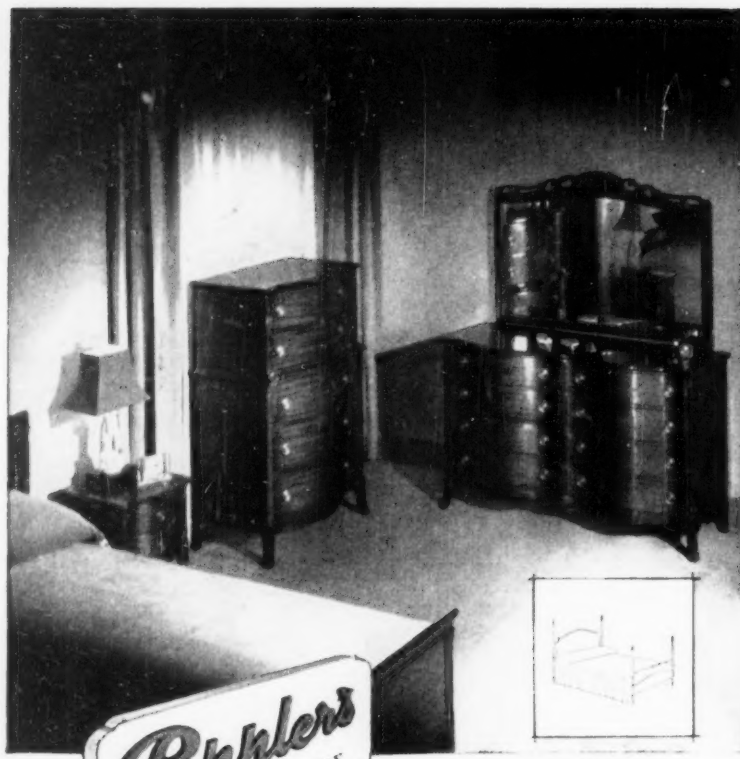
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that it had found the station, then came on with a proud surge of speed.

He rode the train as far as Marble Arch. When he emerged he found himself alone on the long platform, and on the escalator and in the usually crowded station. The people of London, it seemed, had imprisoned themselves in their homes to escape the coal-dust scourge suspended from the sky.

He approached Grosvenor Street from the south. He felt his way along Park Lane and cut up Brook Street. At Grosvenor Square he stopped short and listened for following footsteps. Only silence spun in his ears. He pushed his way through the blue-grey nothingness toward Grosvenor Street.

He was within ten yards of his apartment house when his mind sounded a warning, a telepathic signal. He stopped. Tensely, silently, he waited. Then he heard a sound of stealthy footsteps approaching him. There were two sets of footsteps—at least two persons were pursuing him. He tiptoed to the nearest wall and braced himself against it.

Then he saw the faint outlines of two men. As they brushed past him, he heard them whisper to each other in a foreign language he didn't understand. Their footsteps carried on for a few paces, then stopped, but he could still hear their whispered conversation. They had paused at the entrance to his apartment house.

He listened to their conversation for only a few seconds, though it seemed an eternity. Then he heard them approach once more. Now they walked boldly, their heels clicking on the pavement. Their shadowy outlines moved past him as they strode briskly away from the apartment house. He listened until he figured they were at least fifty yards down the street. Then he made a dash for his apartment house.

The moment he pushed through the door at 823 Grosvenor he felt trapped. There were two other men in the hall. Middleton stared open-mouthed from behind his counter, his milky eyes working nervously, his thin back bent as if on a rack.

"Sir," he whispered hoarsely, "there are two gentlemen waiting to see you."

He could see the two men dimly in the haze at the far end of the hall. They stood relaxed at the foot of the staircase and watched him casually. They made no move to come forward.

"Scotland Yard, sir," Middleton whimpered. "They made me take them down to the storeroom and point out your trunks, but they didn't force them, sir. I watched them carefully."

Gilhooley approached the men slowly. He held his body loosely, every muscle flexed and eager to leap. He paused a safe distance from them.

"You looking for me?"

"Mr. Gilhooley? Mr. Jacobus Gilhooley?" The query came from the taller of the two. He had a common face and a brush mustache and was slim if one could judge by the sharpness of his jaw. He wore a loose raincoat which flared from his armpits.

"Who are you?" Gilhooley demanded.

"We're from the C.I.D. My name is Skeff and this is Mr. Treehurst." He indicated his squat, younger companion. "We would like . . ."

"How do I know you're from the C.I.D.?"

The taller man reached into his pocket for a card. He waited for his companion, who was fumbling through his tweed topcoat, and handed both cards to Gilhooley.

The names were Gerald Skeff and Eric

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Treehurst, Criminal Investigation Department, Metropolitan Branch. The likenesses were accurate and the celluloid which covered the cards bore evidence of much fingering.

"We would like to ask you some questions," Skeff said carefully. "Please understand you are not required to answer. I am not charging you, but if you agree . . ."

Gilhooley growled, "What is this all about?"

Skeff glanced toward the hall porter. He said, "Would you care to continue our talk in your flat?"

"What's wrong with right here?"

"As you wish." He cleared his throat. "At about two o'clock this afternoon you ceded your place on a plane to Barcelona in favor of a certain Mr. Kressman—"

"You're wrong. I didn't cede my place. Somebody I don't know grabbed it before I could get out to the airport."

The C.I.D. man nodded. "That may very well be, but according to our advices Mr. Kressman is a notorious smuggler." He looked at the newsman expectantly.

Gilhooley said, "What has this got to do with me?"

"According to our advices, Mr. Kressman mentioned you as the person who commissioned him to make the trip to Spain."

Gilhooley pushed up angrily and stared the man in the face.

"I don't know Kressman and smuggling doesn't happen to be my business—"

"But you admit you made the plane reservation."

"Yes of course—"

"Then why don't you tell us about it?"

Gilhooley checked a sudden rise of exasperation and told the story of what happened at the airport. The men listened with infinite politeness, interrupting only to ask the name of the taxi service which supplied the car, a fact which the younger man jotted down in a notebook.

"Thank you, Mr. Gilhooley," Skeff said. "Now, we understand from the airways that they called you at about three minutes to six and informed you that Mr. Kressman had been placed under arrest in Spain. Is this correct?"

"It was about then—yes."

"And you instructed the airways to cancel a compartment they had reserved for you on the train ferry. Is this correct?"

"Sure."

"But according to your hall porter, at about ten minutes after six you hurried out carrying two pieces of luggage—"

The detective paused to let the inference dangle.

"Can you tell us what the two pieces of luggage contained and where you have concealed them?"

A tangle of tight emotions broke loose inside Gilhooley. He leaned against the wall and laughed uncon-

trollably. He laughed for himself because it made him feel indescribably fine, like being tickled by an ardent, mischievous girl, and he laughed at the sombrous, dutiful stupidity of the detectives. After the last eight hours his laughter boiled up from an inexhaustible fount of unwinding tension.

The detectives waited patiently.

"I wonder now," said Skeff, "if you would answer my question. There is no compulsion, mind you."

"I'll do better than that," Gilhooley offered sweepingly. "I'll give you the best case you've ever gumshoed!"

"Very good, Mr. Gilhooley. We're all ears as they say."

Skeff played with his scrubby mustache. His partner stood respectfully behind him, his pencil poised on his open notebook. They listened intently to a recounting which, much as he sought to condense it, seemed to Gilhooley long and exceedingly complicated. He observed that Treehurst hadn't taken a note.

When he had finished, Skeff said, "It sounds very serious to me. You should tell it to the subversive division at the Yard."

Gilhooley said, "I'm going to do exactly that."

"Meanwhile you claim, I take it, that your baggage is in the parcel office at Victoria."

"I claim!" Gilhooley smiled a discouraged smile and handed over the baggage checks. "Sure, look 'em over. Full of hot gold bricks."

The detective chuckled. "While we're here, Mr. Gilhooley, you wouldn't mind, would you, if we had a quick look around your flat?"

Gilhooley glared at the man.

Skeff said, "You're quite within your



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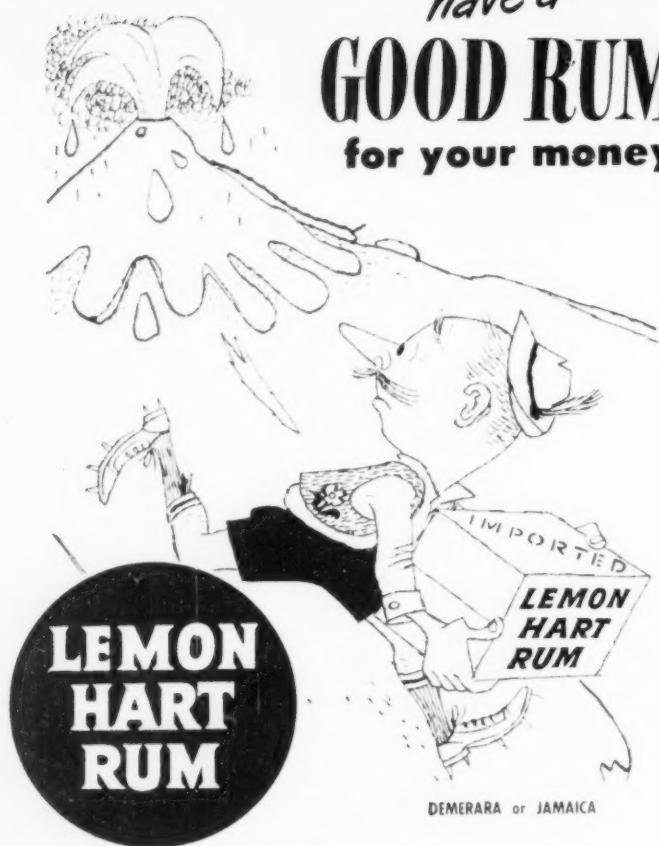
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LEONARD K. SCHIFF

rights to refuse. We've no warrant, you know."

"You're being ridiculous. I do refuse."

Skeff nodded amiably and pulled up his coat collar. "Well then, thank you, Mr. Gilhooley, and good night. Come along, Treehurst."

They were halfway down the hall when Gilhooley called out to them: "You don't believe a word I've told you."

Skeff turned. "I didn't say that. I advised you to ring the Yard."

"I see. Ring the Yard."

"Certainly. Ask for the subversive division. Meanwhile, with your permission, I'll have the police constable on the beat look in now and again. Bright chap. Absolutely first class."

HE WAS angry as he climbed the stairs, angry but easier of mind. The unimaginative men of the C.I.D. had annoyed him but they had brought him out of his shadowy, unreal world into law-abiding London where street thugs declined to take unfair advantage of fog and terror existed in every bedside omnibus.

He heard the phone ringing as he came along the corridor. He unlocked the door, switched on the foyer light and darted into the bedroom.

It was Celia. "I've been calling and calling," she said. "What happened at the embassy and why aren't you here?"

He was warmed by the note of anxiety in her voice. Apparently a crisis was a British prerequisite for a show of human feeling. He said, "You were right, Celia. I've got to go to Scotland Yard. I came back to put a few things in a bag because I'm not staying here tonight, and if that invitation of yours still holds, I'll meet you at the office."

"Oh splendid. See you later."

He hung up, reached into a closet for a canvas flight bag, and packed it with pyjamas, a shirt, a pair of socks and a toothbrush. Then he switched off the light and returned to the foyer. He paused at the door. The two men he had seen in the fog outside might have returned; they might be awaiting him. He wondered if he should leave the apartment by the service entrance which led to a fire escape and into a side alley.

Then he heard a sound; a slight, unrecognizable sound something like a burning log shifting in the fireplace. In response to it he made the mistake of his life. He stepped into the living room.

In the darkened room he could see only fog floating toward the glowing fire. He switched on the light.

Gregor Palvan stood facing him at the desk, a gun in his hand.

Gilhooley froze. His sense of sight, hearing, feeling, everything froze. He couldn't move. He was vividly conscious of his immobility and his mind sought to break it off. It was like trying to break out of a deep nightmare. Then suddenly muscular action

came to his neck and thought swarmed into his brain. He became wildly prescient.

He saw that he was two strides inside the room, that Palvan stood militantly at the desk. He saw a rope coiled along the floor. One end of it was bound to the massive desk. The other end was a noose lying near the window.

Palvan studied him as if bewitched by his mental struggle to release himself from the grip of terror.

"You are also going to hang," Palvan said. It was a low, hard cry from the depths of a terrible hysteria inside the man.

Gilhooley spoke some words but they came to his ears as if from a long distance. "Nobody's going to hang me."

"I will hang you."

Gilhooley took an instinctive step back. The other brought up his gun.

"With or without a bullet in you. The choice is yours."

Gilhooley's brain worked feverishly now. It observed, reasoned, computed; questions and answers tumbled madly about in his consciousness; conclusions came and went without leaving a trace of what had been concluded. Then an overpowering discovery took possession of his brain like a startling idea never before known. Time, time, time. He must play for time.

As if he had read the other's mind, Palvan said, "There is no time. I must have your decision now, this moment. If you walk directly to the window, that will be a decision..." He raised the gun to sight level and his trigger finger tightened. "If you do not, that will also be a decision. Now!"

Time, time, time. It pounded inside him with muscular compulsion. He found himself moving slowly in a straight line toward the window.

He heard the man move swiftly behind him. Not close enough for the main chance, for contact, for struggle. The rope was being dragged on the floor. His ears picked up every footfall and his brain calculated the distance. The man was panting feverishly, like a fiend, a madman. He was not close enough for contact. But he would have to pinion his arms. That would be the moment, the only moment. His ears picked up another sound. It was the blood pounding at his temples. His muscles were tense. He braced himself for the fight of his life.

A thin squeak, scarcely audible came to his ears. The man behind him had stopped moving. The squeak rose in pitch. The man was moving furtively, farther away from him. Then the scuff of many shoes broke thunderously into the room.

He whirled around in time to catch Middleton who stumbled into him as if powerfully propelled. The porter was whimpering like a hurt dog.

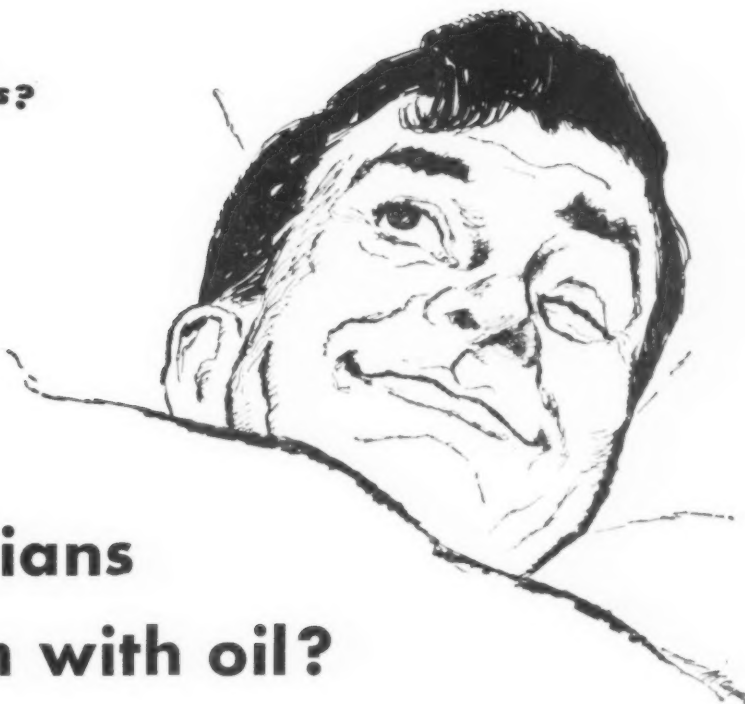
At the entrance stood two men. They might have been twins for the breadth of their shoulders, the flat look to their eyes, the revolver each held loosely in the palm of his right hand. Palvan stood stiffly in the centre of the room



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2¼ millions?

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his gun in one hand, the noose swaying from the other.

The men nodded somewhat solemnly to Palvan, and one came forward and lifted the gun gently out of his hand. The rope dropped to the floor. The other man went back to the foyer, closed and bolted the door, returned into the room and pulled a chair from the desk. He addressed a few words to Palvan in a foreign tongue. The former attache sank into the chair. His lips twisted in a quizzical cast and his eyes narrowed.

Gilhooley watched them and a semblance of reality filtered into the galloping confusion of his mind. He took a single step forward and demanded, "Why don't you take Palvan and get out of here?"

The men gave him only a curt glance as if this was a trivial challenge to the commanding sense of power with which they controlled the room and everyone in it.

They removed their overcoats, laid them carefully on a sofa which sat along a wall opposite the window. One of them pointed to Gilhooley.

"Here!" he ordered, indicating the sofa.

The newsman came slowly across the room. Middleton began to moan and the second man darted to him and cuffed him hard across the head. The moans faded to a mumble and Middleton was shoved to the sofa.

The men worked fast with their hard, powerful hands. They slapped strips of tape across Middleton's mouth, then across Gilhooley's, bound their hands and feet with wire and pushed them down on the sofa. Palvan watched the performance lifelessly, the same quizzical expression, the same narrowness of eyes frozen on his face.

One of the men walked quickly to the door, opened it a crack, then pulled it wide.

The room was suddenly filled with the ambassador.

HE DID a brisk turn about the place like a field commander examining new quarters. His bulky blue overcoat accentuated the immense spread of his starched shirtfront. He did another half-turn of the room, regarded the trussed-up Gilhooley with momentary curiosity, and said, "I must admit you were right. Palvan was indeed in London. He does seem to have had some dealings with the man who stole your seat on the plane. It was a very bad performance by my agents, extremely bad. When a man is right I always admit it. You were right."

Then he pulled up a chair and faced Palvan. The two gunmen took up a position behind him, their flat eyes relaxed and uninterested.

The ambassador began to speak in a foreign language, quietly but with distinct articulation and much fervor. He talked in this tone and mood for more than five minutes before he paused for a response. Palvan had been winding up his expressive lips and now he loosed a tirade of counter-argument. His voice swirled with anger and tears and he came to a climax on his feet, his arms outstretched. Then he sat down hard and glared at the ceiling.

The ambassador's face, tweaking with chagrin, turned briefly to Gilhooley, then thrust its attention once more on Palvan.

The big man began again. This time he argued more vigorously, flicking his thick fingers against Palvan's coat to drive home each point. The former attache interrupted to mumble a reply. This drove the ambassador into a frenzy of rebuttal. He walked around the back of his chair and gestured wildly with his arms and

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suddenly stopped and looked down expectantly. The man in the chair uttered a single word in reply and fell to weeping.

The ambassador looked at his two henchmen and nodded solemnly but with a sense of confidence.

The telephone in the bedroom began to ring. The ambassador gripped Palvan's shoulder and asked a sharp, short question. The former attache shook his head convulsively.

This seemed to propel the ambassador to new and more frantic heights of persuasion. He roamed the room like a bull elephant, twisting toward Palvan with each crescendo of words. The man in the chair sobbed a response which was apparently unsatisfactory. The ambassador leaped toward him and his words were fierce and fervent. He drowned out the insistent ring of the phone, and what he said drove Palvan's head lower and lower until his chin buried itself in his shirtfront. When the ambassador finished, there was no response.

"Why are all traitors fools?" the ambassador grumbled in English, glancing toward Gilhooley. "Worse than fools! Cowards!" Then he glared at Palvan in disgust.

They remained silent a few moments. Then Palvan lifted his head and spoke a hesitant sentence. The ambassador slapped his thighs in sheer futility and gestured to the two gunmen.

They leaned over Palvan and talked to him, one supplementing the other in a continuous flow of words. The former attache's mouth fell open as if he were about to scream and his enormous eyes searched the faces of his inquisitors. The men were now talking at the same time in a curious blend of prayerful tones. Suddenly Palvan clapped his hands over his ears and dug his chin deep into his chest. A great sob burst out of him. Sweat cascaded down his forehead.

The men stepped back.

Palvan lifted his head slowly. A wild sadness akin to terror and ecstasy poured out of his face. The three men ranged themselves along the fireplace and watched him.

The former attache stood up. His neat military figure in its tailored overcoat was rigid a moment, then flung itself into action. He snatched the noose and swung it over his head and his trembling arms tightened the knot at the back of his neck. He ran to the window and shoved it open. A cloud of dense yellow fog poured into the room. For a brief moment he was a ghostly figure on the sill. Then he pitched forward out of sight.

A low whine of hemp sliding over wood filled the silence. There was a dull thump as the rope went taut, and the massive desk creaked a response.

The three men eyed the rope with infinite sadness. Only Middleton's muffled, sickly cough betrayed the solemn quiet.

The ambassador glanced at Gilhooley. He said, "It is not easy," and there was admiration in his inflection.

One of the men went to the window and leaned out. He turned to the others and nodded. The ambassador put on his gloves.

"He was not a bad fellow," he said, looking down at Gilhooley. "If I could have trusted him with a gun it might have been easier. But I think perhaps not. To suffer a little is not a bad thing when you are going to die . . ." He thought on it. "Of course, too much suffering is also not a good thing. We gave him his choice. We could have sent him back."

He rubbed his chin. "It was a good night for it," he added pensively, "and of course it gave him a sense of closeness with his brother. This also helped.

Definitely, I think in the circumstances I would have done exactly the same thing."

He looked directly into Gilhooley's incredulous eyes. "You do not understand it? Well, this is an old story. You Western people do not understand anything about life."

He walked briskly to the foyer, followed by his henchmen. At the door he paused.

"To complain to the foreign office would make no difference," he said to Gilhooley. "They can expel me if they like. Actually I have no crime and

besides tonight I was celebrating my new appointment as foreign minister of the peoples' republic."

The phone was ringing as the last man carefully closed the door. A fresh wind blew a new gust of fog into the room. The rope creaked like a rusty pendulum and Middleton moaned pitifully beneath his gag.

Presently a single, hesitant knock sounded on the door. Gilhooley tried to call out but only an almost inaudible groan emerged. He dropped himself to the floor and wriggled toward the door.

Now there were two polite knocks. Gilhooley inhaled deeply and tried to push his voice through the gag.

A pleasant voice said, "Very sorry, but I was instructed to call by. It's the police constable. Is everything all right, sir?"

Gilhooley shut his eyes. He allowed himself a delicious moment to wonder if what he felt could be recaptured in the despatch he would write as soon as he got free.

He wriggled closer to the door. The phone began to ring once more and he knew it was Celia. ★

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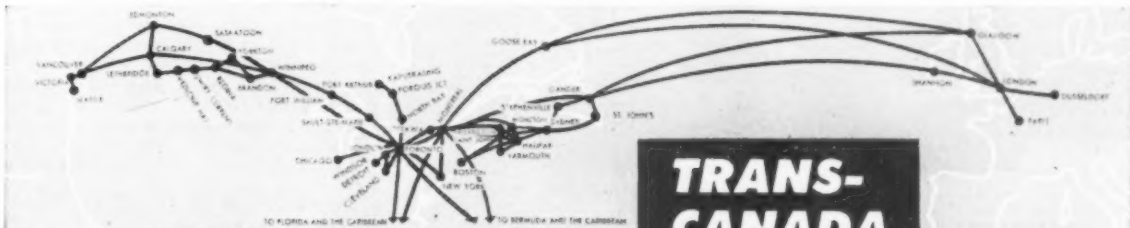
1942 . . .	104,446
1947 . . .	443,783
1952 . . .	1,132,518



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The Great TV Debate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and a type TP6A professional sixteen-millimeter projector is \$12,786. Hell, you can get an ordinary sound film projector for your living room for about four hundred!"

While money occupies a good deal of Soble's conversation he insists that the mere accumulation of wealth breeds unhappiness and is a goal in which he has utterly no interest. These days, as he drives around Hamilton in his black Cadillac convertible or his blue Oldsmobile sedan, he sometimes reflects aloud that given enough money to get by on, a man can find true happiness only by helping others or, as in the case of his TV station, in overcoming a challenge.

In his forty-two years he has undeniably accomplished his full share of good deeds. During the Winnipeg flood, Hamilton raised just sixteen hundred dollars toward relief of the victims. Soble was chagrined at the smallness of this sum.

"No wonder the west hates the east," he remarked in a discussion of the miserable contribution, "it's a disgrace to Hamilton."

He began to think of ways of raising money and decided that tickets on a model home could increase Hamilton's contribution substantially. In a week of frantic organization he induced carpenters, electricians, contractors and painters to donate materials and services free. Soble supervised the around-the-clock building program, with as many as three hundred people working simultaneously. He organized a committee to sell tickets on the five-room brick bungalow for a dollar each. His radio station gave a nail-by-nail account of the dream home's progress and exhorted Hamilton's citizens to buy tickets. At the end of six and a half days the house was complete and Soble turned over the key along with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from ticket sales. The lucky ticket was drawn and Soble went home to bed.

Since many of the projects in which Soble gets involved are handsomely publicized on his radio station it is frequently charged that the man is a promoter, not a real philanthropist. Recently, however, Canadian composers and music lovers were elated to learn that an all-Canadian concert would be staged Oct. 16 in Carnegie Hall where Leopold Stokowski would conduct a symphony orchestra in an all-Canadian program. Profits, if any, from this Canada - at - Carnegie - Hall night will be devoted to the presentation of similar programs in Canadian cities next season. None of the national publicity that greeted announcement of the event revealed that the program had been conceived, promoted and underwritten to the tune of twelve thousand dollars by Kenneth David Soble.

Three years ago Soble grew discontented at the failure of a number of Jewish organizations in Hamilton to raise funds for a long-talked-about community centre. One day Soble phoned a contractor, worked over the design of the place with him and told him to go ahead. Once the foundation was dug and the walls started going up Soble went around saying, "Look, there it is; how about some money?" "When they saw the building actually going up they came through with contributions," Soble says.

Soble called the two-story red brick community centre the Jacob N. Goldblatt Memorial building after a Hamilton friend "who did an awful lot of

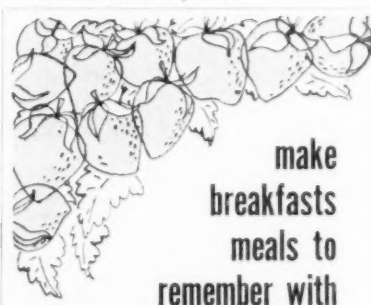
good for people." It cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars and is non-sectarian. Close to forty percent of the members are non-Jewish.

Soble's next project for the community is the building of a new four-hundred-thousand-dollar synagogue for which he has already purchased a large property of beautifully landscaped lawns, gardens and trees. He will head a campaign for fund-raising in the same manner he organized the building of the community centre.

On the night of March 15, 1948, on the eve of the then highest point in his career—the sod-turning ceremony for the three-hundred-thousand-dollar building which houses station CHML—Soble had a problem on his mind: Which of the many eminent guests he should ask to officiate? Hon. Louis St. Laurent, then secretary of state for external affairs, was to be present. So was Hon. Colin Gibson, Canada's secretary of state; Lawrence Steinhardt, U.S. ambassador to Canada, and the usual assortment of local dignitaries.

"Suddenly I thought: Who knows best what this occasion represented to a guy like me? There was only one answer; my mother. I know, everybody has the best mother, but my mother—she's gone now—was the finest. I thought of the fact that she didn't speak very good English, and the thing was going to be broadcast . . . And then I asked myself what the hell kind of a heel I was, anyway, thinking things like that. I knew if I didn't ask her to turn the first sod I wasn't only being ashamed of my origin—I was being ashamed of my mother."

Mrs. Rebecca Soble, assisted by Louis St. Laurent, who guided the tiny woman toward the microphone, turned the first sod the next afternoon and made a brief speech.



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Soble says it sometimes frightens him that so many good things have happened to him. "Why me?" I ask myself," he says, "what'd I do to deserve all this? It sounds silly but all through my life I've found that helping other people has helped me."

Soble had little enough to start with. His father, Jack, worked in a large clothing factory in Toronto when Ken was born June 12, 1911. He disliked school, probably because the family moved frequently and he started in at several schools. When he was thirteen his father became ill and had to stop working and the family rented an old building near Queen Street and University Avenue, where the Canada Life building now stands. They turned it into a restaurant and Soble's mother ran it. When Soble was sixteen his father died and he left school to help his mother. When he wasn't working in the restaurant he was trying other jobs, like mixing chloride of lime and water in his basement to produce javel water. He sold it at sixteen bottles for a dollar.

"The worst part was washing the bottles," he recalls. "They'd often break in the hot water and you'd cut your hands." He bought a Model-T truck for seventy-five dollars to make deliveries. Then he got on the night shift of the maintenance staff at Union Station, spearing waste paper and mopping the vast concourse.

"I hated it," he recalls. "I'd meet people I knew and I'd be embarrassed. One thing it taught me; I never walk into a station now without first wiping my feet."

One day back about 1928 he was sitting on a friend's veranda when a woman stopped and spoke to him. She couldn't get a taxi, she said, and she had to be at a radio station three or four miles away in half an hour. Soble

offered to drive her in his old truck and as they drove she told him her name was Jane Gray and she produced plays for radio. Soble watched the program at CKNC and drove Jane Gray home. He asked a lot of questions and she told him she'd give him a small part in her plays if he showed aptitude. He had a little, it turned out, and Jane Gray gave him a bit part once a week.

Still delivering javel water, he got talking to a man visiting one of his customers. The man said he had a number of calls to make in Toronto but didn't know the city. Soble offered to drive him around. He sold spot announcements in radio for a Montreal advertising firm and Soble got his first insight into commercial radio. Then Jane Gray got a sponsor for her plays and made Soble her announcer.

"I began to figure I could work both ends," he recalls. "I started buying air time, selling spot announcements for it, writing the commercials and announcing them. Soon I was making thirty-five and forty bucks a week."

In 1933 when he heard the Major Bowes Amateur Hour, a new radio program from New York, he sensed such a program would sell in Toronto if there were a studio large enough to accommodate an audience.

"Then I heard that the old Grand Central Market was on its last legs," he remembers. "I suggested that if they gave me some space I'd put seats in it and hold programs. I pointed out that if people came to watch they might buy something at the market. It must have made sense to them or maybe the space was just going to waste; anyway, they rented me the hall for a dollar a year."

He bought four hundred second-hand seats from a vacant theatre and talked a couple of engineers at CKCL into working for him in their spare time on speculation.

That launched the Ken Soble Amateurs who, through the next ten years, grew into one of the most popular radio programs in Canada. At one period they appeared on a twenty-five station national network. For years they broadcast from theatres all over Ontario on a provincial hookup. One of the early winners was a twelve-year-old jazz pianist from Montreal named Oscar Peterson who used his prize money to buy a piano his family couldn't afford. Peterson today is one of the most successful popular music pianists on the continent. Soble still holds amateur contests on a small scale. Each year CHML carries the program for eight weeks.

In 1936 when the Amateurs were getting nicely under way Soble was visited by a pianist from Hamilton named Todd Smith who needed a job. Soble had no opening, but he gave Smith a note to a hotelman who owed him some money, asking a room for Smith in return for the debt. After unsuccessfully looking for work Smith returned to Hamilton. Two months later Soble got a telephone call from a man who identified himself as Senator Arthur C. Hardy of Hamilton.

"I own radio station CHML," the voice stated. "I want you to be its manager."

"Sure, sure," replied Soble, feeling it was a gag. "Why don't you come to my office and we'll sign a contract."

An hour later a distinguished gentleman entered Soble's office.

"I'm Senator Hardy," he said, offering his hand. "How much money do you want?"

Soble recalls that when he recovered his composure he signed a five-year contract, obtaining a verbal commitment that he could buy the station if the senator ever decided to sell.

No matter
what they track
in your kitchen...



"IVY SQUARE"
No. 830. Also
in yellow and white.
6' or 9' wide.



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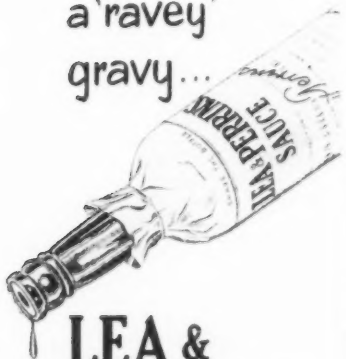
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C-21

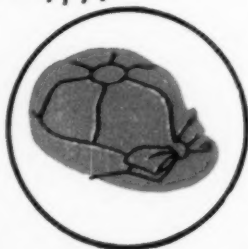


Make it snappy
with the Red Cap Pappy!

Everything ends on a happy note when you serve Carling's new Red Cap Ale. Its NEW, LIGHTER ALE TASTE adds to your good times... no wonder more and more people are joining in the chorus for Red Cap.

CARLING'S

NEW Red Cap Ale



6-1

CHML was losing money; Soble signed for a salary and a percentage of increased business. One thing bothered him; why had the senator picked him?

"You were recommended, most glowingly I must say, by a young man at our station," the senator told him. "A young piano player named Smith." Smith later changed his name to Todd Russell, moved to Toronto where he became a leading m.c. for radio quiz shows and today is successful in television and radio in New York.

"It was when the senator mentioned Todd Smith that I began to wonder about this business of helping other people," Soble reflects today. "I'd driven Jane Gray to a radio station and she got me into the business. I'd helped a guy from Montreal find his way around Toronto and he'd shown me the inside of commercial radio. Then I put Smith up in a hotel and he helped me get the manager's job at CHML. I've tried to help people ever since and the dividends are sometimes frightening."

Soble became owner of CHML in 1942. "In spite of my verbal agreement with the senator, Jack Kent Cooke of Toronto somehow talked me into signing an option," he recalls. "Cooke came over to Hamilton and told me he'd just bought the station. I asked: 'What happens to me?'"

"Why, Ken," Cooke said, grinning. "You're out."

Then, Soble says, he wrote to every member of parliament whose name he knew and to the CBC's board of governors, reminding them of a recently announced policy of discouraging multiple ownership of radio stations. Cooke, wrote Soble, owned the station at Rouyn, Que., and therefore should not be eligible for a license to operate CHML.

Jane Was a Surprise Package

A different version is given by Roy Thomson, owner of several radio stations and newspapers and a former partner of Cooke.

"Cooke didn't own the Rouyn station," Thomson says. "I did. And Cooke didn't negotiate with Senator Hardy. I did that, too. Cooke might have gone over to Hamilton and sounded off because he was associated with me."

Cooke says he doesn't recall telling Soble he'd be fired. "My recollection of the transaction coincides with Roy Thomson's," he says.

At any rate it was Soble who bought the station, and he has operated it successfully for eleven years. His policy, he says, "is to pay a little more and get the best." Advertisers are charged for production costs and the money is divided between the announcer, the commercial writer and the operator. For some of CHML's top people it amounts to as much as two hundred and fifty dollars a week in addition to their salaries. Almost all of CHML's announcers earn at least nine thousand dollars a year, according to Tom Darling, the general manager. Jane Gray and Gordie Tapp, approach twenty thousand a year in Hamilton, a city of two hundred and seventy thousand people.

Jane Gray, who introduced Soble to radio, was barely making a living four years ago, and asked Soble for a job.

"I offered her a cheque and she wouldn't take it," Soble relates. "We gave her an audition. Both Tommy Darling and Denny Whitaker, the advertising manager, agreed she wouldn't do. I shared their lack of enthusiasm. She seemed too folksy and chatty for me. I happened to tell my mother Jane had been in looking for a job. She asked me if I had given her one,

and I told her that I had not.

"You give that woman a job," my mother said solemnly. "If it wasn't for her you wouldn't be in radio."

"But, mama," I said, "there's no place."

"Make a place."

"So I told Tommy and Denny we were hiring Jane. They thought I was crazy. I thought I was, too. For two months we tried to persuade Jane not to bother working, just to pick up her cheque. Suddenly, we started getting a trickle of letters, then a deluge. We discovered she was the most-listened-to personality we had. Today there's a waiting list of advertisers anxious to get on Jane's two hours a day. She makes more money for us than anyone we've got. I think I'm doing someone a favor—although it was all my mother's doing—and look what happens."

Soble, his wife Frances and their three daughters, Joan, twelve, Donna, nine, and Marlene, five, live in a ten-room house in Hamilton's east end. Frances, tall and gracious, does not have help and runs her home with a quiet serenity. When Marlene heard her daddy had bought the Hamilton Arena she was overjoyed.

"Does this mean," she asked, "that we can get into hockey games free?"

"I suppose it does," Soble replied.

"And can we have hot dogs free?" asked five-year-old Marlene.

"No, it doesn't mean that."

"Well, what's the sense of buying the rink then?" she demanded.

"You can hear the hockey broadcasts," her father teased, "and check the commercials for me."

"Commercials!" yelled Marlene. "I hate commercials."

Commercials, the life's blood of radio, have made Soble the wealthy man who became the most talked-about person in Hamilton last March when three deals broke within two or three days of one another. He purchased the gloomy Hamilton Arena, took over ownership of the senior and junior hockey teams and acquired, along with the two publishing families, the Siftons and the Southams, a license to operate the television station.

"I know absolutely nothing about hockey and stayed away from the arena because it was dirty and run-down," he relates. "But last winter our hockey team lost forty-six out of forty-eight games in the Senior OHA and Hamilton became a laughing stock. One morning a headline in the paper heralded the team's first victory in twenty-five games and that's when I decided that Hamilton was through being a joke." He is spending half a million dollars on renovating the arena and putting money into better players.

"It's what the people want," he says, going back to his own formula for success.

Soble applied independently for a television license four years ago and applications also were received by the CBC's Board of Governors from the Southam and Sifton publishers. St. Clair Balfour, publisher of the Spectator, acting on behalf of the Southams, recalls that the three of them got together to apply for a single license on his suggestion. "With all three of us seeking the one channel there was the possibility we'd all lose out," he explains, "so I suggested to Soble and Clifford Sifton, who runs radio station CKOC here, that we get together." The other two appointed Soble president and general manager. "As far as I'm concerned he's one of the best men in the field," Balfour says. "I think Soble now is very interested in making a contribution to the community."

"I give them what they want," says Soble. "It's the human touch." ★

Are there good jobs in a nickel mine?



"Yes, there are good jobs and a lot of them in the nickel mines and plants. There is still a certain amount of heavy work to do, but machines have made most jobs a lot easier and more pleasant. For instance, the ore today is handled almost entirely by machines instead of by pick and shovel."



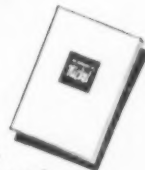
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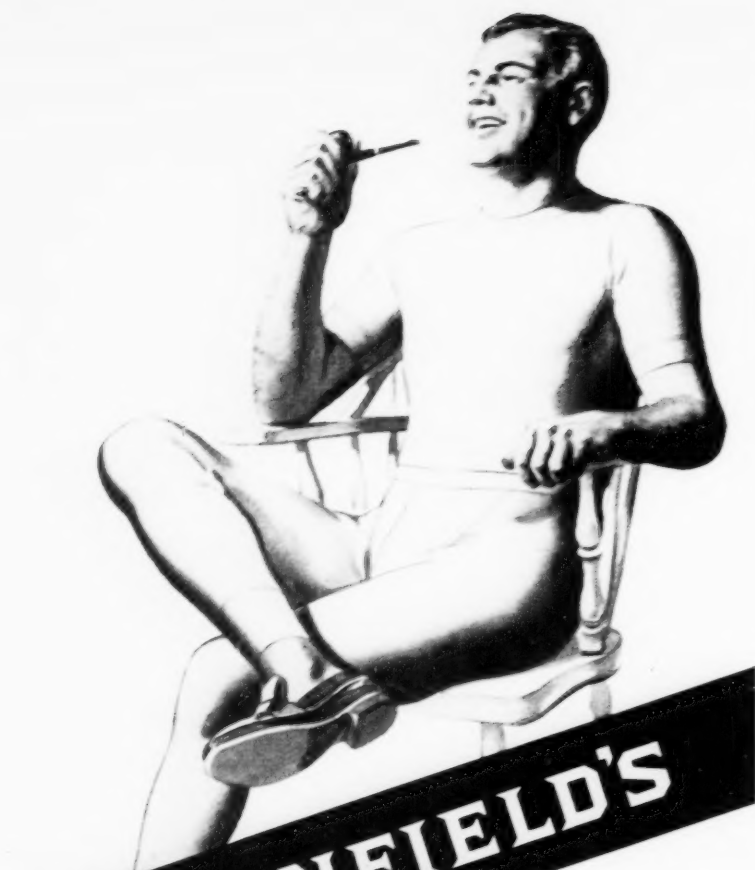
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A Day in a Mental Hospital

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"This makes me feel better." After a week or so the delusion leaves him. The outside world is no place for people like these. The hospital is a haven where their fractured minds may heal and where they will do no harm to themselves or others.

It is six a.m., the lights are switched on, and life on the ward begins. Some patients leap out of bed, dress and begin to shave with special hospital razors with locked-in blades. Others open their eyes and then lie still, unwilling to face yet another bleak day. The will to go on living has all but vanished. One such patient is a blond youth of twenty. He requires a "total push"—help with even the simplest rites of living.

Breakfast of porridge, milk, bacon, eggs, coffee, bread and jam is brought down from the kitchen in a pushcart and served in 6-B's own plainly furnished dining room. Some patients have healthy appetites and finish their meal in fifteen minutes; others eat cautiously and may take more than an hour. In the corner, the blond youth is being fed by an aide. Left to himself, there is a possibility that he would slowly starve himself to death. "I don't want to eat . . . a glass of cold water will be enough," he whispers. Refusal to eat can be an indirect method of suicide. In extreme cases, a patient may have to be kept alive by tube or intravenous feeding.

After breakfast a half-dozen patients volunteer to help the aides do the ward's housekeeping—making beds, polishing and washing floors. Some patients like to do exactly the same job every day and are insulted if somebody else does it. Compulsive patients do their chores with extraordinary scrupulousness. One man, who makes up the beds, wants them to be all perfectly smooth when the supervisor carries out his inspection. If someone should happen to sit on a bed before inspection and ruffle it, the patient rips up the twenty-five beds and starts all over again. Another patient, a stocky man of forty, will continue to mop the same two square feet of floor until someone moves him on to a new area.

By nine the daily chores are finished and the patients disperse. One group will continue to be medically investigated—X-rays, blood tests, psychiatric interviews and so on. Others will be sent for electric or insulin shock treatment. Some go outside for lawn bowling or a ball game; others work in the occupational therapy shop or play cards or billiards in the recreation room. A half dozen or so sit by themselves, completely engrossed in the terrors and wonders of their own private world.

I go along with a group of six men to a screened-in portion of the dormitory where electric shock treatment is given. The exact physiological process by which a series of brief electric shocks helps the patient is not known. But what is apparent is that these shocks cheer up the depressed patient and calm down the excited one. It is as though the patient is sharply jolted out of his abyss back into the world of normalcy.

The new patients fear shock treatment. "Will it hurt?" they ask. "What if the machine goes haywire and I'm electrocuted?" Dr. John Smythies stands waiting at the head of the treatment table; around the table are six aides. The doctor's equipment is simple. The shock box is of black metal, no larger than a cigar box. Beside him is oxygen equipment in

case the patient develops respiratory difficulty. In his pocket are his forceps. Sometimes the patient's tongue flies back into his throat and has to be hurriedly pulled out.

The first patient lies down on the table. He is a dark man of thirty-eight who was admitted two weeks ago. His cousin, with whom he lived, reported that three months earlier he began to lose interest in his work and became increasingly seclusive and depressed. The doctor applies the electrodes to either side of the patient's head and places a hard rubber heel, wrapped in white gauze, in his mouth. He clicks the power switch on for a fraction of a second, which sends seventy volts through the patient. His whole body jerks; six pairs of strong hands hold him to the table to prevent bone fractures. Now his body is tightening and stiffening. His neck is turning a deep red and the arteries bulge. Suddenly, the tightening and stiffening cease. The patient relaxes for a fraction of a second and then his whole body convulses wildly. There are about a dozen spasms, each one briefer and spaced farther apart than the one before. It ends in a few minutes with the patient in a coma, snoring loudly. The aides roll the patient over on a stretcher and wheel him to a nearby bed.

The next patient, scheduled for his second shock, is reluctant to get on the table. "It's my back," he says. "I've got a pain in my back. This thing will kill me." Treatment is postponed. Although like all other patients he has been X-rayed and found physically sound the hospital takes no chances. He will be X-rayed again. The next patient, a veteran of twelve treatments, jumps on the table in a matter-of-course way.

The Shock That Cures

When the treatments are completed I go over to the beds and speak to the first patient. He has slept for fifteen minutes. Now he is sitting up, looking around. "What are you doing in bed?" I ask him. He doesn't know. "What year is it?" I ask. He is confused by my questions. "Is it 1954?" he asks cautiously. This state of confusion is only temporary. After a few hours he will be able to think as clearly as before. He has experienced no pain from the shock and remembers nothing after the electrodes were placed on his head.

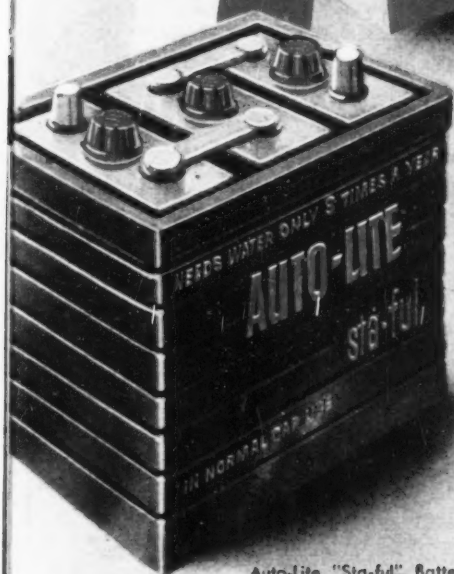
I go down the hall to a private ward where there are seven beds surrounded by high canvas guards. This is where insulin shock therapy is given—therapy that is more elaborate, takes longer, but is more effective in certain types of schizophrenia. At seven a.m., the selected patients are given an injection of insulin; the highest dosage is two hundred units. Soon they grow drowsy and go into a sub-coma state called a sopor. I watch a patient in his early twenties, who since his admittance has complained of a mysterious radar-like machine which reads all his thoughts. By nine o'clock his body begins to convulse and he is entering a state of coma. He is wrapped in a white sheet and his protruding toes twitch sharply while he thrashes his arms. The movement stops and he is staring ahead, eyes open, as immobile as a marble statue. Dr. Derry Hubbard, the physician in charge, pulls the hair sharply at the side of his head. There is no response. "He is now in a coma," he says. "He can't be roused from this state without doses of glucose."

After an hour and a half of this deathlike sleep, the patient is given fifty cc's of glucose through his nose. Because carbohydrates, abundant in sugar, potatoes and bread, offset the effect of the insulin, the patient is

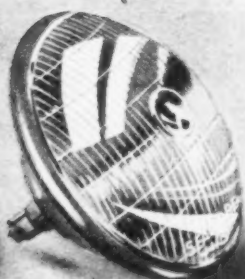
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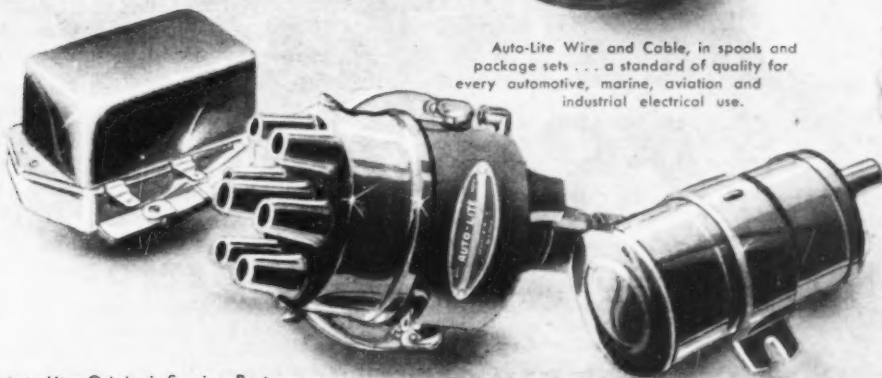
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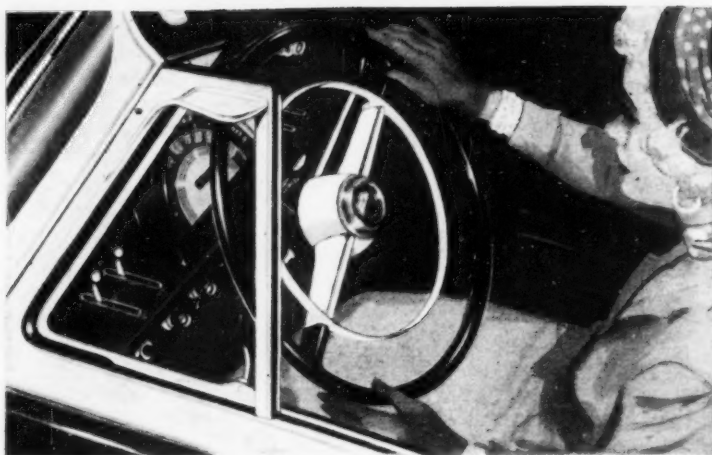
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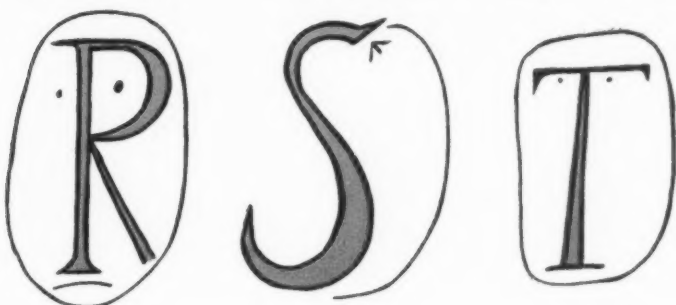
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awake in a few minutes. The heavy carbohydrate diet continues all day. As soon as he sits up the patient drinks two glasses of sugary apple juice followed by a few cups of sweet tea and toast. After a shower he eats a heavy meal with large portions of potatoes and bread. At 2.30 he will be given cereal and milk which has been heavily sugared. Thereafter, along with the other insulin-shock patients, he will follow the hospital routine of work and recreation. An aide will always be near the group, carrying a large bottle of glucose mixture in case any patient begins to feel dizzy. After a complete course of insulin treatment — fifty comas within three months—patients will gain twenty or thirty pounds because of the heavy carbohydrate diet.

The patient usually has no recollections of the sopor or coma. One patient, who for several minutes thrashed his arms wildly about and groaned, wakes up and says, "It's the most restful sleep I've had in years." But sometimes the sleep is accompanied by haunting nightmares. One patient says, "I dreamt that my bowels and my head were being twisted and braided like two pieces of rope." Another recalls: "I was being chopped up into little cubes of meat."

But this unpleasantness is minor compared to the benefits. The long series of death-like sleeps seems to give the mind a chance to heal. Weyburn doctors estimate that seventy percent of all patients receiving insulin shock benefit greatly from it, with a relapse rate of ten percent. The earlier the disease of schizophrenia is attacked by insulin the more effectively it works. But, like all other mental hospitals, short of both space and staff, Weyburn has to be selective in its insulin treatment program. The patient whose illness is of comparatively recent origin is given priority. Long-term sufferers must wait.

I go back to the ward where the investigation of more new arrivals is under way. In a side room, psychologist Charles Jillings is giving an epileptic patient one of a series of tests. Some of the tests are complicated like the Rorschach "ink blot" test: the patient views a series of cards containing ink blots and describes what they suggest to him. By studying the replies, Jillings hopes to detect the patient's abnormal pattern of thinking and feeling. The test now under way is a simple one. "Draw a picture of a person," says Jillings. No one test is conclusive; it is only one of many diagnostic tools used to penetrate the inner workings of the patient's mind. The patient pencils the crude outline of a male body with faint, disjointed lines. Later Jillings says, "This is probably

the way the patient feels—shattered, incomplete." After analyzing hundreds of such drawings Jillings has learned to spot significant details. A figure may contain several huge popping eyes, which Jillings interprets as meaning that the patient "imagines that he's under surveillance—people are staring at him." Absence of feet may mean that the patient is insecure. "He literally feels that he hasn't a leg to stand on."

I look at one drawing in which the stomach is huge and grotesque. This patient is convinced that his internal organs have become swollen and calcified. It is not unusual for patients to have equally terrifying bodily sensations. Their skin may feel silken or scaly or furry or appear to wither away until nothing is left but bone. One patient, hospitalized for thirteen years, explains to me, "I've got cancer and my liver has turned to stone. They took my main nerve out. I'm being kept alive by radar and X-ray machines. It's a miracle."

The psychotic patient experiences these sensations with an intensity and sense of reality unknown to the normal person. I know. A few days earlier, to help in Weyburn's research into mental illness, I had taken lysergic acid diethylamide, an experimental drug which for twelve hours turned me into a madman. At several points, I was deathly ill because I was convinced that I had turned into a black stone surrounded by a ghastly yellowish-green vapor. (See *Maclean's*, Oct. 1.)

In another side room, a sodium amylal interview is in progress. This drug, which is slowly dripped into a vein of the arm by a hypodermic needle, encourages talkativeness and is sometimes known as "the truth serum." The patient is a lanky teen-ager who has been sent for observation by the criminal court after he had shot seventeen bullets into his home, narrowly missing his father. The youth has been uncommunicative since his arrival. Little is known about him: he quarreled with his father a good deal, he resented his father's remarriage a few months ago, and he was apparently a normally sociable person until three years ago when he suddenly began to drop all his friends and became a social recluse. The doctor poses his questions in a quiet voice. The patient is lying down and answers in a drowsy hesitating voice.

"How do you like your father?"

"I don't . . . he's cross and grouchy and he wouldn't pay me enough for working for him."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"She died . . . I remember she kept asking for water when she was dying . . . I felt sad . . . sad . . . sad."

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"Do you ever have a good time, like going out with girls?"

"I like girls but they won't go out with me."

"Why?"

"It's on account of the disease."

The doctor sharpens his questions and listens to the answers attentively. Here is significant information. Four years ago the patient began to give up the friends because of a disease which he imagined made him "smell." He was not fit to associate with anyone. With the passage of the years, this delusion had become firmly entrenched. The interview continues: the teenager's eyes are closed now and his voice is reduced to a whisper.

"I want you to re-live the day of the shooting. You are outside the house. There's a gun in your hands. What's the country look like?"

"There's a range of hills."

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm angry at my father. I'm crossing a fence and I get the idea of shooting."

"Had you been drinking?"

"Yes. I had half a bottle of rum. I am tight. I see things double. Just before I shot at some crows and missed."

"Why do you drink?" Do you like the taste?"

"I hate the taste but it makes me feel strong and at ease."

The patient's voice falters and becomes inaudible. His feet stop wagging. Soon, the only sound in the room is his deep regular breathing.

The Man Who Smells Smoke

At this moment the doctor doesn't know exactly what all this adds up to. His final diagnosis will require extensive investigation but a picture of the patient is beginning to form in his mind. There's the important fact that the patient re-lived the shooting affair with a singular lack of emotion. A less seriously ill person would have shown excitement, anger, remorse and might perhaps have broken into tears. The doctor notes the possibilities of schizophrenia—a possibility strengthened by the fact that the patient has olfactory hallucinations. In this disease, the senses often run amok as if some monstrous practical joker has jumbled the sensitive nerve-nets in the brain. One patient, for example, is convinced that he smells smoke wherever he goes. Another, a little white-haired man, "hears" someone trying to get into his head via his left ear and tries to frighten them off by shouting, "Keep away! Get out!" Still another patient, a middle-aged farmer, hears voices from heaven. One day while out on the grounds with a working party he attempts to jump in the path of a truck because "that's what God told me to do."

I go to lunch with the patients at 11.30 (beef stew, peas, potatoes, coffee, milk, ice cream, bread) and later I accompany a group down to the hospital canteen in the basement. Relatives may leave a spending allowance of up to four dollars a week for coffee, cigarettes, candy, pop, and other sundries. Some patients guard every penny carefully; others, like the grey-haired man of seventy who always writes cheques on mysterious banks, shoots his entire four dollars at once, buying things for other patients. The next morning he is found pilfering cigarettes out of another patient's pocket because he can't afford to buy his own. Matches are never sold to patients because of the danger of fire; their cigarettes are always lighted for them.

Outside, a storm is threatening and now most of the patients are back on the ward. Some patients stay to them-

selves, completely absorbed in their own world of phantasy. They are the ones who are always found in the exact same spot, as if they derive a feeling of security from familiar surroundings. One patient is always sitting at the left of the door leading to the next ward; another arranges his chair exactly ten inches from the wall before sitting down; still another is slumped against the wall in the washroom. If anyone enters, he leaves and will not return until the room is empty again. The loneliest ones are the catatonic schizophrenics. They remain motionless, hour after hour like cast-iron statues. One stands over his bed, clutching a corner of his blanket; another spends all afternoon staring at the same page of an opened book.

The patient's desire for privacy is respected. A patient who is about to be discharged tells me, "I don't interfere with anyone. I watch and if a fellow wants to talk, I talk. But I don't go up to a fellow I don't know well. You never know what's on his mind and I don't want to upset him."

Those who are less ill lead a more sociable life. I join a group of three men who are sitting around a table casually playing cards. The first, an alcoholic, starts telling me about his last binge and the trouble it got him into. "This damned drinking is a disease," he says. "I remember that my uncle was a drunk and how awful it was for his family but now I do the same myself, me with three young kids. Yup... it's a damned disease." One of his companions is sceptical. "There's nothing wrong with you," he says. "My bed's next to yours and you sleep at night so you must be all right. Take me. I can't sleep. Nerves in my stomach. I've lost thirty pounds in three months. It's my wife. She makes expenses for me. I buy a new car so she drives it around."

"Gas doesn't cost much," I interrupt.

He ignores my remark and keeps talking, his anger rising. "I have a son fifteen and I gave him the best of everything. Then my wife tells me he's not my son. It killed me... it made me crazy." Most of the time the patient appears to be normal and rational, but when he gets on the subject of his wife he is carried away. The third man in the card game is a soft-spoken pleasant man in his early thirties. His condition has been difficult to diagnose. He has no dramatic symptoms, only a constantly gnawing sense of anxiety and fear that something terrible is going to happen; it's so crippling that he can't concentrate on his work when he gets a job, nor can he enjoy a social life on the outside. "I'd like to be like other people," he's saying. "I'd like to have a job. I'd like to get married. But I wouldn't be able to support a wife... this thing keeps eating away at me..."

Over in the corner a bespectacled man in his mid-twenties is sitting with a Bible in his hands, facing another patient in his teens. He has been talking uninterruptedly about religion for about forty minutes. His companion stares at him and makes no reply. A loud clap of thunder outside is followed almost immediately by a flash of lightning. The man with the Bible leaps up and comes to our table. "Do you read your Bible?" he asks us earnestly. "Do you make the sign of the cross?" No one answers so he goes away. A player shrugs his shoulders. "He's all tied up. He's got religion on the brain."

These men will soon be moving on from here. In the admission ward, the average stay is only about three or four months. Patients are observed, diagnosed, treated and then either transferred to another part of the hospital or discharged. In the chronic wards

some patients have remained for five, ten, fifteen years or longer. I spend some of my time in these wards. Here life assumes a more static quality. The society here is a million miles removed from the busy town of Weyburn where the hospital is located.

In the chronic ward I find that, more than in other parts of the hospital, patients group themselves in exactly the same manner, day after day, month after month. There are the single ones: a tall man with thinning hair, carefully paces off thirty feet of corridor, abruptly turns and retraces his steps; another patient stands at the same window all day watching the sun move across the sky. There are the same groups of two, three or more; there is little or no communication between them.

I am haunted by the question: Why do some chronic schizophrenics stand alone? It is difficult and usually impossible to break into each patient's prison of madness to find the explanation. My own vivid memories from my voluntary drug-induced madness and from talks with psychiatrists give me what may be a partial answer. The lonely ones may isolate themselves through fear of being hurt or through fear that they may hurt others or because they appear monstrous in their own eyes and unfit to associate with their fellow man. One patient explains, "I had the feeling that people are against me as if I was dead or something . . . I saw a fellow's hand turn white before my eyes. I had the power to make him a skeleton so I turned away." The patient at the window watching the sun all day feels no other course of action is open to him. "It is the eye of God," he explains. "That's the way he speaks to me and tells me what's going to happen." This patient has a confused sense of time. He predicts such things as the death of a staff member and the demolition of the powerhouse roof by a windstorm several days after these events have occurred.

Why do some patients cluster silently in groups, so close together that they are touching each other? My own explanation is that they derive a measure of comfort and security from physical contact with another human being. When I was a temporary madman, I repeatedly felt myself being pulled by an invisible force to a bottomless pit where utter pain and wretchedness awaited me. Merely touching the hand of the doctor beside me did much to allay my fear.

The task of the hospital staff is to lead these chronic patients back to the world of reality. But it is a formidable task. The psychotic is completely absorbed by his nightmare realm. Our weapons to rescue him are meager. There is an urgent need for research into new methods of treatment.

We do have some successful treatment methods: shock treatment; psychotherapy; social, recreational and work activity. But even these services have to be doled out sparsely because of staff, accommodation and equipment shortages. The Weyburn hospital, with two thousand patients, has only thirteen doctors and a hundred and sixty-five aides. Most other institutions are in the same position. Thus, the patient who fails to respond to treatment often has to be abandoned in favor of more promising cases. Forgotten and neglected, he sinks deeper and deeper into his nightmare world.

Two years ago, the Weyburn hospital gave a remarkable demonstration of how many "hopeless" patients could be salvaged simply by filling their days with supervised activity. Doctors Derek Miller and John Clancy selected one hundred male patients—a cross



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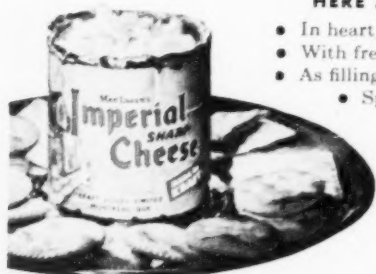
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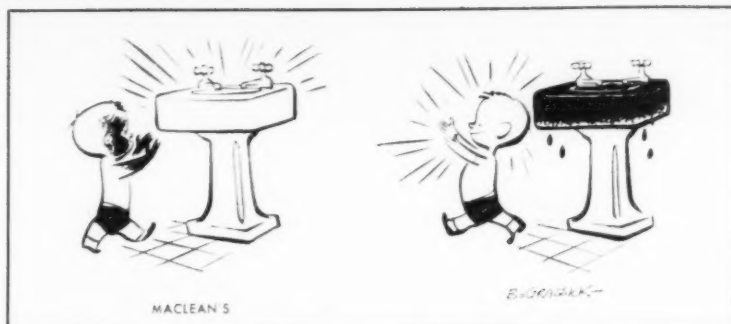
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section of the hospital's most serious cases. They had been in hospital anywhere from two to seventeen years. They were placed in the brightest ward in the hospital and divided into small groups with an aide assigned to each one. All day they were kept busy. After six months this group required a total of only twelve sedatives, compared to the hospital average of six hundred and eight sedatives per hundred patients. The room reserved for noisy patients, went unused. Restraint cuffs were employed on only one occasion for one hour. Total destruction of property amounted to five pairs of pants, two cups, one flower pot and two window panes—far below the average. Twenty-five patients were well enough to be discharged to their homes.

Now it is four o'clock in the afternoon, the regular visiting time. The hospital encourages visits and letters from friends and families because continued contact with the outside world is important to the patient. I am sitting in the corridor outside the ward where outside visitors are received by the patients. A grey-haired couple are talking earnestly to their son, a man in his mid-thirties. He is looking away from them and remains utterly silent. The mother turns to her husband and shrugs her shoulders; tears drop down her cheeks. Visits can be painful to relatives. The patient may show little or no sign of recognition or affection. Sometimes he may become openly abusive. "But," says Dr. Humphry Osmond, the hospital's acting superintendent, "even if the sick patient can't show it, he values seeing familiar and friendly faces."

Privately, the doctors advise the relatives. "Act natural. Bring pleasant news of home. Don't advise or scold. Don't be disturbed by harrowing accounts of how your relative is being abused and punished. That's part of the illness." But some visits are marked by tears, others are punctuated by laughter. Across from me, a pretty young woman is talking to her husband who was admitted to hospital a month ago. She is relating the antics of their four-year-old daughter when she took her out to dine for the first time in a restaurant.

Back in the ward, the mail has just arrived and lies in a pile on the supervisor's desk. He glances through the letters, censoring parts of them in the interests of the patient. One letter contains a paragraph describing a traffic death. "The man that was killed was the patient's closest friend," explains the supervisor. "The patient is depressed—he just can't take that news now." He turns to a pile of outgoing letters written by patients and starts going through them. He stops and carefully re-reads a passage in one of them. It is from an uncommunicative patient written to his brother. In a neat handwriting he describes how a voice has told him that a former associate is trying to kill him. The supervisor lays the letter aside. "I will show it to the doctor," he says. "It will be useful to

him in treating the patient."

Every evening, from six to eight, there is a program for the patients. Tonight's activity is a dance in the assembly hall. By the time I get there, there are already about two hundred men and women on the floor or sitting around watching. For members of the orchestra are patients. The pianist is a girl of twenty-two who suddenly returned to her music after an absence of four years. "Since she began playing again," the aide tells me, "her behavior on the ward has improved." The drummer is mentally retarded but he is gifted with an unusually fine sense of rhythm.

The floor is now covered with dancers. A tall man and a short woman walk carefully around the perimeter of the floor in time to the music. An attractive girl in her early twenties is dancing joyously by herself. Seldom do the patients have a strong sexual interest in each other; mental illness impairs the natural instincts. I dance with a comely blonde in a pink dress. We comment on the orchestra and the other dancers. I compliment her on her gracefulness. The next day she sends her nurse to thank me for dancing with her. The conclusion of each number is met with applause and cheers. Everyone seems to be having a good time.

One night when a movie was being shown a mistake was made in the choice of the picture. The story concerned a psychopathic killer who murdered several people before he was caught. One of the patients said, "I don't like it. It makes me feel uncomfortable." Others shared his uneasiness. On another evening, a panel of patients opposed a panel of experts in the game of Twenty Questions. Eight times out of ten, the patients emerged victorious. Mental illness usually leaves what might be called "mechanical intelligence" intact. There is one patient who can beat all the staff doctors at chess; another can work out complicated mathematical problems with little difficulty.

Amateur nights are a regular feature of the hospital. They encourage the patients to emerge from their shells, to express themselves. A middle-aged man with the physique of a wrestler vigorously recites The Shooting of Dan McGrew. Another patient sings a cowboy lament. While he plays through the chorus on a comb and a piece of tissue paper, a stout woman mounts the stage and performs the exercises she has been taking in her calisthenics class.

Not all the patients are well enough to engage in these evening activities. The extremely senile, the disturbed, the brain-injury cases remain in their wards. Not long ago, as an experiment, a noisy, boisterous film was shown to a selected group of deteriorated schizophrenics, who had long withdrawn from the real world. They watched in silence, showing no visible reaction.

As therapy, work is considered even more valuable than play. In all wards, patients are encouraged to volunteer

for housekeeping chores, but the greatest concentration of able-bodied workers is in the parole ward. Of one hundred and fifty patients, all but twenty-five are employed full or part time. They not only do all the work on the ward, a few of them also supervise it. They have free access to the hospital grounds and work on the farm, in the cow-barn, piggery, laundry, kitchen, carpentry shop or with the plumbing or garbage gang. They leave the ward early in the morning, put in a good day's work and return to the ward at night. Many of these patients have been going through this routine for as long as fifteen years. The supervisor tells me, "Most of these patients shouldn't be in a mental hospital. They're here only because nobody else wants them. They've got nowhere else to go."

I learn the truth of this observation after talking to several patients and looking through their records. Most of them are older people—a hundred of the one hundred and forty-seven are over fifty—whose relatives are not interested in them. They never have visitors. Some have no families. One of these patients was admitted in 1934. For two years he was slightly disturbed, but for the last seventeen years, the record shows, he's been industrious, polite, tidy and dependable. For one period he had assumed control of the tailor shop. Another patient was admitted five years ago and was discharged as "recovered" after two months. He went to work for a farmer, but in two weeks he was back in the hospital. "He makes me sleep in the chicken house and doesn't treat me right," he explained. He had no place to go so he returned to the hospital where he's been ever since. Another patient got a job working in town. He finally built himself a small cottage just outside the hospital grounds where he lives today. The supervisor says, "Sixty percent of the patients in this ward could live and work on the outside with little or no supervision."

I speak to a man in his mid-sixties, with a broad sunburnt face who has been in hospital for five years. He has the occasional mild epileptic seizure but these can be controlled by the drug, luminol. He is bitter about being kept in a mental hospital. "I wish I was dead," he says. He has a wife and several married children but none of them want him. He tells me, "My wife says, 'Stay in the crazy house until you die.'"

It's an old story. Weyburn, like most mental hospitals, is too frequently used as a dumping ground for the aged, the senile, the homeless and the mentally defective. The proper job of the mental hospital is to treat people who are mentally ill and restore them to normal health. But how can they do their job well when their resources are expended providing custodial care for patients who should be elsewhere?

It is now nine o'clock and the lights in the dormitory are switched off. The hospital day is ending. The supervisor sits in his small room checking records. Outside in the corridor, two aides walk up and down keeping an eye on the dormitories. An uneventful hour passes. Then a man of fifty hobbles out to the aide and points down to the next corridor. "I could hear him coming," he says. "He's out to get me." The aide offers a few reassuring words, gives the old man a sedative and leads him back to bed.

Now it is past midnight and I am looking out the hospital window. The darkness outside is pierced by the headlights of an automobile which is pulling up at the door. Two RCMP officers are bringing another patient to the hospital. ★

Howie Morenz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

scored the winning goal in overtime, the Rangers offered sixty thousand dollars for him. Montreal Maroons heard of the offer and bid seventy-five thousand. Leo Dandurand, owner of the Canadiens, declined both offers. "Morenz," he said, "is beyond price."

Morenz, called the Stratford Streak because it was in that western Ontario town that he made his early impression

in hockey, was born in nearby Mitchell, Sept. 21, 1902, the youngest in a family of six that included brothers Wilf and Ezra and sisters Erma, Freda and Gertrude. His German descent, the Canadiens' management felt, might not be good box office, so he was publicized as a Swiss.

His mother had hoped he'd be musical and made him take piano lessons but he often skipped these to play hockey on the Thames River with homemade sticks and chunks of coal. He started as a goalkeeper, wearing shin-pads improvised of magazines

stuffed into his stockings. In his first organized game in the Mitchell rink Howie gave up twenty-one goals; instantly he became a forward. A few years later after he'd become an outstanding forward the memory of his debut still rankled. One night against Toronto Balmy Beach he unexpectedly asked the coach to let him play goal. He did well, too, and the score was 3 to 3 late in the game. Howie stopped a shot and saw an opening. He sped down the ice in his heavy padding and scored the winning goal.

When Howie was fourteen the fam-



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ily moved from Mitchell to Stratford where his father worked in the shops of the Grand Trunk Railway. That was in 1917 and in the fall Howie tried to join the army. His mother caught up to him at a recruiting station in Toronto and explained that the boy who'd given his age as eighteen was barely fifteen. Back home a friend of his father's, Bill Gerby, later coach of the Stratford team, took him to the Stratford Arena where he won the centre's position on the junior hockey team. He filled in with the intermediates, too, and when he was nineteen he played regularly with the juniors, the intermediates and the Grand Trunk Railway's commercial league team. In one period of eleven days he played twelve games and traveled two thousand miles. One night in Montreal he scored eleven goals for the intermediates and the next night he scored six for the juniors in Kitchener.

The Stratford Midgets reached the Canadian junior final in 1921 and Morenz scored six of Stratford's nine goals in a two-game series which the Winnipeg Falcons won 11-9.

Although young Morenz lived for hockey he apparently did not think he was good enough for the NHL. On a trip home from Montreal he stopped in Toronto to watch the professional St. Pats, ancestors of the Maple Leafs, play the Ottawa Senators. "You don't have to worry about me becoming a professional," he told his mother when he got home, "those fellows are far too good."

Starred With Broken Finger

Yet he never missed a chance to play. One afternoon he broke a toe while working in the railway machine shop but that night he jumped off the bench to score the winning goal against Kitchener. When the game ended his toe was so swollen that his boot had to be cut off. Another night a Stratford teammate, Frank Carson, slammed a car door on Morenz' finger, almost severing it. Because the players had been heading for a party, something the coach would not approve, Morenz asked Carson not to tell coach Bill Gerby. A doctor set and splinted the finger and Morenz reached the rink an hour early so he could be dressed and have his glove covering his bandaged finger when the coach arrived. He scored four goals and set up four more in that game.

If he didn't have confidence in his ability to play professionally, the pro teams did. Charlie Querrie, of the Toronto St. Pats, offered him a thousand dollars to play in the team's five remaining games of the 1922-23 season. Dandurand offered him twenty-five hundred dollars for the twenty-four-game season of 1923-24 and grew concerned when Lou Marsh, a referee and sports writer, telephoned that the St. Pats were hot after Morenz. Canadiens dispatched Coach Cecil Hart to Stratford with a pocketful of cash. Later Morenz admitted he signed with Canadiens because Hart paid a forty-five-dollar tailor's bill and gave Morenz three hundred dollars to settle a number of small debts he had run up.

When Stratford fans and officials heard about it they begged Morenz to reconsider. Letters of protest were sent to Dandurand and a minister wrote to a Toronto newspaper decrying the audacity of the Canadiens in "luring an under-age boy to the wicked city of Montreal." Upset by the fuss Morenz wrote Dandurand on Aug. 10, 1923:

I am enclosing check and contract to play Hockey with your club owing to Several reasons of which family

and work are the most to consider I find it impossible to leave Stratford. I am sorry if I have caused you expense and inconvenience and trust you will accept the returned contract in a Sportsmanlike way.

Dandurand learned that Morenz was getting eight hundred dollars a year as an amateur and threatened to "blow the lid off amateur hockey" if the Ontario Hockey Association didn't persuade Morenz to honor the contract. Howie made a trip to Montreal to plead personally with Dandurand. He spent an afternoon with the Dandurand family, had dinner with them and agreed to join Canadiens.

At training camp in Grimsby, Ont., Morenz was tried out between Aurel Joliat and Billy Boucher. Odie Cleghorn, the regular centre, never was able to win his job back. Howie's rink-length dashes and wicked shot led the Montrealers to the Stanley Cup that season; and the next year when the Canadiens lost to the Victoria Cougars in the final Morenz figured in every Canadian goal.

Though his personal glory grew, the team's success meant more to Morenz than his own. In a playoff against Boston he faced off in overtime against Cooney Weiland, of the Bruins. The puck flew in the air as their sticks clashed. Weiland took a half-swing and bounced it into the Canadian net for the winning goal. At four o'clock next morning Elmer Ferguson, Montreal sports writer, answered a knock on his hotel-room door and found Morenz there. "He was in complete despair," Ferguson recalls. "He'd been walking the streets since the game ended, berating himself for Weiland's goal."

For all his fierce competitiveness Morenz harbored no grudges. Once Hec Kilrea piled into Morenz and knocked him down. Howie responded by upending Kilrea the next time the rookie got the puck. Hec leaped to his feet, brought his stick down and cut open Morenz' head. Kilrea faced suspension when brought before league president Frank Calder. Morenz appeared at the hearing and told Calder he'd been as much to blame as Kilrea. "I don't think he meant it, do you?" Morenz grinned, gingerly fingering the adhesive tape across his scalp. Calder couldn't suppress a smile. He dismissed Kilrea with a warning.

Morenz' ceaseless drive did not stem from a physique comparable with the majority of hockey stars. He stood five feet eight and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. But he looked heavier than that because, as Charlie Conacher once put it, "all his weight was in his face." He had a wide high forehead from which thinning hair lay smoothly back, wide-set brown eyes and the suggestion of jowls on his dark-whiskered cheeks. But Morenz with his comparatively small frame never backed up from the big men. He loved the violent exchanges, the speed and the competition of the game and the roars of the fiery partisans who shouted his name in the Forum.

In an era when hockey players were far less carefully coddled than today Morenz was a companionable fre spender, an easy mark for panhandlers and acquaintances who often wrote him hard-luck letters. In summer he played golf nearly every day, or worked in the pari-mutuel wickets at the racetrack. In the spring of 1926 he married Mary McKay, of Montreal. The day

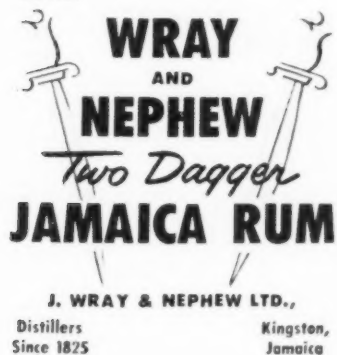




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before the wedding he lost fifteen hundred dollars at the races and cheerfully borrowed on next year's contract to pay for the honeymoon. Few people in Montreal were better known than Morenz and he had a happy smile and an expansive wave for everyone who greeted him.

Life was a song for the boyish, exuberant Morenz with money in his pocket, hundreds of friends and seemingly eternal youth. One Saturday afternoon he sat in Elmer Ferguson's house drinking beer and eating limburger cheese with onions. "When we ran out of onions Howie switched to garlic," the newspaperman recalls. "My wife couldn't stand the smell so she brought us some turkey legs. 'You stink,' I laughed at Howie, 'and you're full of beer. You'll never play hockey tonight.' He laughed right back at me and scored three goals that night." After the game Morenz revealed he'd discovered a new system for scoring. "First I breathe on the goaler, then I shoot 'er in."

His great shot made him the scourge of goalkeepers. "He could shoot harder than anybody I see nowadays," insists little Roy Worters, who played for the New York Americans. He recalls Morenz, who wore No. 7 on his uniform, as the fastest skater he ever saw. "When he'd wind up behind that net he wasn't No. 7," Worters says, "he was No. 777—just a blur."

Then came the day when Morenz was no longer a blur to his opponents, when the great strides became a fraction slower and the whizzing shot a shade less lethal. It didn't come quickly and it wasn't always perceptible but by the spring of 1933 Morenz had fallen to ninth place among the scorers and the Canadiens were lagging in the standings. Finally the long-famed line of Aurel Joliat, Johnny Gagnon and Morenz was broken up and Pit Lepine replaced Morenz at centre. Morenz brooded over the demotion.

By the spring of 1934 Howie hadn't regained his form and his spirits hit a sickening bottom one night in the Forum when part of the Montreal crowd booed him. Cheers from the loyal Millionaires quickly drowned the boos but Leo Dandurand recalls that Morenz came to him after that game "sobbing like a child."

Dandurand faced one of the most difficult decisions of his life. The idea of selling Morenz to another team had been unthinkable during Howie's magnificent years. Yet Morenz was visibly slipping and the prospect of the volatile fans turning on a man who had meant so much to the Canadiens made Dandurand writhe. In the summer of 1934 he made his decision; he traded Morenz to Chicago.

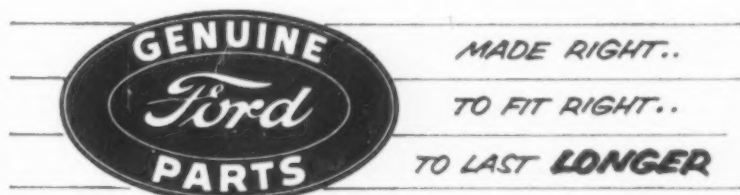
Morenz couldn't believe it. The Canadiens were his life, the Millionaires were as close to him as the players who'd been his teammates for eleven years. He walked the streets of Montreal trying to convince himself it wasn't true. One night he returned home to his sleeping family. His wife found him sitting in the living room staring blankly at the floor. Tears were flowing slowly down his cheeks.

Later Morenz reacted as he'd always reacted to a body blow—violently. He denounced Dandurand as a heartless club owner influenced by what Howie insisted had been merely a bad year. He wasn't through; he was far from through.

But in Chicago things were scarcely better. The barnlike Chicago Stadium with its raucous callous fans was a different world from the familiar old Forum and the warm excitable Millionaires. He couldn't get along with Major Frederic McLaughlin, the rich



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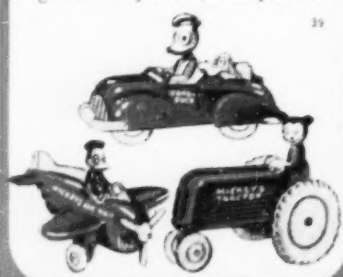
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and irascible Chicago owner of whom he later said, "He's a tough man to work for, always waiting to jump on a player who has an off night." After Canadiens beat the Hawks, 2-1, McLaughlin stomped angrily into the dressing room. He stopped in front of Morenz, pointed a finger accusingly at him and charged him with being responsible for the defeat. The once-fervent Morenz sat silent with his head bowed.

Through the next two games Morenz sat on the bench. Then he went to McLaughlin. "Could you sell me or trade me?" he asked. "I'm not helping you, sitting on the bench, and I might be going stale." A few days later McLaughlin made a straight trade with the New York Rangers for a run-of-the-mill forward named Glenn Brydson. This seared Morenz' pride. A year or two earlier Brydson could scarcely have carried Morenz' jersey.

At New York Lester Patrick, the tall white-haired Ranger manager and coach, tried Howie at left wing beside Frank Boucher and Cecil Dillon. In a game against Toronto he got a pass from Boucher, scored, and waved his stick jubilantly. The goal gave him new heart. Lynn Patrick, now coach of the Boston Bruins and then a rookie with the Rangers, recalls he was a little shocked to hear Morenz arguing heatedly with the Rangers' star right-winger, Bill Cook, over who was the greater player.

He Almost Came Back

In 1936 Cecil Hart, Morenz' great friend and coach for ten years, who had been replaced by Newsy Lalonde the year Morenz was traded to Chicago, came back to the Canadiens. His first move was to buy back Morenz and re-create the famed Morenz-Joliat-Gagnon line. Morenz was thirty-four but to the surprise of most hockey men he began to get back in stride immediately. Again in the beloved Forum, with the shrill cries of the Millionaires once more cascading down on him, Howie had compiled sixteen scoring points by Jan. 28. On that fateful night his skate caught in the boards as Chicago's Earl Seibert body-checked him. His left leg twisted under him and he broke three bones in the ankle and one in the leg.

It was the tragic climax of Morenz' career. After eleven years of success and adulation and two years of disillusion and dejection he'd started on the road back. Now, in a hospital bed with his leg in a plaster cast, came the realization that he was through. He had lived high and spent his money as fast as he made it. He'd provided little insurance for his family. His one major investment, a restaurant on St. Catherine Street in Montreal, had gone sour and lost him a considerable outlay.

Players from visiting teams went to St. Luke's Hospital to see him frequently and Montreal friends streamed into his room. Almost always they brought a bottle and to drown his depression Howie drank with them, too many of them. By day he chatted animatedly with his visitors, made them autograph his cast. At night doctors gave him sedatives to relieve his physical pain and mental turmoil. He never admitted to his visitors that he knew his hockey career was ended but close friends insist that this knowledge, together with the original shock of having been traded away by the Canadiens, left scars that never healed.

After he'd been lying in bed for a month, pale and drawn and fretful, his nerves gave way. But, as he'd always done, he battled back and he still insisted to visitors that he'd be wearing No. 7 again next season, better than ever. There was something wistful



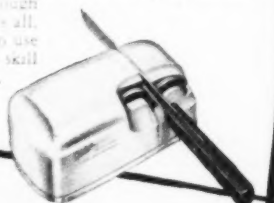
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about the way he said it, though, and a friend who visited him after he'd been on his back for almost six weeks remembers that Howie turned his head quickly into the pillow and suddenly began coughing to cover his emotion.

On the night of March 8, 1937, he could stand his confinement no longer. Heaving his leg in its plaster cast off the bed he forced himself upright, took one faltering step, then slowly crumpled to the floor. He was dead.

The death certificate said the cause was "a cardiac deficiency and acute excitement." Complicated, perhaps, by a broken heart. Many of his friends believed that drugs and alcohol helped weaken his once rugged constitution.

When he died something died in the Millionaires. It was a strangely quiet crowd that watched the game the night after Morenz died. The Canadiens were going to cancel the game but Howie's wife, weeping, telephoned the Forum the afternoon of the game. "Don't call it off," she whispered. "He wouldn't want that."

On March 11 Howie's body was placed at centre ice in the Forum and Canadian players formed an honor guard as thousands filed past. Fifteen thousand people moved slowly and silently into the Forum for the service and twenty-five thousand more with heads bared packed the streets outside. Thousands more lined the long route to the cemetery up the snow-covered slopes of Mount Royal. The casket was covered by a huge floral "7." Howie's uniform number. It was the final tribute of his teammates. No Canadian player ever again wore the number.

Morenz' son, Howie Jr., now twenty-six, recalls that it was a hard time for his mother, left with three small children and little money. Donald, the second son, died of double pneumonia a year after his father. Young Howie believes his mother "never got over it." She married a second time and died three years ago at forty-two. Marlene, the only daughter, is married to Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion, of Canadiens.

Young Howie has lived in the shadow of his father's name all his life. He was ten when Morenz died and he barely remembers him. "Dad was away a lot in the winter playing hockey and he played a lot of golf in the summer-time," he recalls. "I guess, for that reason, I was closer to my mother."

Howie Jr. wanted to be a hockey player and as a youngster showed great promise. Like his father he was a smooth strong skater, and also like his father he played for three or four teams in the same season. This overactivity affected his heart and by the time he was twenty-one he had to abandon hockey as a career. But he still plays in a commercial league in Montreal and lines up for Canadian games at the Forum. Everywhere he goes people remind him that he is Howie Morenz' son. At the Blue Bonnets Garage, where he works as a checker in the repair department, customers shake his hand and tell him they remember his father. When he played hockey as a junior fan razed him and shouted that he'd never be as good as the real Howie Morenz. Even today in his commercial league noisy patrons shout down their catcalls.

"Morenz, yah bum, get off the ice," they jammer. "Yah couldn't carry yer old man's skates."

Young Howie is married but has no children. He was asked recently what he'd name a son if he were to have one. He thought a moment.

"Well," he said, with a faint smile, "my wife would like it to be Howie. But I don't think that would be a good idea. Sometimes it's very hard when your name is Howie Morenz." ★



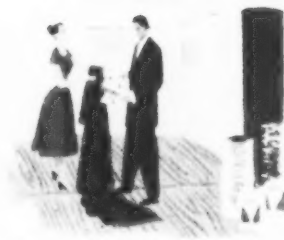
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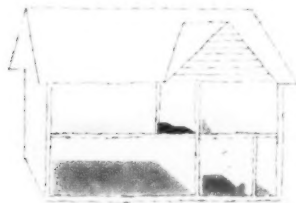


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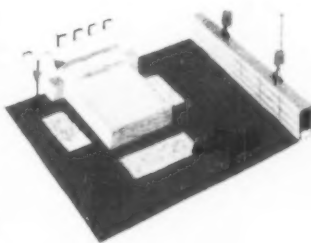


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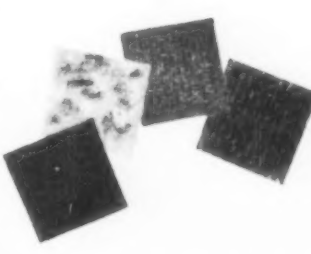
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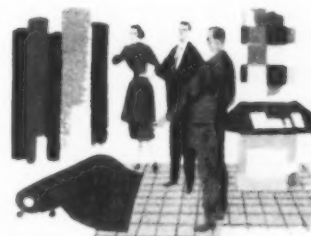
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The Terrible-Tempered Judge Chevrier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

refer to him as "the terrible-tempered Judge Chevrier" and grumble that when Chevrier holds court the man who trembles least is the prisoner at the bar.

The truth is that Chevrier is a man of sunny disposition. From time to time people who have business inside the hushed halls of Osgoode Hall in

Toronto, headquarters of the Ontario Supreme Court, are startled to hear the lilt of French folk songs, rendered by an energetic duet, emerging from the elevator shaft. But when the elevator reaches the listener's floor it contains only a silent Judge Chevrier, clothed in dignity, and a poker-faced elevator operator named Albert Bitton.

"Sure, me and the judge sing Canadian songs when the spirit moves us," Bitton told me.

It is equally untrue that any prisoner ever finds anything to be happy about in Chevrier's steel-trap grasp of evi-

dence and incisive summing-up to a jury; but many a defendant has been accorded the unique privilege of hearing the cop who arrested him, the crown counsel who prosecutes him, the sheriff who guards him, the witness who testifies against him, converted from omnipotent ogres into fallible human beings via a severe dressing-down from Chevrier.

There was, for example, the soldier arrested for theft from army stores at Brampton, Ont. The principal witness against him, an army sergeant, clumped menacingly and confidently toward

the witness box, hatless and with his tunic nonchalantly open. He nodded to the judge as he passed.

Chevrier followed the sergeant's progress with a cold eye. He was halted by Chevrier who ordered him in a penetrating voice: "Please go back to your seat, put on your cap, button up your tunic. Then come to the witness box, salute, take off your hat to be sworn, then replace it. You will conduct yourself in court exactly as you would in the presence of your commanding officer."

A deep red suffusing his face and open throat, the embarrassed sergeant obeyed. The prisoner was seen to wear a small but happy smile.

Chevrier's reply to critics of his letter-of-the-law enforcement of court procedure—including some rules they claim he invented himself—provides a lucid insight into one of the most remarkable Canadian personalities in public life today. "Good Heavens, I don't run a strict court because I feel any special deference is due me," he told me. "I do these things because they need badly to be done in this age of *laissez faire*; because I feel . . . well, that the Queen is present in my court. And every Canadian who has business with a court should feel the same way.

"Why? Simply because what the Queen stands for—the British constitution, the British way of doing things, are the most important man-made assets the world possesses today. When the lights go out on the British way, that will be the end of everything that makes life worth living for decent people. And we cannot preserve that system unless we also preserve the traditions, the precedents—yes, even the quirks—on which that system was built."

Red Sashes For The Judges

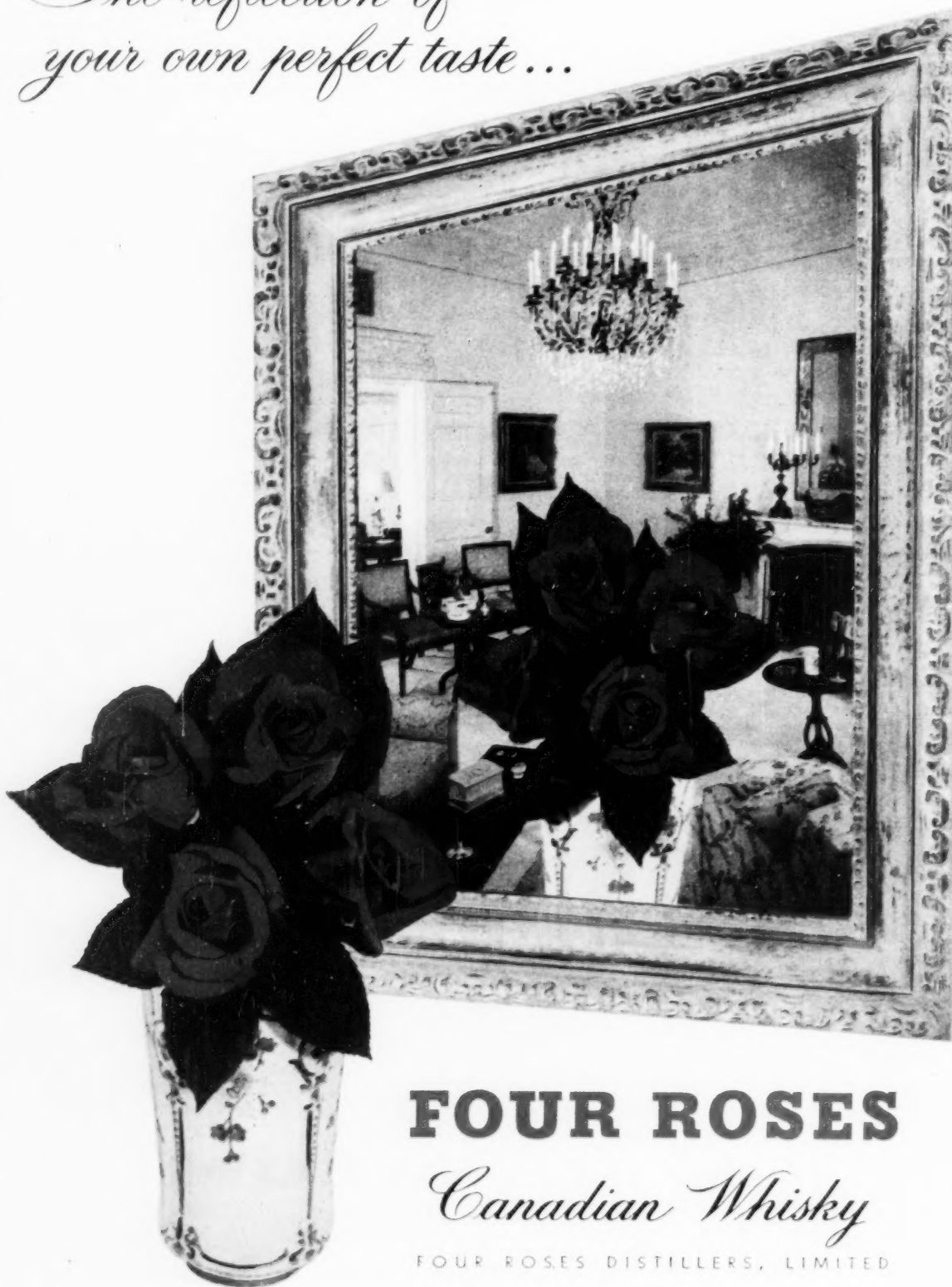
Most reformers must content themselves with such rewards as the righteousness of their cause provides. But Chevrier's campaign to date has been marked with a number of major victories. Some of these are measures for the restoration of the façade of traditionalism: For instance, due to Chevrier's campaign among his colleagues, the justices of the Supreme Court of Ontario now wear, instead of drab black (and inexpensive) robes, colorful (and expensive) gowns of royal blue with red-and-black collars, red sashes and long mauve cuffs which extend from elbow to wrist.

Sheriffs and their deputies, whose regalia too often had deteriorated to threadbare blue serge suits with vestigial tab collars, now in some districts including Ottawa, London, Hamilton and Simcoe wear the costumes of their English counterparts—braided cut-away coats, cocked hats, lace ruffles tied over Roman collars, and lace cuffs. Assizes now open with an ancient ceremonial in which the judge enters behind a sheriff's deputy bearing a sword "at carry."

In some districts Supreme Court guards and ushers now wear navy blue uniforms with brass buttons, "in place," says Chevrier distastefully, "of rubber-soled running shoes and unmatching pants. All that," he adds, "took me fifteen years of disapproval to accomplish."

Chevrier cites the robes of the justices as an example of how tradition can gradually fall into disuse. "They were the last gowns worn by the judges of the old province of Upper Canada," he said, "and they are still worn by the Queen's Bench Judges in England." Ontario judges probably decided that the robes cost too much—judges pay for their own—so they took to buying cheaper black gowns. Chevrier took the

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matter up repeatedly with the other judges and gradually won enough support to re-establish the ancient judicial robes.

"The matter of wigs was discussed also," said Chevrier wistfully, "but I had to compromise."

Since the robes have to be imported from England, and since their somewhat gaudy design has caused them to be classified as "regalia" and subject to additional duty, the new garb is quite expensive. Chevrier said the cost was a personal matter with the judges, but a Toronto expert on regalia estimates the old black robe cost seventy-five dollars and the new gown more than two hundred dollars.

One Monday morning Chevrier mounted the bench in Toronto's city hall to open the fall assizes. He surveyed the sparse attendance and said quietly: "I see by the morning paper that three hundred and one thousand Toronto people attended sports events over the week end. Millions in other parts of the world would consider themselves incredibly blessed if they could receive the British justice we are dispensing here. Yet how many of those three hundred and one thousand today know of the treasure within their own walls? There is not even a flag on this heap of stones to indicate that British justice is being administered."

This caused a stir in the somnolent warrens of city hall. Hiram McCallum, then mayor of Toronto and now general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, blustered that "everybody knows that Toronto is more than willing to flag-wave at the slightest provocation." Chevrier replied gravely that in this case Toronto was waving "one flag too few—there should be a flag over the courthouse entrance when the supreme court is in session."

This caused genuine puzzlement in city hall. Nobody had heard of a courthouse entrance to that building. "Go outside the west door," advised Chevrier patiently, "crane your neck at a perilous angle, and you will be able to read the words Court House carved beautifully and artistically in stone."

All that day little knots of city hall workers trooped out to investigate this curiosity for themselves, usually to the accompaniment of a surprised "well I'm damned—the judge is right." For there, obscured by decades of precipitated smog and generations of pigeons, were the magic words.

Today the courthouse façade is scrubbed clean and legible, and a flag flies over it when Supreme Court assizes are in session.

Chevrier's victory showdown with Carleton County Courthouse came after fifteen years of invective had failed. One morning the judge, disposition not sweetened by mounting several flights of stairs (the lack of an elevator had long irked him, anyway) was informed that he was assigned to a courtroom he described later as "worse than a prison cell in the old days."

Chevrier told the sheriff bluntly: "I am about to adjourn the court and return to Toronto. I will continue to adjourn court until I am provided with proper accommodation in which to hold hearings of matters between the sovereign and the sovereign's Canadian subjects."

"I knew," Chevrier later told me with a wry smile, "what it costs to run a supreme court hearing—the least item of which is the jury panel of several men at seven dollars a day."

Carleton County Council and Ottawa City Council, which share the cost of the court, were licked, and they knew it. The old building was rebuilt from cellar to attic and, appropriately, Chevrier was invited to open it.

It was then that the civic officials

learned that they had done something far more important than rebuild a courthouse to please a crusty judge.

"Why," Chevrier addressed them, "have I spoken on so many occasions, lost some friends, made some enemies, sometimes said harsh things and sometimes used ridicule in a crusade for the improvement of this courthouse? It was because I hold British institutions in sacred respect in the very deepest of my heart and soul; it was because I know them to be the nearest incarnation on earth of justice human and humane."

He added "But I still think you might have put in an elevator."

Having learned the effectiveness of a sharp blow to the pocketbook as an ally to a righteous cause, the judge has used it sparingly. In one court on his circuit he called the sheriff to the judges' chamber to complain of its condition: "burnt matches all over the floor, dust over everything, plaster falling from the ceiling—why, this place hasn't been cleaned for weeks..." He brought his hand down on the desk to emphasize his point—and the hand stuck to the gummy surface. That was

the last straw. Chevrier unleashed his awful threat to adjourn court day by day, with the overhead piling up, until the facilities were brought up to his standard. Shortly afterward when Chevrier left the chambers he was almost bowled over by a mob of men with buckets, mops, ladders, paintpots and brushes. Since then that courthouse has been among the most spick-and-span on the circuit.

Chevrier's defense of British traditionalism was partially shaped by listening to debates in the House of Commons. In 1899, a twelve-year-old

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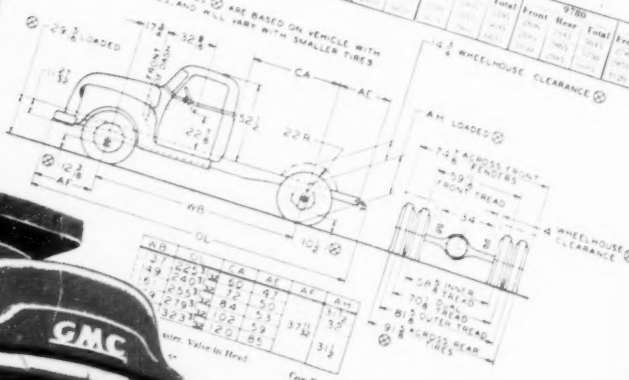
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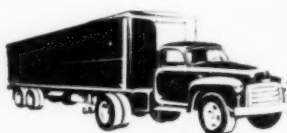
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schoolboy, used to go to Parliament Hill to wait for his father, who was postmaster in the Interior Department. To while away the time, Chevrier would creep into the gallery and listen to the speeches. It so happened that some of the greatest Gallic eloquence ever heard in the Canadian parliament was reverberating through the chamber at that time, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier defended and Henri Bourassa, the implacable Canadian nationalist and isolationist, condemned the sending of Canadian troops to the Boer War.

That early crisis has been dwarfed by later controversies on the same theme, but Chevrier recalls that the debates were bitter. And he was deeply impressed with Sir Wilfrid's pro-British speeches.

A year later Hull, across the river from Ottawa, was partly destroyed by fire. The home and office of Chevrier's uncle, L. N. Champagne, MP for Hull and a friend of Laurier, were destroyed and the Champagnes came to live with the Chevriers. After each day's sitting of Parliament Laurier and Champagne would walk up Rideau Street and before the prime minister turned homeward he would come into the cool Chevrier parlor with its drawn blinds to rest for ten minutes. The two politicians and Chevrier senior discussed the day's sitting while young Chevrier listened unnoticed in a corner.

Thereafter in school and YMCA debates young Chevrier became known as "the Empire defender." He became a lawyer in 1912 and practiced in Ottawa until 1926, when he ran as the successful Liberal candidate for Ottawa East. He was appointed to the Supreme Court of Ontario in 1936.

During his years as an MP Chevrier appeared seldom in court. Appointed to the bench, he said he was shocked at the change that had taken place in courtroom dignity during his absence.

"I had practiced in the days of the great old judges," he says, "men like Sir William Mulock, Sir William Meredith, Justices Logie, Wright, Riddell, Lennox, Middleton and Latchford. All these were gone, and in the years after the first world war a great let-down had taken place in court etiquette, manners and the dress of counsel."

Meanwhile Chevrier's dedication to British ritual had increased. On his visit to South Africa he had met and been tremendously influenced by General Jan Smuts. "It is strange," Chevrier muses now, "that the two men who most convinced me of the utter rightness of the British way were both members of races which once were bitter enemies of Britain, both heads of states which had been born of British conquest . . . Laurier and Smuts."

Now that he was a Supreme Court Justice, Chevrier started a long uphill fight to restore the "procedures, manners and etiquettes" that had fallen by the wayside after World War I.

"When I came into court I would bow to counsel—but it was seldom that counsel bowed back at me," said Chevrier. "In filing an exhibit, the new generation of lawyers would say 'this is exhibit A,' instead of the correct 'If My Lord allows this is exhibit A'—it is the court's decision what is an exhibit. Counsel in examining witnesses or even in addressing the judge would walk about, rattle their change, put their foot on a chair and their elbow on their knee, or wander away to talk to witnesses. Too often their gown would open in their contortions, disclosing a shirt and trousers held up by a belt which refused to stay put . . . disgusting."

Chevrier found a disappointing change in his personal life as a judge. He could no longer be gregarious. Accustomed to chat with scores of

constituents every day, he did not relish endless legal shop talk at lunch with his colleagues. "I do not," says Chevrier cryptically, "like law with my soup."

Occasionally on circuit Chevrier can stand the isolation no longer and he calls in the reporters covering his court. In his chambers he greets them heartily: "Come in, put your feet on the desk, spit on the floor—but when you walk out of here, put on the dog, boys, put on the dog! Now tell me, what's going on outside?"

Once in Kingston, Ont., he discovered that a photographer had broken a cardinal rule of court decorum—he had taken several candid camera shots of Chevrier in action. The judge confiscated them and lectured the culprit on the dangers of snipping away at the fabric of the British constitution. The photographer might be interested to know, however, that Chevrier keeps those photographs in a special album.

Chevrier once presided at probably the most international case ever heard in Canada: A French-speaking judge in an English-speaking province, attended by an Irish deputy sheriff and an English-born court reporter, judged between a Japanese complainant represented by a Negro lawyer and a Chinese defended by a Jewish lawyer. There is something appropriate in that case, since Chevrier has made some of his most incisive comments in interracial cases.

No Ladies in His Court

This year, for example, forty southern Negroes who had come to Canada as seasonal harvest hands returned to their homes with a new conception of freedom and equality because they appeared as witnesses in Judge Chevrier's court. At Holland Landing, north of Toronto, the pretty English wife of McKinzy Waters, manager of a truck farm, went to his aid when she saw him tussling with Walter Coleman, one of the Negroes. Coleman died of a stab wound in the back. She was charged first with murder, later with manslaughter.

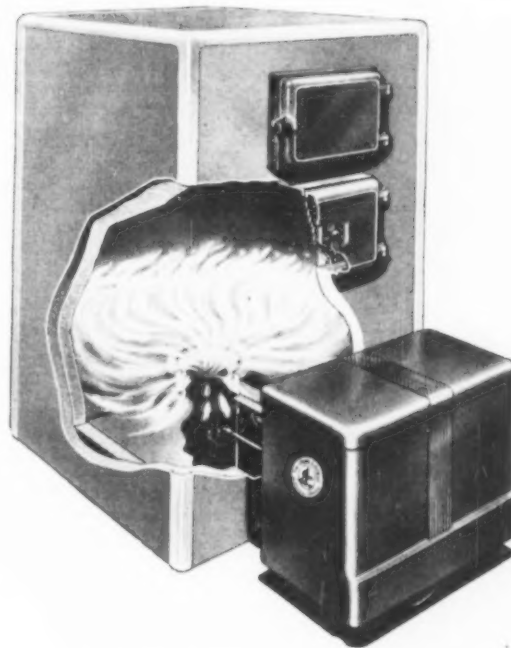
Ponzy Bryant, first of the Negro witnesses, knew how he must talk in a white man's court. In testimony he referred to his fellow-Negroes as "this boy" and "that girl" as white southerners demanded. The white folks in the case were "this lady" and "that gentleman." Soon the lawyers were adopting Ponzy's "boy and girl," "lady and gentleman" terminology. Abruptly Chevrier halted the case.





"In this court," he said, "men are men and women are women. There is no class, no race, no distinction before British law." The Negroes in court looked puzzled at this unheard-of ruling, then when the import hit them, nodded, smiled and whispered to each other.

Later Chevrier told me he had "the best precedent in the world" for his comment. Not long before Elizabeth became queen she and her sister visited a London court. During the case to which the princesses listened, one lawyer referred to the prisoner as "this gentleman." Lord Chief Justice Goddard interrupted him with: "You will call people in this court men and women."

Chevrier is unable to conceal a hatred for racial intolerance. Often his judgments are impassioned pieces of oratory, and when intolerance is involved he can rise to white-hot eloquence. Not long ago he heard a case against a London, Ont., landowner charged with inserting a restrictive covenant in the sale of residential lots, preventing occupation by "other than Gentiles (non-Semitic) of European,

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I JUMPED into the first railway compartment which seemed empty, without noticing the little companion that was pre-destined to keep me awake all night. The train moved slowly out of the station. I gazed at the lights of Stockholm gently receding into the darkness, wrapped my rug around me and prepared to go to sleep. My eyes fell on a book left on the seat opposite by a previous passenger.

I took it up absent-mindedly and ran through the first few lines. Five minutes later, I was reading it as eagerly as a clue to a hidden treasure.

I learned that everyone's memory is capable of fantastic feats, that the least gifted of people can memorize once and for all, information as complicated as a list of the hundred largest towns in the world and their populations, all this after reading it through once only.

It seemed unlikely then that I should succeed in filing away the interminable lists of figures, dates, towns, their populations and reigning families, which had driven me to despair during my school days, when my memory was fresh. I thought I would test the truth of the statement.

I took a time-table out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of the hundred railway stations between Stockholm and Trehorningsjö.

I observed that after reading it over only once, I really could recite that list in the order I had read it and in its reverse order. I could even point out immediately the relative position of any town, for instance, which was the 27th, the 84th and the 36th, so deeply were these names imprinted in my mind.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of the night making new and more difficult experiments without reaching the limits of what I was so quickly capable.

I did not, of course, confine myself to experiments and on the next day I put to practical use my knowledge of the laws of the mind. I was then able to memorize with surprising ease whatever I read, the music I heard, the names and faces of people who called on me, their addresses, my business appointments and even to learn Spanish in four months.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author and I promised him to propagate his method and today, I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

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British, Irish or Scottish origin."

Chevrier's judgment declaimed: "The horrible holocausts, the barbarous and sadistic cruelties inflicted upon certain races by a satanic direction during the past war have touched the souls of a multitude of people. The civilized world having been moved by the sufferings and martyrdom of those populations—or was it only an outward act, a vain, empty and hypocritical gesture?—has expressed its outraged feelings against the perpetrators of such ghoulis acts and extended their sympathies and their help.

"Must these people who under the tyrants' heel received our sympathy and help be forced when in this land of freedom and liberty to live in the worst sections of the community? Must the existence of ghettos in other lands be deplored, yet perpetrated here through discriminatory means? Is consistency a vain word?"

Thereupon Judge Chevrier regretfully announced that the charge was not covered by the Ontario Anti-Discrimination Act (which prohibits "publication or display of discriminatory signs") and he found the defendant not guilty.

Chevrier is a keen student of language, and he takes a somewhat arbitrary view of words worthy of being admitted to his court. "Okay" is banned; "It's not English," he says. "I don't know what it means. Lawyers have tried to explain it to me but it still doesn't make sense. 'Contact' used as a verb I will not tolerate—I contacted so and so," a witness says, and he has to say it over again in understandable words. And "hospitalization"—horrible, and not an English word. You have to screw up your mouth and make a wry face in order to say it."

Chevrier admits that one direction in which his campaign of indoctrination in court etiquette has lagged is among women. He once remarked that he tended to sound off in court "because it is the only place I have the last word." This was an affectionate reference to the fact that he is the sole male, apart from comparatively come-lately in-laws, in the three-generation Chevrier family. His wife, the former Juliette Nantel of Montreal, is known as an essayist and playwright; one of their three daughters is Marie-Helene Chevrier, a rising cabaret and TV torch singer. The judge opposed this career

at first, but the "family court of appeal" overruled him. Later when colleagues asked him what he thought of his daughter becoming a professional entertainer, he shrugged: "If Winston Churchill, Harry Truman and Vincent Massey don't mind relatives being in show business, why should I?"

Chevrier's eldest daughter, Regine, wife of Major Thomas L. Marsh of the Royal Canadian Army Dental Corps, is the mother of the three Chevrier grandchildren—all girls. The third daughter, Louise, is married to Michel Sursug, a Toronto student.

It is in the matter of hats that Chevrier has had the most woman-trouble. In Ottawa a woman witness took the stand apparently hatless, contrary to the rules of the court. "Madam," said Chevrier patiently, "you must wear a hat in my court." The woman pointed to a row of bobby-pins almost concealed in her hair. "I consider that my hat," she said firmly. After several similar experiences Chevrier has had to concede that he is no judge of what constitutes a woman's hat. So he made a ruling which has since become his "law of hats": "A hat is anything a woman wears on her head: some of them may look like an upside-down saucepan, others like a potted plant; if a woman says it is a hat, I may not like it, I may not approve of it, but it is a hat. I will not overrule a woman's ingenuity in deciding what is a hat."

Chevrier feels that if, in other directions, he can continue to achieve the same success during the rest of his career as he has achieved to date in inculcating a respect and understanding of British traditions, all his efforts will have been justified. But knowing the contrariness of men (and women) he is not too sanguine.

"Even the most learned and intelligent of men are unreasonable," he says. "For instance I gave up drinking many years ago for the sake of my health, and sought consolation in pipe smoking. Recently I had a little trouble with my leg, so a number of eminent doctors pondered my case and rendered their verdict: 'You will give up smoking—and take up drinking!' Yes, up to three stiff drinks a day they want me to take for the sake of my health."

"Naturally, I was very disturbed at that. I spoke harshly to those doctors. I said: 'Why the devil didn't you tell me that twenty years ago!'" ★

The Breakdown Boys From Spud Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

his work is called hillbilly or western, as it so often is. "It is folk music," he says, "the music of the people. Our forefathers brought these hornpipes, jigs and reels over with them from the old country—Scotland and Ireland—and they kept them alive."

The Messer family of Tweedside, N.B., helped. Two of Don's uncles played the fiddle; so did his two older brothers. The youngest of eleven children, Don was known as The Runt. "At home when the neighbors came round in the evening," he says, "they'd get their fiddles out and play till all hours. I just listened."

One winter when he was five years old and his brothers had gone away to work, he pried the hinges off their fiddle cases. "My mother would hum the old-time ditties to me and I picked them up from there." When he was six, his father took him to a barn-raising frolic where, on a fiddle almost as large as himself, he played Haste to the Wedding. Within a year he was averaging thirty dollars a week from neighborhood shindigs.

Messer's first fiddle came from one of his brothers, who paid \$1.98 for it. Later he sold packaged seeds and sent in the wrappers to a contest that offered a violin as one of the prizes. It arrived broken into pieces. When Big Alex Little, an itinerant hawker who sold horses and violins, passed through Tweedside, young Messer bought a fiddle from him for ten dollars.

Playing at a barn dance, he stood alone on a soapbox, fiddling away while the dancers sashayed around him and a dancer called, "Pay no mind to your arthritis, make like you was old St. Vitus."

"Flies and mosquitoes used to light on me," Don remembers, "and I couldn't stop playing to swat them. I always looked like I had measles."

All the same, Messer felt there was no future in fiddling. At sixteen he set out for Boston to live with his Aunt Maisie and work in a five-and-dime store. Professor Henry Davis, a retired piano and violin teacher, occupied the room under Messer's. "He heard me playing one night and told my aunt, 'That boy has a gift.' He wanted to know if I'd done anything about my music. He flew right at me when I said I hadn't." Under Davis, Messer studied for two years and learned to read music. Then he had a nervous breakdown and went home to recover.

Messer next showed up in Saint John in 1930. A fishmonger there used to sponsor a radio program of classical music. Don tucked his fiddle under his arm and went to see him. Soon he was substituting for the classics on Station CFBO.

It was in the mid-Thirties that Charlie Chamberlain and Duke Neilson teamed up with Messer. There may be World War I veterans on hand today who remember a curly-haired youngster who used to appear by the tracks and sing patriotic songs as the troop trains halted at Bathurst, N.B., scurrying for pennies without dropping a note. That was Charlie. After he got out of fifth grade he headed for the woods and became a lumberjack. In the logging camps at night the men would gather around a step-dancing platform improvised from barrel staves. Someone had a mouth organ, someone else banged a spike on a horseshoe and Chamberlain strummed



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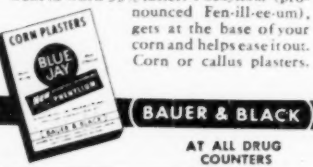


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a battered guitar and sang in a fine clear voice that filled the forests. They whacked out Flying Cloud, The Jam on Garry's Rocks and Whalen's Fate.

One day in 1934 an accountant from Saint John, Lansdowne Belyea, was riding on the CNR's Ocean Limited when he heard Chamberlain in the smoking car, plunking away on a two-string guitar and singing.

In Saint John, Belyea introduced him to Messer, who then had a small but nameless band. "Where you from?" Messer asked.

"The woods," said Chamberlain. He went on the air that night, sang Lonesome Valley Sally, and soon Messer's group was billed as "The New Brunswick Lumberjacks." Belyea, sensing that Chamberlain had a potentially fine voice, sent him to a singing teacher. She began by showing him how to shape his mouth.

"Lookit here, lady," he said finally. "If I start thinking about the words they won't come out. Good day." Chamberlain's voice, which grew in the great backwoods, was meant to be as free as, say, the call of a moose.

A year later Duke Neilsen happened along. A more unlikely candidate for rural rhythms there never was. His father, Julius Wilhelm Neilsen, a Dane, was playing cornet in a German circus band when John Philip Sousa heard him and brought him to America. His mother played the alto horn in a Salvation Army band in Woodstock, N.B. They met and married while Sousa was touring Canada. When he was eight Duke tootled the third cornet in the Salvation Army band. After his father died in 1927, Julius Jr. went into an orphanage, ran away, joined the navy as a boy bugler, left and worked as a razorback and roustabout with various American circuses.

Duke the Fire-Eater

Duke was nineteen, a promising young extrovert and banjo player, when he joined Messer in Saint John. A short time later a friend offered him an ancient bull fiddle if he could fix it. "I didn't know anything about bull fiddles," he said, "but I used to tinker with cars." He fixed it in two days and learned to play it in one. "You might say," he once told an interviewer, "that I was an overnight sensation."

The New Brunswick Lumberjacks grew into a big act—nineteen pieces in all—which was featured at sportsmen's shows in New York and Boston. In 1937, attired in checked shirts, britches and high boots, they toured night clubs, theatres and radio stations in the eastern U.S. At the painfully posh Brookline, Mass., Country Club—initiation fee five thousand dollars—they played for the Roosevelt family and were given honorary lifetime memberships. From the Lumberjacks, Messer formed a smaller group, Backwoods Breakdown, which played on an eastern CBC network. Under Neilsen's circus influence the act acquired a marked sideshow character when it went on tour. Between numbers he gave demonstrations of fire-eating. On his own he augmented his income by wrestling tame bears in a theatre.

Messer, an earnest toiler, had his hands full with his two ebullient sidekicks. Once when they were playing as a trio on the radio, a string on Chamberlain's guitar broke with a loud "pwang!" Neilsen laughed aloud. Seconds later Duke's bass popped a cord. Chamberlain roared. Messer finished the tune alone, his face twisted in grief, while his two employees stomped around the studio drowning out his fiddle with bellowing guffaws.

Neilsen left Messer briefly in 1937, affected a stiff shirt and a genteel



manner and joined a Montreal hotel's chamber music quintet. While he was there, Benny Goodman—then the undisputed "King of Swing"—held a contest at Loew's Theatre to find a bass player for a Canadian tour. Neilsen won the job. When the tour was over he headed back to Messer.

Messer had his ups and downs; he did well some months, poorly others. In 1939 he was glad to accept a salary of \$12.50 a week to form an old-time band at CFCY, a new radio station in Charlottetown. His arrival from Saint John is still remembered in the island capital. A decrepit Model A Ford snorted to a stop outside the radio station. The roof was piled high with luggage; cartons of preserves were tied to the fenders and running board. While a crowd stood gaping, the old jalopy disgorged ten people—Chamberlain, his wife and four children; Messer, his wife and two.

That year Messer formed the Islanders. CBC listeners first heard their program announced on Armistice Day. Neilsen, who had carried on with the Lumberjacks after Messer left, joined the Islanders in 1940. In the summer they set out on their first tour of country dance halls, selling pictures of themselves to pay for gas. Today they travel in two late-model sedans and a station wagon.

Keeping tabs on Chamberlain and Neilsen has always been one of Messer's biggest chores on the road. Once when the band was in Port Hawkesbury, N.S., laryngitis reduced Chamberlain's voice to a whisper. While Messer was out (they always room together), he plastered his chest half an inch thick with mustard ointment. Then, because the ailment was more than skin-deep, he ate some. He couldn't sing for a month.

Similarly, an overdose of magic nearly cost Neilsen his career. The Islanders were billeted overnight in private homes when they played Mulgrave, N.S. Neilsen was staying with an elderly Scottish woman. After supper, in appreciation of her hospitality, he trotted out some of his circus tricks. He capped his performance by eating some fire. There was no applause. Instead, the woman jumped up shouting, "The devil's in this house." When he last saw her, as he ran out the door, she was swinging a hatchet at his head.

Both Chamberlain and Neilsen claim to have turned down lucrative offers to leave Messer and perform elsewhere. In Chamberlain's case it was Hollywood. On one of the New Brunswick Lumberjacks' trips to New York, a talent scout proposed making a singing cowboy of him. Chamberlain declined.

"I couldn't go without Don," he said at the time. "He's sort of my keeper."

A few years ago Charlottetown was agog over a vacation visit by Arthur Fiedler, the personable conductor of the Boston Pops, another well-known orchestra. A tea party was laid on and CFCY scheduled a radio interview. No Fiedler. It developed later that the maestro had met Neilsen at Summerside the day before and spent the day swapping yarns with him in a garage. Duke was living in while his home was being built. Fiedler listened to Neilsen's anecdotes and his bass. He was sufficiently impressed with the latter to offer him a job.

"Thanks just the same, Art," declared the Duke. "But I'm doing pretty good here." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

the Minnesota side of the line, and Ontario created Quetico Provincial Park on the Canadian side.

For forty-five years these acts have provided the necessary bare minimum of protection. The United States went on to establish a "roadless area" within the Superior National Forest which kept habitations and holiday resorts to a minimum. Since then it has acquired ninety-five percent of the land and is buying up the rest as fast as possible. Ontario has built no roads in the park and leased no land for permanent dwellings; a game sanctuary is strictly maintained on both sides of the line.

Enough logging has taken place to provide a horrible example of what could happen, though. Quetico Lake, for example, on the northern edge of Quetico Park, is ringed by a dreary phalanx of drowned trees, killed by the lumbermen's dam which raised the water level for a log drive years ago, and which they didn't bother to destroy when they were through with it. But the farther you go into the interior of the forest, the more you see of trees which must have been there when the discoverers went by.

These virgin tracts are by no means invulnerable. Timber limits have been let in the very heart of "Hunter's Island," itself the heart of the Quetico forest. When I paddled through it last summer with five companions, we saw a gang of timber cruisers at work. We wondered then whether the same kind of logging might be planned for this coming winter.

This is one of the threats, though by no means the only threat, that the proposed treaty is designed to fend off. Article Three provides for "the establishment and maintenance wherever possible of park-like conditions, free from logging, flooding, draining, and other forms of exploitation, on all shores of lakes and streams and on all islands."

Another danger to the park is hydro development. There isn't a great deal of power going to waste in this relatively flat country, but one recent American project would have dammed enough streams to raise some levels eighty feet. That would have obliterated virtually the whole route of the old *voyageurs*, and drowned innumerable lakes, islands, waterfalls and rapids.

At the moment, though, probably the most serious threat to the historic and unique character of the Quetico-Superior region is the airplane.

American aircraft have been forbidden, since last July, to fly into the roadless area of Minnesota. The effect has been to prevent vacation resorts in the forest, of which there are several, from expanding; they can't bring in supplies or customers by air. Not from the United States, that is. Canada does permit the use of aircraft in the park, and the danger—not yet actual, but feared—is that U. S. resorts will be maintained by Canadian planes.

ALTHOUGH the United States Government was willing to sign the treaty, it was and is on the United States side that most of the hostile pressure is exerted. Every step for the preservation of the Superior National Forest has been bitterly fought, and the fight is still going on. Indeed, one reason why American supporters of the International Peace Forest are so anxious to have it sealed by treaty is their fear that a new government or a future change of policy in Washington might

wipe out all the victories they have won. They think an international agreement would be an effective deterrent to any sudden, hasty or thoughtless change.

On the Canadian side this danger has seemed a good deal less imminent, which perhaps is the reason for Canadian apathy on the whole question. Ironically, there seems to be little opposition in Canada to the proposed treaty. Ottawa is in favor of it, but says it is Ontario's business. Ontario is in favor of it, but says it is a question for the local people in the area. Some

of the local people, at least, don't seem to have heard about it at all.

Steps have been taken to end this inertia. The President's Quetico-Superior Committee in the United States has an opposite number in Canada which is still headed, at least nominally, by the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey. Chambers of Commerce in western Ontario have set up a committee to investigate and report, and this body it is hoped will propose a zoning system much along the lines of the proposed treaty, for the protection of the interior wilderness. Several editors, business-

men and community leaders in the district have recently taken an interest in the project. They may be able to start the long and complicated chain reaction that seems to be necessary to get this little pig over the stile. If they can stir enough local interest to convince the Government of Ontario, which will then give a green light to Ottawa, which will then take the matter up again with Washington, we may yet save the *voyageur* route from being logged to the water's edge, or invaded by Ye Olde Tourist Lodge at every portage. ★

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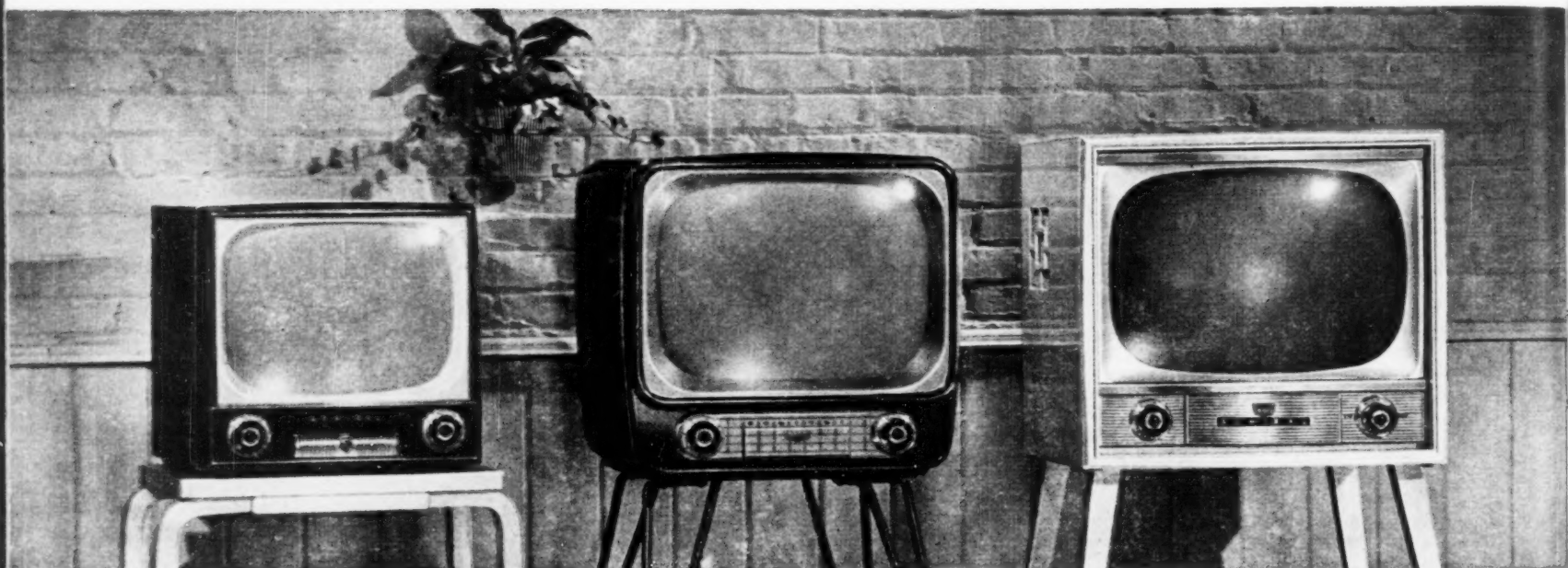
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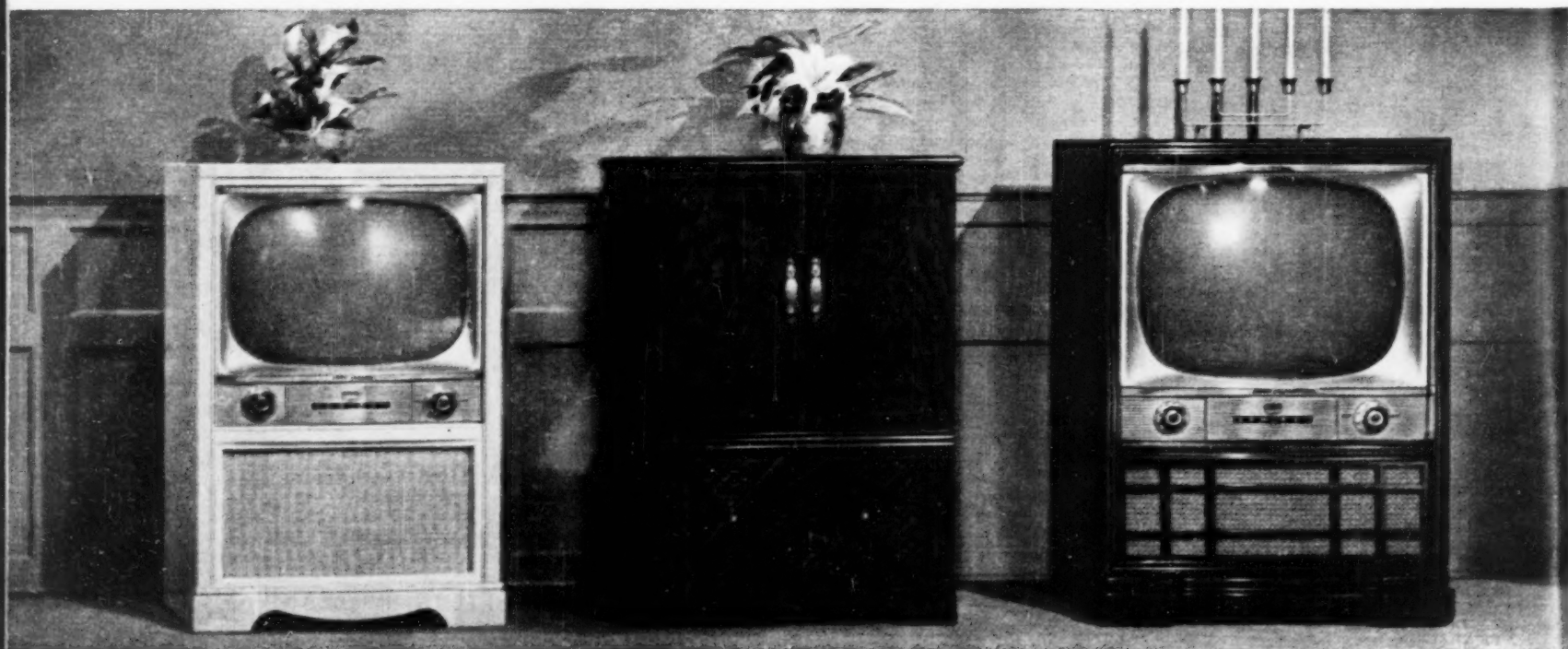
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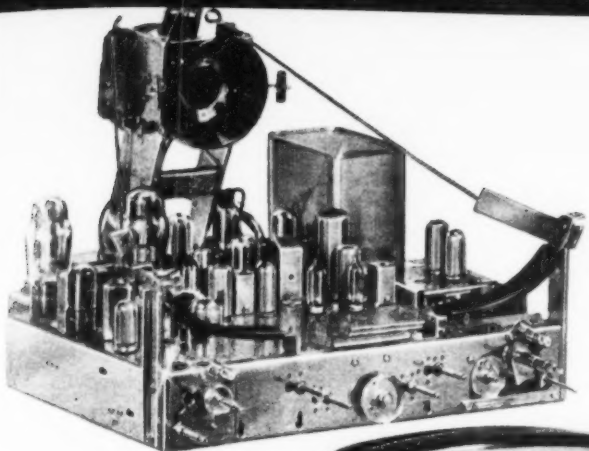
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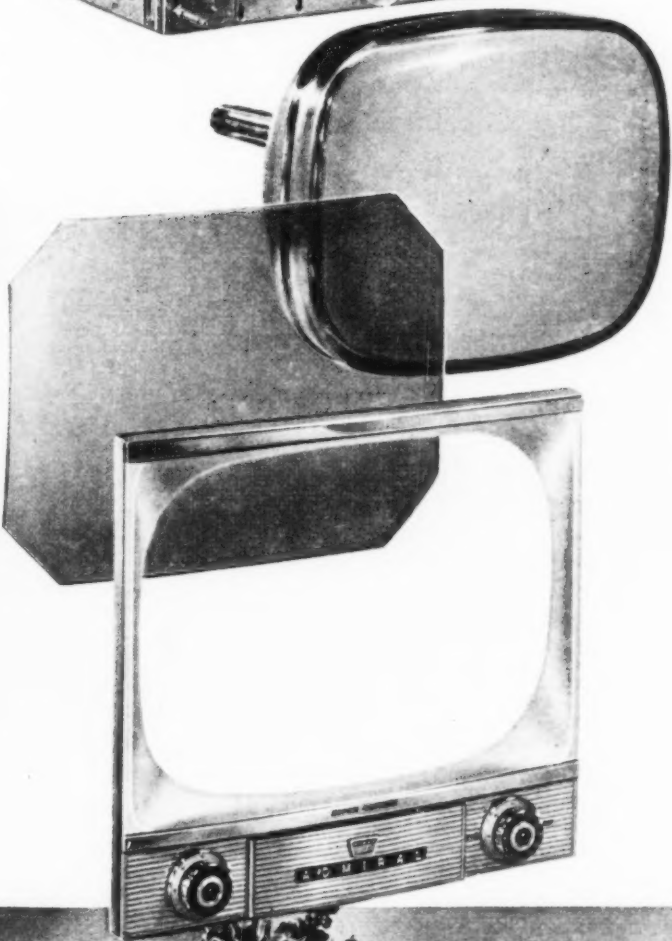
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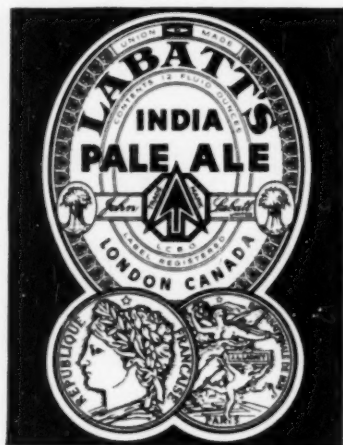
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A MAN'S DRINK

Enigma in Ebony

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

fruit floating on their heads, swayed quickly to a doorway, clutching at their loads. The driver jammed to a stop, almost unloosing Sanford's sweating grip on the car strap. At the same time, in a reckless synchronizing of motion, he shoved his right hand on the wheel and leant out the window, great shoulders glistening. Over the echoes of the horn he shouted in some unintelligible language. The two girls took it up, rolling their eyes and peering mischievously at Sanford. What were they gabbing? He recognized an English word, a Spanish phrase—or was it Portuguese? But the basis seemed Dutch or even Afrikaans! He could make no sense of it. Were they making fun of him? Because he was fat? Or the red beard? They wouldn't see many here. But it seemed somehow more than that, as if he were the ball in some elaborate and rushing game. For suddenly the car was off again, the driver waving a long bare arm like a slow snake at the laughing women. He began to wish he had waited for the ship's breakfast and shared a taxi to town with some of his fellow passengers. But he got enough of them between ports, and there was only a morning in Curaçao.

"I haven't time for side trips," Sanford shouted. They were mounting still through streets of increasingly dingy houses, shacks really. "I've got to be back by ten!"

The driver swerved round a cluster of half-naked children playing in front of a squat hovel whose roof, Sanford was surprised to see, was actually jungle-thatched. The car's top brushed the contorted boughs of a low tree at the hut's wall and two blossoms fell through the window into Sanford's lap. Pink, huge, they looked more like soft prawns than flowers. He brushed them off quickly.

"Did you hear—?"

"That's all right, doctor. Your ship not sail till eleven." The long head tilted back *was* the fellow laughing?—but did not turn. So he knew that too. But he wasn't going to get away with this. Sanford leaned toward the enigmatic back. "Take me straight to the centre of town. Now!" He made his voice angry.

The horn blew at once, as if in retort, but it was only to part a ragged covey of cyclists pedaling toward them, their bare sooty feet dancing below American army pants. Workmen of some sort. The driver slowed and there was another explosion of patois and high laughter as the cyclists, braking also, crouched to peer at Sanford in passing. He was about to shout again at the driver when the car changed gear, veered to the crest of the hill and stopped abruptly.

"This a tourist's viewpoint, doctor. You have a good look, eh?"

Sanford suppressed a peevish reply. He might as well look, now they were here. "Which way is the town-centre?"

"Down there, doctor." The black boa of an arm undulated vaguely out the driver's window. "See channel coming in from south, from sea. That where your ship sail in las' night."

From where they sat the nearer huts went steeply down, changing to carmine-tiled roofs and pastel walls which the dog-legged streets cut into a weird confusion of planes. Here and there the geometry of houses was interrupted by wind-twisted shrubs, uprisings of cacti, and the pale fountains of banana trees. At the bottom a ribbon of water glittered. Douanier Rousseau, Sanford thought, reworked by Picasso.

"This view much admired by painters," the driver said softly, as if he had been following Sanford's mind through the back of his own brocaded head.

"But is the main town on this side of the channel?" Sanford asked. There seemed to be an equal thickening and rising of buildings on the far bank, at a point where a curious low bridge spanned the inlet.

"Other side, doctor. Soon we cross on Queen Emma. Famous pontoon bridge."

"All right," said Sanford abruptly, "let's get going."

"Doctor shouldn't miss big view, other side of car." The driver did not move.

"Oh, very well." The fellow had a definite way with him. Sanford shifted over to his right window.

"There you see where your ship now," the ambiguous voice pursued



MACLEAN'S

"It's a boy, Professor. He's asking for you."

him. "Schottegat Harbor. Channel lead into it."

It was certainly a "view." They were high enough to look north over the narrow island's waist to a flecked turquoise Caribbean rolling in the trade winds to a cobalt sky. Nearer, cushioned from the sea by hills, an amoebic lagoon quivered in the risen sun, outlined with refineries, oil tanks like silver hatboxes, and serrations of docks and moored ships. He searched the complexity for his freighter, but could not identify it, and shifted heavily back behind the driver, who was gazing out his own side, his silhouette expressionless still, a black-ivory fetish. Automatically Sanford followed his stare. A tanker was creeping toward the channel's mouth; farther south the blue-green waters were dotted with ships arrowing to and from the dim blur of the Venezuelan coast.

"Let's go," said Sanford harshly.

The driver turned his eyes to the wheel. There was a pause, as if he debated something involved and obscure within his exotic skull, and then, slowly, softly, the car glided down. Sanford, who had automatically braced his feet for another riot of motion relaxed.

"That's the speed. Don't go any faster than this."

"For sure, doctor."

As the road leveled out, and the homes swelled into respectability, Sanford for the first time began to enjoy himself. The place was unique, endlessly harlequin. The streets now were livening with cycles, carts, motors, in shapes and hues as various as the houses and the hurrying people. They passed tall buildings looking as if they had been lifted bodily from the canal sides of Ghent; then the precise playground of a Le Corbusier school, shaded by the towers of a Spanish church, stuccoed in violent cerise. Sedately they rolled through a brief park where palms clacked and fluttered in the



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MACLEAN'S GIFT ISSUE

DECEMBER 1

unceasing trade wind, and strange heavy odors sifted into the car. Sanford lay back. Over the thickening noise of traffic came the long booooo of a boat whistle, surprisingly clear and as if from the heart of the town ahead.

"You like me to drive fast now?" The driver, who had been silent since the hilltop, suddenly presented the totemic outline of his face.

"No, no, this is just right." It could only be a few blocks more.

"You're the doctor." The flippancy of the phrase startled Sanford, and even more perhaps the remote and baffling irony of the tone. "Was it merely an accent, he wondered, something indigenous to this wholly unaccountable island?" They turned a corner and were immediately on an esplanade beside a canal-like reach of water. This must be St. Anna Channel. Yes; at its sea end there was an entering tanker, the one no doubt whose whistle they had heard a few blocks back, and here, close at hand, just beyond a "Hotel Americano," was the long pontoon bridge.

"Queen Emma, doctor." Under its flat reach the dozen prows of the individual pontoons projected in a neat perspective of lozenges: above, enclosed by low railings, iridescent currents and counter-currents of cars and walkers flowed and sparkled in the tropic sun.

Suddenly Sanford was aware of a bell clanging ahead, and an instant flurry among the bridge's pedestrians. Those who had just begun to walk toward the farther shore turned back, those at the centre quickened their flow; a few began running. The scene had an unreal quality, vaguely symbolic, like something from, who was it? Addison? Yes—the Vision of Mirza. Sanford's taxi stopped, its line of traffic stalled.

"What's happening, driver?" "Queen Emma, doctor. The tanker has right-of-way."

"What!" But of course. Ass. It had to be a swing bridge or ships couldn't get into the harbor, the Schottegat. Even as he watched, the bridge, bare now of cars, broke its far end free, as if pushed by invisible emanations from the towering prow of the approaching tanker. One pedestrian, a flash of white, leaped at the last minute to the shore. Gradually, in a dream of motion, the bridge swung into mid-channel, folded toward them like a caliper, still bearing, on its moving tip, two belated walkers riding to nowhere, ridiculous, forlorn. What about himself?

"What do we do now, driver?" "The African did not stir or reply. Sanford, quite sure he had been heard, felt his nails clench into his palms with pique.

"Answer me! How long do we wait? Isn't there any way round? You didn't take me a direct route, and now—" His voice broke to a wheeze and he checked it, embarrassed.

Tranquilly the driver spoke, addressing still his windshield. "When we hear boat blow, I say 'You like me to drive fast now?' You say 'No, no, this

is just right.' So we wait now, fifteen minutes maybe."

"But I didn't realize—" The chap was right. Ah, but wait—if he had let him speed up? Could they, even at his slam-bang pace, have reached the bridge before the cars were halted? Wasn't it that the driver *knew*, when the whistle blew, it was too late. Coldly now, underlining his words, Sanford spoke:

"Do you intend to charge me extra for waiting here?"

The curled head tilted back. "Yes, doctor. All taxi charge waiting for Queen Emma; seventy-five cent each quarter-hour."

Sanford sat cursing his own naiveté. This tanker was the one they had seen from the hill. The fellow had spotted it, calculated when it would reach the pontoon, poked along till the whistle sounded. And more—that was why they'd gone to the "view" in the first place—to wait for a boat! Wasting an hour, perhaps—all to gyp him out of a few cents. One was usually on guard against this sort of thing; but he had been taken in by the novel front, by this, well, rather beautiful savage god—with the soul of the usual West Indian cabbie. The charlatan had even been parading him around to be laughed at by the whole native ward, a fat tourist sheep about to be shorn.

Quickly Sanford took two dollar bills from his wallet, shoved open the door and stumbled around to the driver. "Here. I'm walking across, when the bridge closes." As he held the money out, the driver turned and Sanford, for the first time, looked at him full face. For a long bewildered moment, he stood, hand extended like a schizophrenic, unable to shift from the gaze of those cloudy great eyes that, from the jet or moving sculpture of the face, glowed with, surely, some fierce and yet enigmatic message.

"You tricked me, you know," Sanford's tone, in spite of himself, was apologetic; he could neither move nor withdraw his arm. The wide smooth lips, the caverned no trils did not stir, but slowly the driver's stare fell to the outstretched hand, and sank, as if in defeat, to Sanford's feet. But at once the tapestried head came up, long sleek-black fingers picked the bills from Sanford's hand, and the eyes looked again into the white man's. In that brief interval, the driver had subtly changed. Something, some minute quiver of muscles playing at the smoky flare of the mouth and at the flat wings of the massive nose, or perhaps a fleeting roll of light in the ochre eyeballs—something in the man's face was matched at last to the poised raillery of the voice that spoke now, as if in amused granting of a request:

"I take you back, doctor, for sure. I meet you—"

But Sanford wheeled and hurried down the sidewalk that led, between the stalled line of cars and the channel bank, toward the bridge. Behind him he heard the driver shouting something

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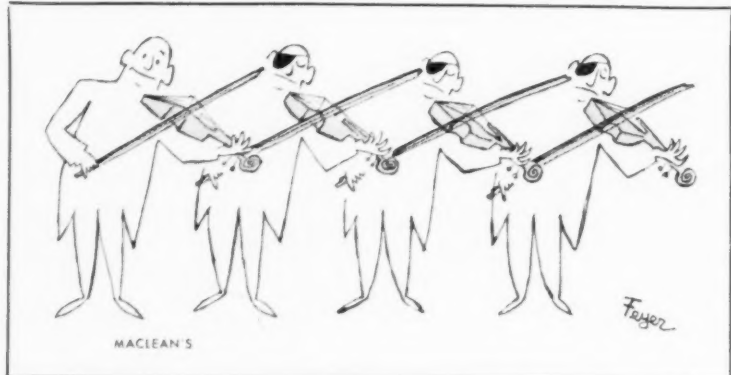
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... other side Queen Emma." He shouldered his way confusedly through the motley of walkers, pursued by a last "Doctor!", a cry that seemed half appeal, half laughter.

For a moment he had an irrational urge to hail an approaching cab and drive back at once to his ship. But then, arriving abreast of the iron grille barring the way to the splayed-out pontoon (the tanker only now moving through the gap beyond), he became aware of a purposeful current in the multicolored human stream around him. People were jostling past the grille and down a few yards over a shallow quay to a substantial ferryboat, cabined with bright purple awnings. A twin to it was already approaching, cutting through the wake of the tanker, its deck black with passengers.

Fool, fool, not to have guessed that, in a town of this size, there would be ferries operating when the bridge was barred. Free, even, he saw, reading the quadrilingual sign on the pier; operated by the government. As he heaved himself aboard, he realized, with an anticipatory twinge in his flat arches, that he would have to stand for the crossing. It was then that Sanford missed his cane.

The cane was in the taxi. The silver-knobbed Irish thorn that Arthur had given him when he left him. Yes, he had let it slip to the back floor the first time he reached for a side strap as they left the ship's wharf. The sonof-a-bitch, he breathed, audibly enough to startle a wide immaculate Dutchman planted beside him. He's got his tip and his bridge-graft out of me after all. It was deliberate—that franc-tireur was too sly not to have noticed; he had let him walk off, guessing that Sanford would neither wish to come back for it nor to spend his short time in the town reporting it to the police. For it was already, Sanford saw by his watch, eight twenty-five, and he wanted very much to get a mint block of the current Curaçaoan airmail. He should find and write some view cards too, and perhaps buy a bit of perfume—and of course a bottle of Curaçao. Now he would have to search out a stick as well, damn the fellow.

Curious, though, that he would have wanted to drive Sanford back. Either he hadn't realized that the cane was worth several times the fare money, or—? Or what? Deliberately he put the whole incident out of his mind, seeing himself at last in the heart of the old town. With gradually increasing spirits he sauntered through the little Hindu quarter, purchasing (at a bargain) a fairly presentable malacca, and finding his way, through the bizarre miscegenations of humanity and architecture, to the aged and cavernous post office, where a pretty youth, some kind of Latin half-caste with lips like a brown cockleshell, sold him the mint airmail block. Avoiding then the street by the channel, he circled through a lush park where outlandish fat waterlilies shone from the shadow of Wilhelmina's statue. When his arches began aching, he found a seat in an arcaded cafe beside a spur of the channel; piratical schooners lay moored to the shore, their riggings festooned with bright bananas, their decks noisy with natives shouting bargains at the great-beamed women waddling past on the sidewalk.

While he sipped a cup of excellent American coffee, Sanford thumbed through a tourist folder he had picked up in a perfume shop. There was a neat map of the bus routes and their schedules. He began, with mild masochism, working out the direct route to his ship. By walking a block or so down to the bridge and crossing it (or taking the ferry, if need be), he

could catch a bus almost at the spot where he had left the taxi. The bus, following the channel bank and a short outcurve of the Schottegat, would bring him within yards of his ship in a matter of eight minutes. And the fare would be, what? A quarter-guilder, thirteen Canadian cents.

In sudden petulance, Sanford decided to take the bus at once, and paid his check. He had more than a half-hour yet, but his feet still ached, and coping with the unceasing flow of people in the narrow streets had made him sweat. And he would not hire a taxi, whoever

was driving it. Yet, out in the sun again, caught in the strange kaleidoscope of face and dress and shop front, Sanford found himself wishing he had a month here. He would begin to paint once more, surely.

He surveyed the channel with care. No boats approaching; the bridge intact. He turned on to it. Extraordinary though, and the thought pushed unwelcome into his consciousness, nowhere in all the racial polychrome of this crossroads island had he glimpsed another face and head remotely resembling his driver's. Or heard a

voice like his, for that matter, a voice like—he wondered suddenly, with a kind of panic, if the fellow was actually sitting there in wait for him. No, he'd be drinking whatever his kind drank, off in his "so-call' Native Quarter"—what a curious phrase for him to have used—from the proceeds of the silver-headed cane.

Sanford stepped heavily off the absurd bridge and saw the bus sign and—he'd better be quick—a red omnibus already veering toward the bright little pool of waiters. Just as Sanford reached it, and the bus puffed

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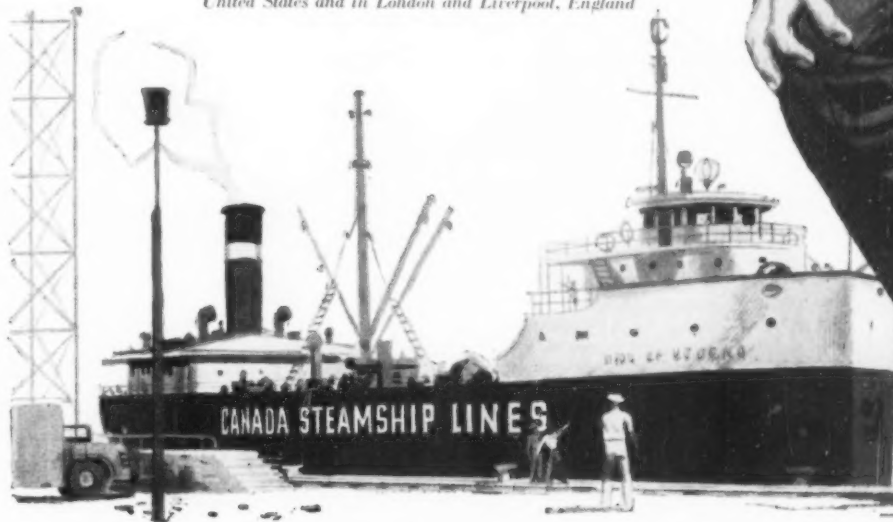
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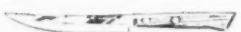
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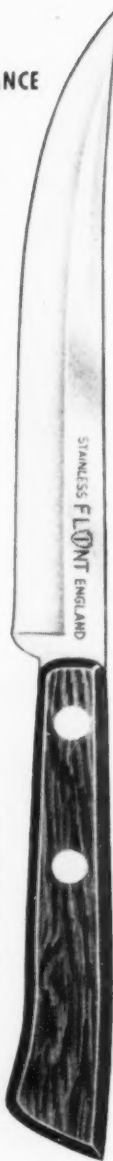
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to a halt, there was a shout from across the narrow street.

"Doctor."

From the window of the dark cab the familiar black boa of an arm was waving, and Sanford, in a trance of embarrassment, saw the leaning blur of that massive face and the beautiful animal flash of teeth in—what was it?—a smile?

"Doctor. Over here."

Sanford stopped, half turned.

"You come with me. Lots of time. I got . . ."

"No! No!" Sanford shouted, as much in protest against his own impulse as against the invitation. Clutching parcels and cane he butted his way in reckless misery around the two men still between him and the bus door, and into the dense haven of the passengers. They stood so packed inside he could not see what the blackamoor was doing out in the street. Sanford had fancied, in his last glimpse, that the man was climbing out of his car toward him. The bus jerked forward, and Sanford let out his breath in a slow sigh. He tried to look back, but could see nothing. And when he let himself down within sight of the ship's funnel he was alone.

It was a half-hour before the *St. Malo* cast loose, a little late; Sanford had time for a shower and a change. Feeling almost himself again, he got an aperitif, mounted to the open recreation deck, where most of the other passengers were already gathered, and settled himself in the largest deck chair. The ship was already moving from the Schottegat into the channel, hooting mournfully. Sanford watched the fantastic brindled town slide by on either side in the bright noon sun. Ahead, on the right, the long pontoon began to break and arc out toward them, an oddly satisfying sight.

As the end swung through the water in front of their approaching ship, Sanford saw that a pedestrian had once more stranded himself on the amputated prow of the grotesque structure, some workman apparently—it was a bit far to see—bare-waisted in dark jeans, for whom time was not so important that he should walk back to the fixed end of the pontoon and take the ferry. Sanford set his glass on the chair arm. The bridge swung a little wider, enough to give the *St. Malo* clear passage. And now, as the ship's nose drew toward the figure on the pontoon, Sanford knew with awful certainty who it was that stood there, immensely tall, immobile, with glistening pitchy chest. Dismayed and yet curious, Sanford gripped the armrest of his deck chair and waited.

"Ooo, look at the big black man," said a woman leaning on the rail—it was the Nebraska female, in her usual mock-childish accents.

"Say," her husband beside her spoke quickly, "what's he up to?"

For the figure held something in his right hand and, as the passengers glided abreast, he tilted his long crinkled head, swept back his arm, and hurled the object, like a spear, in a magnificent gesture of grace and power, as if straight at Sanford. He struggled to lift himself out of the deck chair, spilling the aperitif into his lap, and the coy woman screamed, but it would have been too late to avoid being struck if the object had not, in fact, been cast to arch glittering over all their heads and clatter on the deck behind.

Then, as the passengers swept past and out of sight of the sable figure, there came winging from it, like a second spear which did not pass over Sanford's head, the deep and forever ambiguous voice:

"Your cane, doctor." ★

The Lively Ghosts of Chignecto

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

government, that of Sir John A. Macdonald, advertised for tenders for the Chignecto canal but was defeated before it awarded a contract. Canada's second government, that of Alexander Mackenzie, twice included money for the project in its estimates before it appointed a royal commission which recommended that the plan be dropped.

Henry George Clopper Ketchum, a portly engineer with a king-sized mustache, a beaver hat and an impressive manner, then entered the picture. He said that for a third of the cost of a canal he could build a railroad that would transport ships of up to five thousand tons over Chignecto Isthmus. It sounded crazy but Ketchum's tongue was persuasive and his record was good. He had built railways in British North America, South America and Europe. In 1882 he secured from parliament a charter for the Chignecto Marine Railway Transport Company. Sir John A. Macdonald, again in power, guaranteed the company an annual subsidy of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for twenty-five years, provided the railroad was in operation within seven years.

A New Town Is Born

With this guarantee Ketchum embarked for England, where he persuaded a London bank, Baring Brothers, to finance him and where he engaged several engineering assistants. One of these was Maurice Fitzmaurice, who was later to tunnel under the Thames, erect an irrigation dam on the Nile, and win a knighthood. By 1888 the job was in full swing. Four thousand laborers were at work, rails weighing one hundred and ten pounds to the yard were being anchored to a broad heavily-ballasted roadbed, and masons were completing the stone docks from which ships were to be lifted hydraulically onto carriages with sixty wheels on each side.

The quiet villages of Sackville and Amherst, on the Fundy side, became roaring boom towns jammed with boisterous strangers. A third community, Port Elgin, sprang up on the Northumberland Strait side. Ketchum and his fellow engineers had an elaborate residence at Amherst, Ballyhooly House, where they entertained lavishly.

Then, without warning, the London bank found itself in difficulties and had to suspend loans to Ketchum. Before it was able to resume advances the agreement under which he was to receive a subsidy from Ottawa was nullified by the seven-year clause. He was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons when a motion to grant him an extension of time was defeated by a single vote.

A beaten man, he returned to Amherst and died before he could see his rails rust and his docks crumble.

Although advocates of a Chignecto canal go marching on valiantly, sup-

port for the marine railroad died with Ketchum. His four-million-dollar failure is a landmark now in a district crowded with landmarks.

A mere ridge in the marshes, it's within sight of another ridge—North America's first dyke, the dyke of de la Vallière. When Michel Le Neuf de la Vallière, governor and commander of Acadia, reached Chignecto in 1676, Fundy's tremendous tide swept in twice daily over much of the vast seignior he had been granted and myriads of seaweed set up such a din in the reeds and eelgrass that he called the marshes Tintamarre, which meant racket or hubbub, and has now been corrupted to Tantramar. De la Vallière, who had seen the amazing fertility of Holland's dykelands, figured that what the Dutch could do the French could do too. He had his followers erect a wall with a series of crude valves, each a flap of cowhide over a small opening, which would let the land drain at low tide but hold the sea out at high tide. De la Vallière was soon growing huge crops.

Besides farming, he fished in both the Bay of Fundy and Northumberland Strait. His dining table was the wonder of the New World, heaped with lobsters, oysters, shad, salmon, mackerel, venison, ducks and geese.

Of all fish he preferred plump succulent shad, and the Bay of Fundy was full of them, but they were hard to catch in set nets because of Fundy's high tide. De la Vallière overcame the problem by fastening nets to sixty-foot stakes. The shad, which swim near the surface, blundered into the nets at high tide and at low tide de la Vallière's men climbed up ladders to empty the nets. This is still the method by which shad are taken at Fundy's head at villages like Minudie, N.S.

With his farming and fishing enterprises prospering, de la Vallière should have been a happy man, but he wasn't. The reason was his daughter Marguerite. After he'd arranged a fine marriage for her with a noble in Quebec and had scrimped to accumulate a suitable dowry for her, she ran off with Louis le Gannes, a twice-widowed peasant with six children. De la Vallière had changed the name of the Missaguash River to the Marguerite. Now he restored its old name to the Missaguash and took an oath he would never speak to his daughter again. Like le Gannes' other wives, she died young, and there are those who say that the fair face of Marguerite shines wanly from a pool in the Missaguash when the moon is bright.

It is easier to believe this on Chignecto than it is elsewhere. The isthmus, with its fogs, its mists, its sometimes whispering and sometimes howling wind, its eternal smell of sea and adventure, has an atmosphere that makes ghosts credible.

It has ghosts like those of the young British lieutenant and his sweetheart who were captured by Indians and tied in such a way on the tide flats that as the tide rose the girl would see her lover drown, then be drowned herself. Her piercing screams as her lieutenant died attracted French rescuers who drove off the Indians, but, no longer wanting to live, she held her



MACLEAN S

head under water and joined her lover in death.

That happened at Aulac, N.B. At the nearby Chignecto village of Bloody Bridge, N.B., the more superstitious residents claim they have seen the ghosts of five scalped and naked British soldiers who were murdered and stripped of their clothing by Micmac Indians employed by Abbé le Loutre, an evil fanatic who collected English scalps.

Looming over Aulac and Bloody Bridge is Fort Beauséjour. Built by the French on the summit of a hill, it was taken by the British in 1755. The chaplain of the British force which moved in was Parson Eagleson, and his cheerful ghost is said to stagger around the ramparts laughing. Eagleson could preach a good hellfire sermon on Sunday but on other days was said to drink more than his share of rum. He would ride home from the officers' mess at night sitting backward in his saddle and doffing his hat ceremoniously to everybody he met.

One evening he encountered a raiding party from Jonathan Eddy's ragged army which was trying to win the Maritimes for George Washington. The raiders, instead of bowing back, packed Eagleson off to Boston and tossed him behind bars. It was months before he escaped and returned to Beauséjour just in time to christen the infant son of a couple he had been supposed to marry. To him this, and everything else, was an uproarious joke.

Serious historians, who ignore Eagleson's antics, deal at length with the effort of Jonathan Eddy to gain the Maritimes for the United States, and with his defeat by the Beauséjour garrison in 1776. A scholarly book by Professor Bartlett Brebner, of Columbia University, notes that if Eddy hadn't been routed at Chignecto the Maritimes, fairly sympathetic to the rebel cause anyway, would now belong to the U. S. and Canada would lack ports on the Atlantic.

Fort Beauséjour has been partly rebuilt in late years by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board and there's a museum where Eagleson used to bend his elbow. On the Chignecto Isthmus it's known as Dr. Webster's Museum, in tribute to Dr. J. Clarence Webster, a New Brunswicker who was a protégé of the great Sir William Osler. Webster, who looked like a benevolent eagle, had a spectacular career in medicine in Britain, Canada and the U.S. Rich and internationally famous in his fifties, he retired to his native province and devoted the last thirty years of his life and hundreds of thousands of dollars to resurrecting and recording the colorful past of the Maritimes.

Chignecto was his special preserve. When he was too old to tramp its bogs and hills he pored over aerial photographs of the area. On one of these he noticed a mysterious contour beside La Coupe River. Excited, he sprang from his chair and rushed off to investigate.

The spot that had aroused his interest was covered with earth and so overgrown with brush that a person could walk by without seeing it. But digging revealed that it had once been a dry dock—North America's first dating from the beginning of the 1700s. In it French warships of the Atlantic Squadron were repaired. Webster bought it and deeded it to Canada.

So now it's a tourist attraction among Chignecto's other tourist attractions, vying for attention with Fort Beauséjour, the lesser Chignecto forts of Gaspereau and Lawrence, the marine railroad, the Acadian dykes, the strange tidal rivers which empty into Fundy. These rivers, the Tantramar, the Aulac, Missaguash and La Planche, are within

sight of one another. They twist through the fields like snakes, and occasionally jump their banks and carve new courses. The Missaguash, the river nearest Sackville, did that just after an expensive new wharf had been built to serve the town, and this wharf since 1920 has been a ludicrous object, far from water.

Besides its dry wharf, Chignecto has dry lakes which now produce big crops of hay. Tolar Thompson, a century and a half ago, used to watch the incoming tide rush up the rivers, heavy with silt. It struck him that if the tide

could reach the lakes and deposit the silt in them, they would fill up and turn into fertile farmland. He cut passages from the rivers to half a dozen lakes and thus reclaimed thousands of acres on which grass grew lushly. Chignecto has ever since been the best grazing area in the Maritimes for beef cattle. Maritime gourmets prefer Chignecto sirloins to prime western steaks, and they fry them with Chignecto mushrooms—huge wild mushrooms that grow in the salt marshes and have an exquisite flavor.

People who wander through the

marshes obviously searching for something may be looking for these mushrooms, or they may be looking for treasure. The Canadian author, Will R. Bird, who knows the marshes as few others do, is convinced that they hold buried treasure, for the Acadians were prosperous but couldn't take their gold with them when they were driven out by the British. Many concealed it, hoping to be able to return.

Some treasure has actually been located. A chest of French gold was unearthed near Beauséjour when the roadbed of the Intercolonial Railway

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"The Sarge don't want a commission, even if the Captain's wife comes with it..."

"Prew was a hardhead...the tougher it got, the better he liked it!"

DEBORAH KERR • FRANK SINATRA



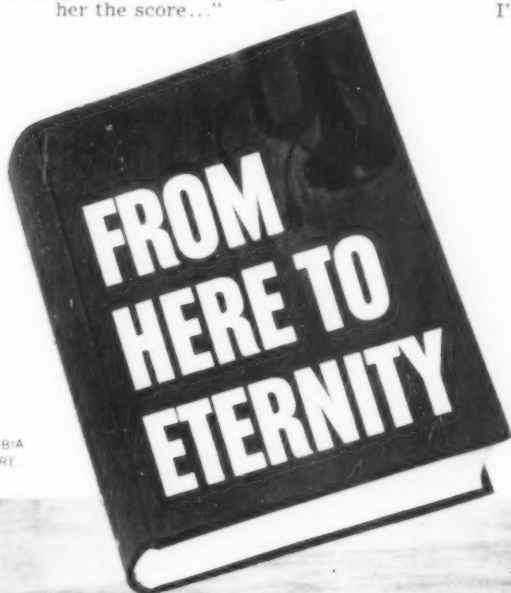
"Her and them sweaters. Looks colder'n an iceberg, but I know who taught her the score..."

"He's such a comical little runt. He makes me want to cry while I'm laughin' at him..."

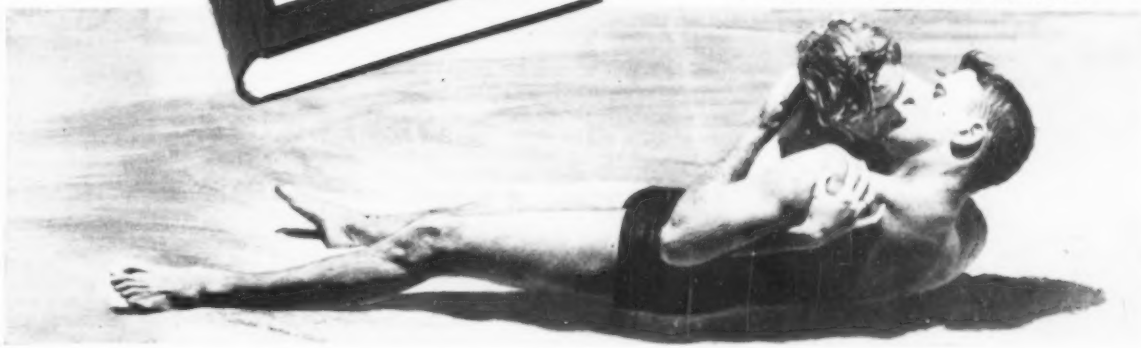
DONNA REED



"Sure, she's nice to him. She's nice to all the boys..."



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Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN

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was being graded in 1872. Within a mile of this, around the same time, a farmer excavating a cellar struck so much gold that he didn't bother finishing the house but packed off to the U. S. to live a life of ease. In 1884 a man named Bent who occupied a house built by the French awoke one morning to discover that his stone doorstep had been lifted during the night. In the spot it had covered was the imprint of a three-legged iron pot which presumably had held a fortune.

Looking strangely out of place in the marshes is a big white modernistic building surrounded by a forest of steel masts. This is the CBC's Voice of Canada, a shortwave transmitter of five million watts power. Programs broadcast to foreign countries by the CBC are relayed through this station which reaches Central and South America, the British Isles and Europe, Australia and New Zealand, Asia and Africa. Built in 1943, it was put in the marshes because the damp salt soil proved to be a natural reflector for radio signals.

Although Chignecto Isthmus is a huge patchwork of fine farms, the towns on its edges are not just shopping centres for the agricultural population. Charles Moffatt, youthful editor of the bi-weekly Sackville Tribune-Post, says Sackville's two chief products are "scholars and stoves," for Sackville is both a college town and a foundry town—a community where professors and iron molders belong to the same clubs.

Its university, Mount Allison, founded in 1853, caused a nationwide controversy in 1875 by granting a B.Sc. to Grace A. Lockhart. It was the first degree ever given to a woman in Canada and reactionary males raised a howl of protest, accusing Mount Allison of trying to undermine the whole social structure. Feminists rallied to the support of Mount Allison and in the ensuing debate husbands lined up against wives, brothers against sisters. Mount Allison, which survived to laugh at its critics and see other universities follow its example, now has seven hundred students. Its president is Rev. Dr. Ross Flemington, who was Canada's principal Protestant chaplain overseas in the last war.

Sackville has two stove foundries which sell their stoves, heaters and furnaces throughout the country and as far away as Argentina, South Africa and New Zealand. One was established in 1852 by a tinsmith, John Fawcett, the other in 1872 by a farmer, R. M. Dixon, who figured that while he had no manufacturing experience nobody could know more about a stove than a farmer who for years had been lighting one in the morning and warming himself by it in the evening. Together these industries have about six hundred employees.

Amherst, at the other end of the isthmus, is famed for the Great Amherst Mystery and the Maritime Winter Fair. The Great Amherst Mystery, which rated front-page coverage by North American newspapers toward the close of the 1800s, had as its leading character a servant girl, Esther Cox, who frequently slipped into a sort of coma. When Esther slipped, hell popped. Flour flew from barrels, lids flew from stoves, stones broke windows, fires caught where there was nothing to cause them. Investigators flocked to Amherst and while they agreed that Esther was in some way connected with the curious events that happened around her when she was having one of her spells, they went away as baffled as the public. Finally, Esther's health improved, and all was again quiet.

The Maritime Winter Fair, which has been held in Amherst in November

for more than half a century, is Toronto's Royal Winter Fair on a somewhat smaller scale and with a Maritime flavor. It draws the leading farmers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island and they trade livestock and gossip, hold reunions, make merry.

But Amherst is, like Sackville, primarily industrial in character. Its hundred - and - four - year - old Robb Engineering Works fabricates structural steel. Other plants roll steel, make pants, coffins, trunks, bags and building materials, and assemble washing machines and refrigerators.

Amherst's mayor, soft-spoken F. C. Wightman, a consulting engineer, was formerly town manager of Kentville. When he moved to Amherst to practice engineering, he felt lost without a town under his wing and ran for the mayoralty. Like his Sackville counterpart, Herb Beale, he worries about the loss of young people who board westbound



"I wonder if it's any good?"

trains for central Canada, and wishes the isthmus could be sliced by a canal to reduce freight costs and stimulate industry.

Apart from Sackville and Amherst, the one other Chignecto community of any size is Port Elgin, which sits at the mouth of the Gaspereau River looking over Northumberland Strait. It has a factory that makes cans for fish packers and a mill that weaves blankets. But most of its residents are farmers and lobster fishermen. If the Chignecto canal were ever built Port Elgin would boom like Sackville and Amherst, for it would be at the northern approach to the waterway. But two fishermen, repairing their gear on the wharf a while ago, hoped vocally that Ottawa wouldn't act too quickly.

"My grandfather," said one of them, "spent his life grumbling about how those rascals at Ottawa wouldn't dig the canal for us. So did my father, and I've been yacking all my life too. If those fellers at Ottawa built it now they'd be depriving me of my chief topic of conversation." He'd have a lot of company equally bereft of conversation, for Chignecto folks have been brought up on talk of this elusive project.

Meanwhile, even without it, and even if some of their sons and daughters shove off for the big cities, Chignecto's residents do pretty well with their lush salt marshes, their small factories, their quiet but pleasant towns and villages. They have time to enjoy the wind and the ghosts and the old forts outlined against the moonlight—time to hunt mushrooms and treasure and fish the trout lakes and shoot the ducks which wing over the bogs. ★

Blackpool

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

second-biggest dance halls ever built, an ice rink, three piers, innumerable tennis courts, bowling greens and paddling pools, several golf courses, a fine inland park and a vast swimming pool. Down the Golden Mile in the centre of the promenade there is a plethora of fish-and-chip shops, hot-dog stands, shrimp bars, ice-cream booths, shooting galleries, slot-machine arcades, mock auctioneers and a regiment of hucksters who sell every emblem of Saturnalia from paper hats, Kewpie dolls, and beach balls to dirty postcards, stink bombs and a prurient journal called Billy's Weekly Liar.

The late Sir Charles B. Cochran, one of Britain's greatest impresarios, once said: "Blackpool's entertainments are without rival in the world." His strongest competitor, Julian Wylie, said: "You could take the whole of Atlantic City and Coney Island and put them into Blackpool without knowing they were there." There is not a single month in the calendar when Blackpool is without guests. Every Sunday all the year round there are celebrity concerts which bring motorists in to see artists of the stature of Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Gracie Fields, George Formby and Lena Horne. The illuminations were devised thirty years ago to extend the summer season until the end of October. They are paid for by the town council, and thus indirectly by Blackpool's fifty thousand taxpayers. The resort was once described by Lord Woolton, wartime Minister of Food, as "a wonderful example of the combination of municipal and private enterprise."

The off season, from November to April, is filled by an average of more than fifty conventions, by music, dance and drama festivals, by dog shows, beauty demonstrations, art exhibitions, billiards championships, philatelic congresses, sports car rallies, photography - judging and cocktail-shaking contests. Blackpool has even drawn Scots from their mountain fastness two hundred miles to the north with an annual Highland Gathering. Britain's three political parties and many trade unions return to Blackpool every few years for their conferences.

At Christmas, only those who have made reservations months ahead can get in. The traditional four-day Easter holiday is Blackpool's warmup for the summer season. In the first week of May there is an Old Folks' Holiday which brings thousands of aged who wish to avoid the dense throngs of later days. About the same time the annual fifty-mile walking race from Manchester to Blackpool draws photographers and reporters from all over the country to herald the readiness of the resort to move into full stride. From dark and huddled streets in the teeming ant world of industrial Britain, from the hollows of black and shaggy moors, from a vast mosaic of tracks, junctions, stores and factories, all streaked with the grime of cotton production, come most of Blackpool's customers. At peak periods they pour into Blackpool at the rate of one train-load every two minutes, one coachload every ten seconds, and by cars, motorcycles and pushbikes that jam every road within a radius of twenty-five miles.

They rush to the promenade and gulp in the air of the Gulf Stream, the air that has been cleansed in crossing the wide Atlantic and sweetened and softened by its eastward passage across verdant Ireland. It seems to intoxicate

the Lancastrians. They spend wildly. They drink joyously. They dance ardently. They ride the roller coasters hilariously. The men roll up their trousers and paddle in the cold sea, oblivious to the incongruity of a gold Albert watch chain and a flat cap which most of them wear. The women hitch up their skirts and ride donkeys. The teen-agers swim till their skin turns blue, or play galloping games of cricket with a big soft colored ball. The infants dart between the legs of the donkeys, scream at the cruelties of Punch and Judy, and, helped by father, build enormous sand castles topped with fluttering paper flags. Ammon Wrigley, a poet in the Lancashire dialect, once remarked to this writer: "If it weren't for Blackpool I think the whole of bloody Lancashire would go 'bang'!"

Every town in Lancashire has its annual Wakes Week, a vacation common to the entire population. Usually the whole place just shuts down and goes off to Blackpool. In Blackpool the landladies have grown used to each town's different characteristics. Bacup folk like to sing and dance in the boarding house after the pubs have closed. Wigan folk are just a bit too rowdy. Westhoughton folk will help you wash the dishes if you let them. Scunthorpe folk are so quiet, says one landlady, "you wouldn't know there was anybody in the house."

For eleven and a half months in the year Lancastrians save up for their Wakes Week. They put a few shillings from their pay packets into non-profit organizations known as Slate Clubs. At Blackpool they spend every penny. This is so traditional that before they set off they leave under the clock on the mantelpiece enough money to pay for the taxi on their return. Some white-collar workers in Lancashire of course go south to the gentility of Bournemouth or Torquay, or even cross the Channel to the sophistication of Paris and the Riviera. Even a few of the younger mill workers are now venturing abroad, or taking long-distance motor-coach tours. But most of them, like their parents and grandparents before them, remain loyal to Blackpool. The percentage of Scots and Cockneys is increasing every year.

The last war acquainted thousands of American and Commonwealth troops with the modified pleasures Blackpool provided and since then many have taken their families there on a sentimental journey.

You can stay at Blackpool in sea-front boarding houses like The Belle Coo, The Roxy, Breezeland, The Rex, Oak Villa or The Aldro for as little as two dollars and a half a day with four meals included. Or you can take bed and breakfast in five-star hotels like The Imperial, The Clifton, The Cliffs and The Savoy for between four and five dollars daily. These prices do not seem cheap to the Lancashire folk who earn about half the average Canadian wage.

In a typical boarding house the landlady is prim, arch, formidable and jocose by turns, according to the mood of her guests. Always at the back of her mind is the need for preserving respectability without losing business.

She is probably coping with three young men who insist on sleeping in one bed rather than relegate one of their number to the loneliness of a separate room; with four flighty girls in their twenties who are "dance mad" and who come home after midnight with lipstick smeared and beer on their breath; with a family of six whose brats insist on shaking the sand from their socks into the toilet rather than into the cardboard box provided for that purpose in the vestibule; with a couple

of old folks who demand cocoa every night at ten and a glass of hot water every morning at six; with the sportsman who noisily rings up his bookie five minutes before each race at Lingfield Park; with the life-of-the-party type who gives the aspidistra a shot of gin every midday and even tries to organize a singsong around the fret-work-fronted piano when the sun is shining; and with the wolf who is eyeing the boarding-house waitress, a pretty colleen from Dublin.

At Christmas, however, she will send all her varied guests a card in the hope

they will be back again next summer.

In a typically expensive hotel the pretty daughter of a self-made cotton manufacturer comes in from a horse-back ride along the sands with all the airs and graces of a member of the Pychley Hunt; a group of local businessmen who are trying to improve the standards of cooking are gathering for their periodic Gourmets' Club meal, an event nearly always written up in the evening newspaper; a well-dressed mother and daughter arrive from their aristocratic country house in the Lake District, eighty miles north, to make the

round of the shows; a group of young salesmen who visit Blackpool every week end to fly with the West Lancashire Aero Club are sampling Pimm's No. 1 as concocted by a barman who once won the European cocktail shaking contest in Cannes; an exhibitor at the Royal Agricultural Show of England—which this year attracted more U. S. visitors to Blackpool than have been seen there since the war—says that after a few evening walks on the north pier he is eating like a horse and sleeping like a dormouse. And two chorus girls from a local revue are



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talking about Lindy's on Broadway to
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pool's main attractions and find in the
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from that gloowering cottonopolis of the
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The Tower Buildings are irresistible.
For two shillings, or about thirty
cents, the customer can remain inside
from ten in the morning until midnight
and find something to do all the time.

The great steel needle itself was
raised in 1891 by a man called John
Bickerstaffe who marveled at the
fact that the Eiffel Tower, twice as
high, and built a few years earlier for
the Paris Exposition, paid for itself in
six months.

Bickerstaffe floated a company which
spent a million dollars, a huge sum in
those days, on Blackpool Tower and its
subordinate buildings. The company
has paid thirty-five percent on its stock
ever since, and the Bickerstaffe family
still directs its affairs.

In summer seventy-five thousand
people a day ride to the observation
platform, at about twenty cents a trip.
The agile climb to the Crow's Nest
about forty feet higher. A favorite
game in Blackpool is to watch the
sun set over the horizon of the Irish
Sea from the promenade, then charge
into the Tower, take the elevator, and
see it set again.

During the dog days British editors
like to send reporters to test their
nerves among the thirty steeplejacks
who work all the year round painting
the latticework and replacing struts
corroded by the salt breezes. Every
piece of metal in the Tower has been
changed since 1891 so that actually not
a single element of the original struc-
ture remains.

In the first world war the Tower was
used for submarine spotting. In World
War II it was the most efficient radar
eye in England, even though it was on
the least useful coast.

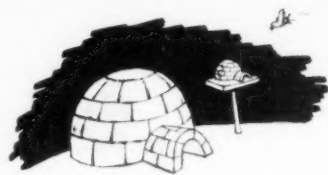
By comparison with a New York
skyscraper, of course, the Tower is a
dwarf. But it is still the second highest
edifice in Europe. Other English
resorts have sought to build a Tower but
none save New Brighton, opposite
Liverpool, has succeeded in raising
enough money. The New Brighton
tower is considerably smaller.

About half a dozen suicides have
taken the plunge from the top of Black-
pool Tower. Just before the last war a
young man jumped and hit a steel
girder supporting the roof of the Tower
ballroom. If he had fallen eighteen
inches to right or left he would have
dropped among some six thousand
dancers, one of whom was the girl who a
few minutes before had jilted him.

The Tower ballroom is only the
second biggest dance hall in the world.
It is exceeded slightly in size by the
Winter Gardens ballroom, in another
building, which also belongs to the
Tower company. The Winter Gardens
ballroom attracts stenographers and
store clerks and on that account is
supposed to be more exclusive than the
Tower, where the mill girls go.

"In the old days," says Reginald
Dixon, organist at the Tower ballroom,
"the distinction used to be quite
marked. Nowadays however you can't
tell the difference between the two
types."

Dixon is Blackpool's most famous
man. He was one of the first players
of the mighty Wurlitzer organ. Today
the discs he has been recording at the
Tower since 1930 still sell all over the
world. He is a young-looking forty-two,
dark, handsome and modest. He gets
thousands of fan letters every year,



MACLEAN'S

nearly a thousand from Canada.
During the war he had an excellent
record in the RAF.

The size of the Tower ballroom can
be gauged from a story Dixon likes to
tell. In his early days he had a small
mirror above the keyboard of the organ
to see how many dancers he was at-
tracting to the floor while the band
rested. One night he noticed with con-
cern that he seemed to be about half a
beat behind the farthest couples. He
speeded up, but the faster he went the
more the flying feet of the dancers
seemed to elude him. Finally there
were howls of protest from nearby
couples who were now whirling like
dervishes. Dixon realized then that
there was a pronounced time lag be-
tween the moment he struck a note and
the moment the dancers at the far end
of the room heard it.

Over the stage of the Tower ballroom
in twelve-inch gilt letters there is a
quotation "Bid Me Discourse And I
Will Enchant Thine Ear," a survival of
the ballroom's grandiloquent Victorian
origins. Beneath it in harsher twentieth-
century tones runs the notice: "No
Jive; No Bop."

Behind the ballroom extends the
longest bar in Britain. It sells ten
thousand bottles of beer a day.

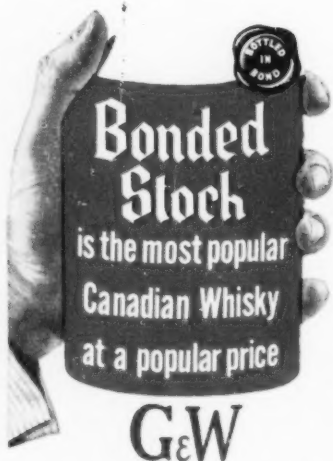
Blackpool turns out more showgirls
than any other town in Europe. It is
the home of the famous Tiller Girl
troupes who travel the world. Most of
them graduate from The Children's
Ballet, an early-evening entertainment
in the Tower ballroom which has been
running every summer for fifty years.
It is staged with impressive professional
finesse by girls from Blackpool schools.

Between the giant legs of the Tower
is a permanent circus which plays to
three thousand people every afternoon
and evening from June to the end of
October. The only other circuses which
match the quality of its acts is Ringling
Brothers, Barnum and Bailey in the
United States, and Bertram Mills at his
annual Olympia in London.

Before he retired in 1944 the resident
clown, Doodles, had endeared himself
to three generations of Blackpool circus
fans. He was a friend of the late W. C.
Fields who played Blackpool many
times in his early juggling days. Today
the resident clown is Charlie Cairoli,
a Frenchman who couldn't speak a
word of English until he came to
Blackpool. He now speaks it with a
thicker Lancashire accent than George
Formby. Such world famous acts as
John Lester's Midgets, The Sensational
Borosinis, Vojetech Trubka and his
Tigers, Hagenbach's Elephants, and
The Flying Cordonas, the greatest
aerialists of all time, have all played
Blackpool.

Blackpool circus has an advantage
over all rivals. The floor sinks at the
press of a button and floods with water
illuminated from below. Every grand
finale is a water spectacle with per-
forming seals like Sharkey, a swimming
ballet and high divers.

Also in Tower buildings are the zoo
where Little Albert was eaten by the
lion, an aquarium with a magnificent
collection of huge fish from the seven
seas, a florid aviary, a roof garden with
special vaudeville shows for children



CANADA'S OLDEST DISTILLERY

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED

every afternoon, some fifteen bars, and a unique collection of penny slot machines dating back to Victorian times. One of the oldest announces its charms thus: "The Horrors Of The Torture Chamber, The Iron Maiden, The Rack and The Whipping Post." Another urges you to "Listen For The Last Stroke Of The Bell When The Doors Will Open And The Terrible Drama Of A Modern Execution Will Unfold Itself Before Your Eyes."

Outside there are three piers, about a mile apart, each offering dancing morning, afternoon and evening, and at night top flight London and Lancashire comedians in racy little revues. This summer at the Opera House, a big modern theatre, Les Compagnons de la Chanson, a French singing act which bewitches Montrealeers every winter, was at the top of the bill. At the Winter Gardens Pavilion there was a revue starring the singer Allan Jones; at the Hippodrome a sexy musical entitled Latin Quarter; and at The Grand Theatre Arthur Askey, one of Britain's top comics, in a farce about domestic life in Liverpool.

Down at the Pleasure Beach, a huge and riotous amusement park, there are four big roller coaster rides. The lion of them all is the Grand National, the biggest ride ever built. Starting from one hundred and fifty feet up it not only makes precipitous drops but takes corners at the same time. Two cars race side by side on parallel tracks, the most heavily loaded, of course, always winning.

Atom Scientist Moon-trip

It was the Grand National that brought out the fact that there are in this world such things as dilettantes of the roller coaster. Every season curious zealots who say they have ridden roller coasters in Bombay and Rio, in Paris and Cairo, in Berlin and New York, come to inspect the Grand National and poster the management for statistics about its performance. One man last year took twenty-four rides, his face illuminated with that beatitude which marks the connoisseur who has found perfection.

A couple of summers ago the British newspapers were desperately trying to get a picture of Sir William Penny, the key man in the nation's atomic development. He was extremely elusive. Then a snapshot photographer at Blackpool Pleasure Beach scooped the

world with a shot of Sir William happily disembarking from A Trip To The Moon.

Along the Golden Mile not far away you can see "NOT ONE, NOT TWO, NOT THREE, BUT, LADEES AND GENTLEMEN, FOUR, YES FOUR, OF THE MOST RAV-ISH-ING BEE-YOU - TEES THE LANGOROUS LATIN COUNTRIES HAVE EVER BRED. EACH CLAD IN THE BRIEFEST OF BIKINI BATHING SUITS, AND ALL OF THEM, YES ALL OF THEM, FR-R-ROOZEN IN A BLOCK OF ICE." There is a place which advertises "Spanish Beauties And Stark Naked Reality."

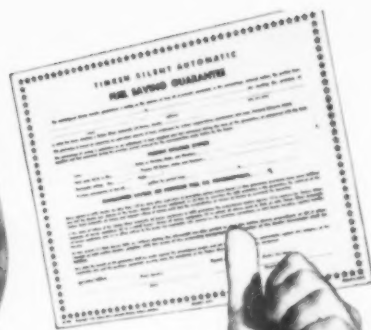
It was along the Golden Mile in the Thirties that the notorious Rector of Stiffkey sat in a barrel as one of the peep-show attractions. This poor unhinged Anglican of excellent family took too liberal an interpretation of charity in his self-appointed role of "the prostitutes' priest." His unfrocking at a public trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts provided the Sunday newspapers with some of the most salacious evidence ever published. The rector sat in the barrel for several years, ostensibly to raise funds for an appeal. When business began to fade he moved to a lion's cage. One day the lion seized the frail little rector in his claws and tossed him around the cage like a mouse. A few hours later as the clergyman lay dying his last whispered words were taken down: "Do not forget to tell the newspapermen. All this is excellent publicity."

On the Golden Mile you can buy the most vulgar picture postcards on sale anywhere. Lancastrians like them and a favorite trick is to mail one to a man they know is happily married, write on the back "Wish you were here," and sign it "Flossie."

Blackpool got its name from a black pool which lay near the beach in 1602. In those days the settlement consisted of two fishermen's cottages. The Royalists, under the standard of Lord Derby, fought the Roundheads near the site of Blackpool a few years later. The present Lord Derby still owns most of the land around Blackpool. The first visitors arrived about 1714. They were hand-loom weavers. In 1735 there were two boarding houses. By 1751 an inn had been added. Twenty years later the Manchester Mercury was advertising Blackpool's bathing facilities to the hordes of peasants who were pouring into Lancashire looking for work in the cotton mills. By 1846 Lancashire lay under the black pall of smoke which marked the triumph of the industrial revolution. A railway was run into Blackpool. Thousands of immigrants who had left the sweet fields of Scotland, Ireland, Wales and southern England for a mirage of wealth began scrimping and saving enough for the fare to Blackpool and a breath of fresh air.

Speculative money flowed into the resort. Buildings mushroomed. When the Tower was erected in 1891 Blackpool's unbeatable appeal was fully established. It became the symbol of the Lancashire good time: a romp on the beach by day and a romp around the pubs and dance halls by night.

So much has Blackpool become a symbol of carefree contentment that many Lancastrians take up residence there when they retire. Most of them never lose their honest vulgarity. A few weeks ago the writer was in a bar on the central promenade when one of the customers, an elderly retired man, was seized with a spasm of coughing. After he had recovered he patted his chest, glanced apologetically around, and said to the assembled company: "Ee-ee-eh 'ell, I must 'ave gotten a drop of blood in me beer stream." ★



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THE WALL-FLAME BURNER IS BASICALLY DIFFERENT—BASICALLY BETTER!

This burner blankets heating plant walls with a quiet, unforced, blue-hot flame. Owners consistently enjoy savings of up to 25%—often more—over gun-type burners. The wall-flame burner is the heart of Timken Silent Automatic Oil Furnaces, Boilers and Conversion Burners.

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Please mail illustrated literature. I am interested in:

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NAME

STREET ADDRESS

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If you are a student, please check here [] for special information.

Let the others make rash, unsupported promises of fuel savings—Timken Silent Automatic Dealers guarantee them in writing! We're so sure a new Timken Silent Automatic Wall-Flame Oil Burner will save you fuel oil—up to one gallon in every four used by your gun-type oil burner—that we have authorized our direct factory dealers to make you this money-back, burner-back offer: At no obligation to you, your Timken Silent Automatic Dealer will scientifically test your heating plant and tell you how much fuel oil you can expect to save by replacing your present gun-type oil burner with a Timken Silent Automatic Wall-Flame Oil Burner. Then, if you decide to buy, he'll guarantee those savings in writing. If you do not realize the savings, your money will be refunded and your old burner reinstalled upon your request—absolutely free! It's the only factory-backed, written guarantee of its kind in the entire heating industry!

Whatever your heating needs may be, investigate Timken Silent Automatic Wall-Flame Oil Heat right now! Call your Timken Silent Automatic Direct Factory Dealer—he's listed in the "yellow pages" of your phone book.



More power per pound in new Iron-Horse designs

Now—world famous Iron-Horse 2 cycle fractional h.p. gasoline engines. Amazing new lightweight alloys give more compact powerful unit for washing machines, lawn mowers, cream separators, etc. Write now for NEW literature. Sales & Service by 1000's of dealers.

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Canada's Rural Mail Delivery

However much the Canadian landscape varies, from the spruce-bordered avenues of the Eastern provinces, the level, undeviating highways of the Prairies and the roads that wind over the fir-crested slopes of the Pacific Coast, one feature is common to the whole—the Rural Mail Boxes.

They stand sometimes in solitary isolation at the end of the lane leading to the farmhouse, at other times grouped in sociable clusters. Some people assert that a rural mail box can be taken as an index of the temperament of its owner. Be that as it may, the countryside looks the better for those that sit staunchly erect on their straight, sturdy posts, with the appearance of being cared for as an integral part of a farmer's property. The rural scene is marred by those which lean and sag, looking like objects of neglect and indifference.

Rural Mail Boxes are on one side of the road only—the right-hand side of the route along which the courier travels. Boxes must also be close enough to the edge of the road and at such a height from the ground as to enable him to put in mail without having to leave his vehicle. A box's position indicates the result of the mail-man's visit: if, when he has passed, it is parallel to the highway—*no mail*. On the other hand, if he has swung the box at right-angles to the road—*there is mail in it*.

Similarly, a box-owner with letters to post deposits them in his box and swings it at right-angles: this tells the courier to pick up the letters.

The Rural Mail Delivery system was introduced by the Canada Post Office in 1908, and today it provides many hundreds of thousands of country-dwellers with a service that brings the world to their door.



HELP THE POST OFFICE TO HELP YOU

Co-Operate with your Rural Mail Courier
Keep your Mail Box in good condition



CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté,
O.C., M.P.
Postmaster General

W. J. Turnbull
Deputy Postmaster
General

MAILBAG



SUITABLE FOR ADULT MALES

Have just finished reading *The Two Millionth Customer of the Bank of Lower Canada* (Sept. 1). I never heard of Michael Sheldon before, but he knows how to write fiction suitable for the adult male mind. C. D. Buck, Dorchester, N.B.

● You have now published one intelligent Canadian short story with illustrations that leave Canadians unembarrassed by the futility of Maclean's art. Fred Berkel, Sudbury, Ont.

● Too seldom do you publish a short story on the level of *Two Ways to Hook a Sucker* (Aug. 15), by James McNamee. —Paddy Baker, Revelstoke, B.C.

● But You Can Get A Man With A Gun, by Elda Cadogan (Aug. 1), was highly entertaining. Small wonder Mrs. Cadogan won the Fulford Shield for her play *Rise And Shine* in the Eastern Regional Drama Festival. —Helen Hill Young, Toronto.

Fists Across The Seas

I have just read Bruce Hutchison's outstanding article *The Dangerous Luxury of Hating America* (Sept. 1). I am a European myself but I have lived in the U. S. and Canada long enough to appreciate Hutchison's objective approach. Certainly this senseless misunderstanding and discrepancy of thought that flashes back and forth across the Atlantic poses one of the most dangerous problems in international relations. —A. D. Van Galen, Toronto.

● Maclean's would be well advised to send a Canadian who is interested in peace and friendship to Europe instead of Bruce Hutchison, who obviously worships all things emanating from Washington. Surely neither Canadians nor the people of Europe can accept the precept of "divine right" for the Eisenhower Administration, or agree to surrender independence politically, culturally, economically or militarily to the power of Washington. —Phyllis Clarke, Regina.

● Congratulations plus to Hutchison. What will it be—the eternal English way of "muddling through," or the fascinatingly new American system of "getting things done"? I'm sure we Canadians appreciate the fact that the great power in the free world belongs with the Americans. —Peter Lamey, Kitchener, Ont.

● Hutchison's servile toadying to U. S. interests is unworthy of the author of *The Incredible Canadian* and *The Unknown Country*. "The American regards the Canadian as just another North American, artificially separated from God's Country by a rather absurd line on a map," blithely rattles Mr. Hutchison. Have you ever traveled fifty miles from the Canadian border and asked even the most basic questions about Canada? The Americans are the most ignorant, misin-

formed people on the face of the earth. A country which, like the Soviets, could never admit that it might be wrong about anything, that teaches its children that the U. S. has never lost a war—including the war of 1812 when it invaded Canada, unprovoked, and was repulsed; a country whose government is run, either directly or behind-the-scenes, by European gangsters, corrupt political machines and hot-headed isolationists... such a country has set itself up as the moral leader of the free world. —D. E. Armstrong, Edmonton.

The Wholly Visible Trueman

On Stuart Trueman's I'm the Invisible Man (Aug. 15) —What a gay



Canadian sense of humor! Can't imagine any waitress neglecting him. —Helen M. Cooper, Wexford, Ont.

Encouragement from Callwood

We wish to express gratitude to June Callwood for her article, *A Day in the Operating Room* (July 15). It was passed on to us by our family doctor two days before we left Nova Scotia with our ten-year-old son for the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto. Before us was the most anxious hours of our lives; his in the operating room with Dr. William Mustard and ours in the waiting room with Alice Boxill. That article served as a preparation and encouragement to us as his was a serious congenital heart operation of the same nature. Everything stated there was true and we liked the honest, straightforward reports given by their doctors and the sympathetic understanding of all their staff.

After the worst dangers were over we had to return home, leaving him in capable hands and through the daily personal letters of Mrs. Boxill we forget the miles now between us. Because of their playroom and entertainment facilities and companionship of other boys we know he won't be lonesome for long. —Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Cameron Settlement, N.S.

The Controversial 27th

Re Lionel Shapiro's *The Failure of the 27th* (Aug. 15)—The men were recruited, trained (very little) and sent overseas in a hurry; so what can we

expect except a third-class brigade? The failure can be rectified by discarding the panty-waist treatment and giving the command to a disciplinarian and soldier. Turn them into first-class fighting men by sending this brigade to Malayan jungles or Indo-China. —J. Rea, Windsor.

● I believe that the lack of *esprit de corps* is the sole responsibility of the officers from platoon level up to top brass.

The choosing and training of officers is all wrong. We put too much emphasis on education and too little on the man. Every good officer I ever had would have been a good officer if he'd never seen a school. Every bad officer I ever had, with the exception of one, had a university education. —L. J. Wilson, Vancouver.

● Maybe our boys had better come home, since we've showed Germany that boys will be boys no matter what nationality. —Mrs. D. C. Fuller, Kentville, N.S.

● Shapiro's article is an insult to the Canadian soldier. The Canadian soldier is not the highest paid, the Australians are. —V. R. Coleman, Levack, Ont.

Baxter's Friends and Foes

I enjoy Baxter, but when he says anything against the Scots I could twist his neck. —Mrs. A. Graham, Lousana, Alta.

● I have just read and enjoyed Baxter on *Who Will Succeed Sir Winston?* (July 1). We Canadians are very much in debt for the enlightenment and sheer enjoyment received from such writing. —Arthur G. Macpherson, Hagersville, Ont.

● If only you would drop that foolish *Beverley Baxter* and substitute a true Canadian statesman. —G. F. Brown, Quebec City.

● Baxter defends the decision to hang Derek Bentley and accuses those who disagree of a "weakness for simplification." Isn't it about time those experts in the realm of jurisprudence were catching up with modern psychiatry? Or is this displaying a weakness for simplification, too? —Norman MacDonald, Summerside, P.E.I.

● May I voice my strong protest against Baxter's argument for return of the lash in England, and also my strong hopes that Canada will not only abolish flogging of prisoners, but that hangings may no longer be tolerated in our land. —Catherine de N. Fraser, Ottawa.

● Apparently *Beverley Baxter* frequently relies on his memory in referring to events of the past. In the July 1 edition of *Maclean's* he refers (page 51, col. 1) to the "1952" general election; the actual date of Britain's last general election was October 25, 1951. —Myron Tripp, Windsor, Ont.

Somebody Loves Us

Yours is a lovely, friendly, modern magazine in nice taste; I am lucky to get it third hand. —Lieut. E. Bell, Sheffield, England.

● I truly prefer *Maclean's* with its excellent reading. —Mrs. J. D. Calvert, Victoria.

● I found your Aug. 15 issue one of the best pieces of reading material that I have come across in a long, long time. —J. H. MacDonald, Belleville, Ont. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

We're Getting Younger and Fatter

THIS issue is something of a burden, but one we bear lightly, for it is the largest and heaviest in the history of Maclean's. It contains upwards of eighty thousand words the length of an average novel and on the basis of volume at least gives Maclean's readers more for their money than we've ever offered before. It is part of the general expansion of this magazine which has been going on steadily since the war's end and which shows every sign of continuing. We hope and believe that Maclean's editorial burden will continue to weigh on our shoulders, growing statistically heavier as the years slip by.

Before this domestic milepost recedes, we'd like to bring you up to date on the changes that have come about in Maclean's in the past decade or so. Ten years ago our circulation stood at 276,000. Today it has reached 447,000 and is still going up. So is our advertising lineage and this is as much a symbol of the general prosperity of Canada as it is a symbol of prosperity around Maclean's. During the first ten months of 1952, for example, we carried 403,225 lines of advertisements; during the same period this year the figure jumped to 532,800. This means, of course, that we can afford to publish thicker issues, like this one.

Our editorial staff has been increasing as fast as our circulation. The masthead of our Oct. 15 issue, 1945 the year the war ended listed eight editors. Now we've got sixteen, four of whom are posted in various corners of the country to help maintain Maclean's national appeal. (They come from all sorts of places, these editors: from Oxbow,

from Tom Thomson, the painter, to Howie Morenz, the hockey player, whose saga is recorded on page twenty-four. There is a Mrs. Frayne too, though she is more familiar to magazine readers as June Callwood. We see a ticklish situation coming up here. When Mr. Frayne edits Mrs. Frayne's copy, will normal editor-writer relationships be preserved? Time will tell.

Each year Maclean's publishes the work of between sixty-five and one hundred writers of fiction and non-fiction (not including our prolific poets). Most of these are Canadians



and we are happy to discover that their number is increasing. Five years ago, for example, seventy-two percent of our articles were written by Canadians. Last year that figure had climbed to ninety percent. Each year for several years we have introduced to the Canadian public about twelve new writers whose work has previously gone unpublished. Our statistics show that upwards of fifty percent of these new writers continue to sell us articles and short stories. It's interesting to discover, too, that of the articles we publish, more than seventy percent originate in idea form in the minds of one or other of the editors and sometimes in the minds of several. Almost all of the editors, besides editing, try to do some writing as well. This has tended to turn some of them into split personalities; ogres with a blue pencil at one moment, temperamental artists at the next. All in all there seems to be less and less time to contemplate these abstract matters, for our eyes are always a little bloodshot from watching the next deadline which, as the issues grow fatter, seems to grow more and more urgent. Still, if the readers can put up with our failings, we'll try to go on putting up with our good fortune. Maybe someday — say around the middle of the thirtieth century — we'll even be able to give them as good a magazine as they deserve. ★



Sask.; Sydney, Nova Scotia; Dawson City, Yukon; Invercargill, New Zealand, and Oswaldtwistle in England.) In 1945 the average age of our editors stood around forty years. The editors may feel older, but collectively we're growing younger for our average age now stands at thirty-five.

The latest man to bring the age average down is our newest assistant editor, Trent Frayne, aged thirty-five, whose name is familiar to Maclean's readers. His articles for Maclean's have covered a wide variety of subjects — all the way

Now! ONE brushing with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM removes up to 85% of odor- and decay-causing bacteria!



Only the Colgate Way does all three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



Gives you a cleaner, fresher mouth all day long!

for BEAUTY—for ECONOMY

for value

Consul stands out for elegance of design, roominess and economical power. Everywhere you look there's something new, something better, something to make you say, "Here is value!" Revolutionary new Overhead Valve 4-cylinder engine provides unusually smooth, dollar-saving power. It's lively, responsive and has a high cruising speed. See the new Consul at your Ford Dealer's and arrange for a Demonstration Drive.

'53 CONSUL

the OUTSTANDING
LOW-PRICED
4-cylinder car



Whitewall tires and
bumper guards optional
at extra cost.

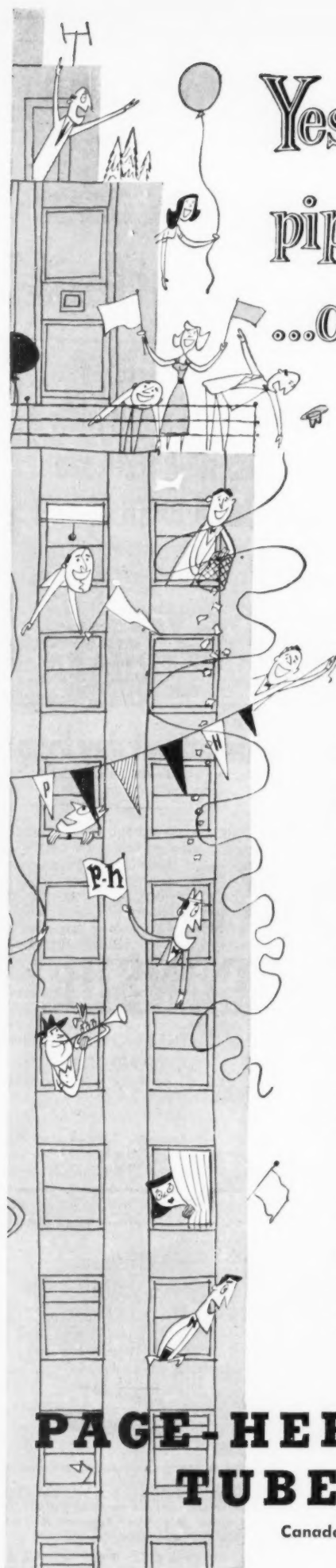
FORD'S
BRITISH-BUILT
CONSUL

5-STAR FEATURES

★ Over Square Overhead Valve Engine ★ Centre-Slung Seating
★ Standard 3-Speed Transmission ★ 4-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes
★ Independent Front Wheel Suspension

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

SALES AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST



Yesterday's pipe dream ...came true!



STEEL PIPE helped make it possible

Imagine having to carry water up ten floors every day! Without pipe there'd be no sanitation, no fire protection, either. Tall apartment buildings and "skyscrapers" would still be in the dream stage without pipe. And modern Radiant Heating, now so increasingly popular, wouldn't be feasible.

Do you ever think of the vast network of hidden steel pipe that serves you in so many ways? The very fact that you don't, speaks highly of its thorough dependability.

Page-Hersey Tubes, Limited, is keenly aware of the vital role Steel Pipe plays in Canada's progress and standard of living. For over half a century our production facilities have kept pace with both.

23

PAGE-HERSEY TUBES, LIMITED

Canada's Largest Manufacturers
of Steel Pipe



IT HAPPENED at a press reception held by the Ontario Hydro at Toronto's Royal York Hotel. A local newspaperman hurried up to a bellboy and said, "Hydro?"

Without a word the bellboy turned and led the reporter through halls, down steps and along passageways, arriving at last at a dark cubbyhole. Then the bellboy switched on the light and there they were: row after row of electric meters.

...

One bitterly cold night in Melville, Sask., a host offered his guests a warming cup for the road. He prepared an inch of sherry for the ladies, and, as he said, "A touch of his favorite mixture for the men."

The "favorite mixture" went down so well that the host had to reveal the secret: rye and maple syrup. His wife looked up, declared positively there was no maple syrup in the house. To prove his point, the host brought out the maple syrup tin, and displayed the contents: a pint of washing-machine oil.

...

A Vancouver motorist parked his car on a busy downtown street, but forgot to put a coin in the meter before he sauntered across the middle of the block to have his trousers pressed. He had been sitting pantless for nearly ten minutes in the little booth before he remembered the meter.

With a yelp, he dashed over to the presser, yanked his pants off the press and put them on. Without bothering to fasten them he rushed across to the meter and tried to jam a nickel into it. But it was a fifteen



minutes zone — and the meter digested only pennies. He didn't have one.

Dodging back through traffic he begged one from the tailor, and plunged back through the stream for a return trip. Just as he heard the cent tinkle into the little box, a traffic cop behind him applauded.

"Not bad, Mac," he said. "I could have given you a ticket for illegal parking, not to mention three tickets for jaywalking. And by Harry, if you hadn't put on such a good circus act, I'd be running you in right now for indecent exposure."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

An Ottawa girl who visited Paris this year wanted to get in touch with a friend of hers across the Channel in London. The only complication was that the friend's address was on file at Saskatchewan House.

The Paris visitor telephoned the Canadian Embassy to find out how to get through to Saskatchewan House in London. The embassy



clerk replied, "Oh, you mean Canada House."

"No," was the reply. "I mean Saskatchewan House. Maybe somebody in the information section would know it."

The clerk sounded doubtful, but went hunting. Then another voice came on the line, and the enquirer began again: that she wanted the address of the office of the provincial government of Saskatchewan, in London. But this voice was much more assured, and the reply was unmistakable. "Saskatchewan," it said primly, "is a city in the province of Saskatoon, and has nothing whatever to do with the city of London."

...

The mailman in Cadogan, Alta., has to get up in the middle of the night to take the mailbags off the train, but he is so deaf he cannot rely on his alarm clock. The only way he can be sure of waking is to hook the alarm clock up to his record player primed with a good loud disc. This wakes up his dog, who barks like mad until the mailman rises to shut the record off.

...

The owner of a shoe store in London, Ont., has just licked an old problem. He used to advertise his specials by putting them in a tray outside the store. He got rid of them all right — lots of them were stolen.

Now he puts outside the left shoe only, and a sign reading: Married or Not, You'll Find Your Mate Inside.

a kitchen for all chores...
planned around a modern
CRANE sink

You can cook...sew...wash...iron...in this all-purpose kitchen. Note how it's planned for step-saving convenience around a double drainboard, double basin Crane sink, with built-in cabinets for extra valuable storage space.

Your plans may call for a much smaller room. But whatever your kitchen's size, one important requirement remains always the same: the need for a sink that's efficient and long-lasting. From the complete Crane line you can select the *right* sink to meet your plans — with the size, depth and work area you desire. All Crane sinks are designed for convenience, easy cleaning and long life. They're available in a wide choice of colours.

Also available from Crane are smart, functional kitchen cabinets — both base and wall types — made of enamel on steel, supplied with insulated doors, and adaptable to virtually any kitchen arrangement. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor.



for every home...for every budget

CRANE
the preferred plumbing

CRANE LIMITED:

General Office:
 1170 Beaver Hall Square,
 Montreal
 6 Canadian Factories —
 18 Canadian Branches

1-3321



Tried it Lately?
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BRAND NEW
Old Dutch
Outcleans 'em ALL!

Old Dutch Introduces
A Beautiful New Pattern

Everlasting
SILVERPLATE

Get this lovely
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\$1.50 Value

Yours
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and Windmill Pictures
from 2 Old Dutch labels

You'll be so proud of this attractive Jelly Server, in the thrilling new pattern—yours exclusively from Old Dutch! It's made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd., your assurance of fine quality. Your Jelly Server will stay lovely through the years—and serve you well!

WM. A. ROGERS
A-1 PLUS
QUALITY

Build a
Complete Set
of this New
Everlasting
Silverplate!

This graceful Everlasting Pattern is available in complete place settings and a variety of serving pieces at sensational savings. Free folder will be packed with your Jelly Server. Order today.



ACTUAL
SIZE

USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. JS-C, Box 351, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Please send me _____ Jelly Servers. For each one ordered, enclose 40¢ in coin and Windmill Pictures from 2 Old Dutch Cleanser labels.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____

Offer good in Canada only



Makes tough cleaning jobs easy!

It's a fact! Brand new Old Dutch outcleans them all—makes even toughest cleaning jobs easy! Because new Old Dutch is the **ONLY** cleanser with a special sudsing action that actively soaks up grease and grime—floats them down the drain. Cuts grease faster—even in hardest water. Cleans safely with twice the speed—twice the ease! Banishes odors as it cleans. Gentle to hands. Fragrant, snowy-white. Always buy 2 cans of new Old Dutch—the only cleanser made with Activated Seismotite!

Old Dutch Sanitizes and Deodorizes as it Cleans!

